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FAVORITE HEART THROBS *of* FAMOUS PEOPLE

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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1929

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

PRECIOUS to all of us is the sentiment that reaches into the sanctuary of our souls. Emotions are the medium through which the most tender and sacred human relations are radiated. Our own lives are a succession of memories attuned to the mystic melody of human associations—for people are always interested in people.

People is the plural of individuals and individualism is the dominant phase of our own American life. We are closer to our inner consciousness than to the material things that come and go in the perfunctory routine of physical existence.

All this has been revealed to me in my life-long quest for "heart throbs,"—just a bit of verse, or prose, or a poem, that brings the reactions that endure on through the years. Heart throbs of happiness, heart throbs of courage, heart throbs of inspiration, bringing that heartful feeling that makes sunny days enduring and dark days endurable.

Without further ceremony and in the glow of the growing friendliness of the world, I tiptoe up and open to you as a reader the door of an Elysian field where I have spent the happiest hours of my life—communing with the open-hearted frankness of fellow humans, ready to

bare their hearts to help others. Across this threshold have come messages from over fifty thousand people, representing almost every city, town, village and hamlet in our country, every vocation, profession or activity associated with what people are doing in the swift-moving times in which we live.

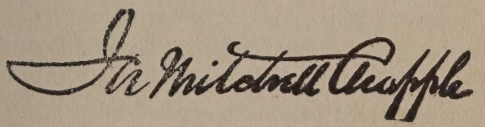
This volume is the first of a series that is evolving into an enlivened encyclopædia containing not only biographic sketches revealing the philosophy of the lives of men and women who have achieved, but written within the radius of an "acquaintance ne'er forgot" through the magic light of the eye—the "window of the soul."

"Favorite Heart Throbs" is the overture of a symphony of sentiment, a fitting sequel to the first and original books of "Heart Throbs" and "More Heart Throbs" now in more than a million homes and libraries throughout the country. It is an eloquent summary of favorite poems selected by individuals, together with a brief biography concerning the perennial philosophy of personalities who accord heart sentiment as an important factor in every forward human achievement. Back of every worthwhile deed is the propulsive power of heart interest, something of which we think much—but seldom talk over with friends who have the same conviction—that nothing altogether satisfies or endures unless it touches the sources

of genuine heart sincerity—for "as we are sincere so are we perfect" said one of the greatest of ancient philosophers.

In this search which has been the one sustaining and supreme fascination of my life, I feel that the kindly naturalness of human nature is revealed. The repressions considered necessary in the whirl of barter and trade are thrown aside in that moment of mellow retrospection which suffuses the remembrance of incidents and associations that reach to the depths of our being. Reading or hearing some poem or ancient lay, a song or a bit of prose—often may strike for us the *magna* chord of our better natures—which many years ago I christened HEART THROBS!

Faithfully yours,



THE ATTIC, BOSTON
1929

A PERSONAL PROLOGUE

A Recital of the History and Origin of the "Heart Throb" Idea

OFTEN comes the request from appreciative readers for the story concerning the origin of the series of Heart Throb books—the genesis of the idea.

They are essentially books containing the enduring sentiment "of the people, for the people and by the people," to use Lincoln's immortal phrase.

The first and original Heart Throb book was inspired by the memory of a sainted mother and happy childhood.

The room of the old home where she had passed her last days seemed radiant when I returned from God's acre—alone. Reverently looking over the loving legacies she had left behind, I found the old scrapbook containing her favorite poems—some yellow with age and others faded with tear drops—but every page seemed to glow with soothing, tender remembrance. Many of the poems I had been taught at her knee. Then and there it was decided to perpetuate her memory by reprinting the poems dear to her heart in a book to preserve the simple but, to me, precious heritage. A few hundred copies were printed and distributed among her friends and relatives. Re-

quests began to pour in for copies, and although it was not planned as a volume for public distribution, I was touched by the insistence of these earnest people—many strangers to me—desiring copies.

* * *

In the summer of 1900 came the great inspiration. I was chatting with President McKinley, at his home in Canton, Ohio. In the course of our talk I had shown him a copy of my treasured volume.

"What a wonderful thing in life—our heart memories!" Then he added, "Why don't you write the people to help you by sending in *their* favorite poems? You can add these to the collection in your mother's scrapbook, which would reflect the trend of the enduring sentiment of the plain people—as Lincoln loved to call us."

He placed his finger upon the page containing Cardinal Newman's lines, "Lead, Kindly Light." Tears glistened in his eyes as he turned to Mrs. McKinley sitting nearby, and looked at the pictures hanging on the wall of their children "loved long since, and lost awhile."

The tragedy at Buffalo followed. This favorite hymn was sung by mourning millions.

Five years later I made bold to advertise quite extensively in magazines and newspapers, stating that I would give ten thousand dollars in prizes for "heart throbs." I explained that I meant by "heart throbs" the bits of sentiment

which folks remember in spite of themselves. I appealed for treasured verse or prose that had met the heart test and continued on through the years.

Responses began to flow in. The letters were somewhat timid, but it was amazing to find such an outflow of sentiment, sweet and wholesome, from the people all over the country. At times there arrived an endeared scrapbook in which *one* selection was marked. Some of the verse was taken from between the leaves of the family Bible, or out of an old drawer which had not been opened in years. Attics were explored for old school books, to find the selection committed to memory and spoken on some eventful "Friday afternoon." The accompanying letters were real "charts of the inner life," relating how this hymn or verse was repeated at the bier of a loved one, and others were hallowed by the sacred memories of childhood's first realization of the tragedies and exaltation of existence on earth.

Month after month I hammered away in the advertisements calling for "heart throbs."

Later, I made an appeal for some of Father's jovial jokes, pasted on his desk or in that pigeonhole which had not been touched for years; some clippings that had been well worn from being taken constantly from his pocket to show to a friend suggesting a hearty laugh together. An especial request was made for stories of

humor and good cheer—those priceless little gems that have brightened many a lonely or gloomy hour and bear repetition. This was the most difficult phase of the campaign for heart throbs—but I continued the quest.

* * *

One of the first to respond to the appeal in 1905 was Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote on White House stationery an unequivocal declaration that Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was his favorite poem. Then I asked him as to whether it was the words or the song that touched his heart. With his eyes snapping, he asserted, "My boy, what greater heart vision has ever been put on paper than 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,' or that beautiful closing stanza beginning 'In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea'?"

Letters continued to arrive from farmers, brokers, professional men, school children, youths in the colleges, working men, housewives, clerks, until it seemed as if the interest in heart sentiment completed a circle of universal human relations.

It was noted that there was an astonishing unanimity in the choice of the young and the old. Verses that grandmother and grandfather loved and cherished were also favorites of boys and girls in their teens.

Once under way, the contributions began to come in every day from city and farm, reaching into editorial sanctums, metropolitan and rural.

When Adolph Ochs came to New York he had one ideal in his mind—to print a paper that would have all the "news that's fit to print." In the midst of the busy days of his editorial career, he stopped long enough to give me his favorite quotation from "Othello":

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

The late Victor Herbert, the famous American composer, made his selection from one of the poems of his uncle, Samuel Lover, the Irish poet. It was the stanza beginning:

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping.

and ending with the refrain

For I know that the angels
Are whispering with thee.

He wrote out the poem, "The Angel's Whisper," in full from memory, seated at the same desk where he scored the music of his masterful compositions that continue on after he has left us, even more popular than ever over the radio.

As his favorite, William Jennings Bryan sent

in the hymn "Coronation," beginning "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and the late Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, who for so many years filled the auditorium in Chicago every Sunday, sent in "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," containing the memorable lines:

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

On the margin of the letter received from Edward W. Bok, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and builder of the "Carillion" in Florida, dedicated by former President Coolidge, was scribbled the following note:

DEAR CHAPPLE: The two lines of verse which have helped me most are these by Madeline Bridges:

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

As to a complete poem: "If," by Rudyard Kipling.

E. W. B.

In a brief note, His Eminence, Cardinal William H. O'Connell, of Boston, asserted that Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was his favorite bit of verse. This was likewise the favorite poem of the late president Warren G. Harding.

Years ago Henry Ford told me that his favorite passage was a quotation from Emerson.

If a man . . . make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, the world will wear a path to his doorway, though he live in a wilderness.

A characteristic letter was received from John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who said that he had had the matter in mind, but being unable to decide upon any single verse wondered if a simple bit of poetry of his own composition would answer the purpose. This was the first hint I had ever received that Mr. Rockefeller has written verse—and here it is:

I was early taught to work as well as play,
My life has been one long happy holiday;
Full of work and full of play—
I dropped the worry on the way—
And God was good to me every day.

The late Viscount Leverhulme, hard of hearing but keen of mind, told me he considered Mark Twain the greatest writer of his time. When I asked for his favorite quotation, he took from the little gray hat, made in the town of his birth, Bolton, England, the following paragraph written by Mark Twain, which he had long carried, requesting only that I return it to him when it had served its purpose:

THE REAL LIFE OF A MAN

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words. His real life is hid in his head, and is known to none but himself. Biographies are but clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

This was Lord Leverhulme's favorite piece of prose. His favorite verse, he told me, was that consoling "Sleep on, Beloved, Sleep."

Attired in his old army uniform and wearing the large old-fashioned epaulettes, I met General Nelson A. Miles, the Indian fighter, at an Army ball in Washington. Hailing me, the general called me aside and said:

"I received your letter, and I want to whisper to you that my favorite lines were written in my native New England, and are dear to a soldier's heart:"

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

From her bungalow at Short Beach, Connecticut, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in answer to my query as to her favorite poem, copied out and sent in the poem by John Hay "The Stirrup Cup."

A simple little note upon which was written Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," with the modest signature of H. C. L., was the contribution of the late Henry Cabot Lodge, received from his home in Nahant, Massachusetts.

The late Lord Northcliffe, the world-famous publisher of the *London Times*, sent in as his most cherished lines a verse of J. G. Holland's which seemed to foreshadow his own tragic world-war appeal in Great Britain:

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.

Almost at the same time Sir Rider Haggard's quotation was received. Strange as it may seem, it was not from Egyptian folk-lore, enveloped in the atmosphere of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." He penned two lines from Horace:

Who then is free?
The wise man who can govern himself.

The Rev. W. A. ("Billy") Sunday sent in, during the budding years of his fame, a verse from Whittier:

For deep in the heart of each of us lies
A hope buried far from mortal eyes;
But in the hereafter angels may
Roll from the grave its stone away!

Andrew Carnegie said to me at Skibo Castle in Scotland, while I was with him in his library on a Sunday afternoon, "The epitome of life, the essence of wisdom, is that classic written by the poet beloved for all time, Robert Burns:"

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that!

The late J. Pierpont Morgan was sitting in his office, with his square-topped derby on the desk before him, as I entered one day.

He grunted and marked on an envelope the terse words, "Kipling's 'Recessional,' " without further comment.

On a scrap of yellow copy paper I received a response from the late "Fra" Elbert Hubbard. He had written out the epitaph which Mark Twain had placed on the tomb of his wife as his heart throb:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.

Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light,
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

As the work continued, it took the form of a confession. One eminent captain of industry whose name was on the front page of the newspapers frequently at that time, sent in the poem, "I Am Your Wife," and asked that his name never be disclosed. He said the verses were treasured because they had effected a reconciliation after what might have been a divorce tragedy.

One of the most enthusiastic of the responses received was from James Whitcomb Riley. In reply to my letter asking for permission to use his poems, which had been sent in by many people, he wrote out with a lead pencil the lines of his favorite poem, "Brave Love, I Had My Violin." Some time before, on his birthday,

Mr. Riley had said to me, "The verse that will live must be written right around here (pointing to his heart), and this poem touches me right there every time."

He'd nothing but his violin,
  I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
  And summer days were long.

* * * *

The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
  We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
  And I my sweet love song.

* * * *

But those who wait for gold or gear,

* * * *

Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,

* * * *

Will never know the joy of hearts
  That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
  And I a song, my dear.

And so the Heart Throbs continue to beat on and on in the souls of human kind, which are impressively revealed within the covers of these books that are to me the portals through which I feel that I have been privileged to glimpse the heart impulse of over fifty thousand people.

JOE M. C.

C. W. BARRON

The Authority of Finance Quotes Joaquin Miller as Treasured Verses

When I asked Mr. C. W. Barron to contribute to the collection of "Heart Throbs," quick as a flash he reeled off Joaquin Miller's verses, dictated by the poet from a bed of illness—"For Those Who Fail."

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and fails and dies,
I give great glory and honor and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitying tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

It may be interesting to know that Joaquin Miller sent me from his dying bed his own favorite poem, Bryant's "Thanatopsis," written in pencilled handwriting on yellow scratch paper in his bed a short time before he passed on to let "God finish the thought sublime."

While C. W. Barron has been identified with business affairs as founder of the *Boston News Bureau*, editor of *Barron's Financial Weekly*, and President of *The Wall Street Journal*, he has surveyed not only economic, but psychological conditions in feeling the financial pulse of various sections of the world. Bostonian born, and once that, no matter through how many states one may have wandered, there is a love for the old town that intensifies with the years. Beginning as a Bostonian in 1855, he attended the English High School and later on began work on the *Boston Transcript*. In spite of increasing responsibilities, Mr. Barron found time for very practical activities and founded the Oaks Farm Creamery for certified milk, becoming one of the largest breeders and importers of Guernsey cattle.

It is usual for the busiest man, beset with innumerable duties and engaged in the greatest number of interests, to find time for a "hail" and friendly word, for the letter that should be answered or for the favor or help to be given. Every stray moment is utilized. He dictates on trains while on his insatiable quest for information.

DAVID WARFIELD

The Celebrated Actor Awakens Memories of James Whitcomb Riley's Lines

There are many who can recall the thrill of David Warfield's heart throb lines in the "Music Master," and this brought me a surprise when I met Warfield. That which brings fame to an individual is not usually what he wants to talk about. The great mining engineer will digress to talk about raising orchids; the great agriculturist will interrupt you to speak of his collection of precious stones. And so—approaching David Warfield, with pen poised to quote some intensely dramatic line as one that stirred him emotionally, I found the talented actor running true to form,—he quoted me the homely sentiment of James Whitcomb Riley's "Nothin' to Say."

Refreshing my admiration for the reality of Riley's verse, and through the eyes of the actor I saw the wealth of feeling in the lines, repeated with the incomparable tenderness of Warfield's voice:

Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothing at all to say!
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, generally has their way;
Your mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me,
Yet here I am and here you air, and your mother—where is she?
You look lots like your mother, purty much same in size,
And about the same complected—and favor about the eyes.

Like her, too, leavin' here because she couldn't stay.
It'll most seem like you was dead, like her,
But I hain't got nothin' to say.

I was disappointed in my effort to have David Warfield talk about himself, and had to be content with the lasting memory of the actor who played a masterful role—"Music Master"— for four years and moved thousands to sweet emotions and to tears. Other characterizations peculiarly important were "The Auctioneer," played in 1900–1903, and "The Grand Army Man" of many other successful seasons.

In the glow of a sunset of the Golden Gate in 1866 at San Francisco David Warfield was born, as his mother records, "a smiling baby." His first appearance was made in the Wigwam Theater in his native city, but New York discovered him in 1900 playing in the Casino and Weber and Fields Music Hall. "Vanderdecken" and "The Flying Dutchman" were particularly adapted to Mr. Warfield's "whimsical naturalness," and later he scored a success in his "Shylock" and gratified his Shakespearean ambitions.

It is difficult to say just how David Warfield plays upon an audience as upon a violin, whether it is by voice, magnetism, thorough understanding of his character, or all three combined—certain it is his interpretations live and move and are remembered, apparently by some power that lies deeper than his art. It is his

power to grasp the reality back of the written lines that makes one wish to hear him repeat his favorite poem, the last stanza of which is this:

Twenty years! And as good a gyrl as parent ever found—
There's a straw ketched on your dress there—I'll break it
off—turn around.
(Her mother was just twenty, when us two ran away),
Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say!

"PUSSYFOOT" (W. E.) JOHNSON

Pulls a New One as a Heart Throb from the Koran

Somehow I thought of the old Italian proverb, "Who goes softly, goes far," when I met "Pussyfoot" Johnson during a campaign, and we might suppose that this bit of wisdom influenced William Eugene Johnson, for that is the real name of the Anti-Saloon leader who went about his work in such a quiet, unassuming manner that everyone called him "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

A nickname is not difficult to achieve, especially when one espouses a cause in swaddling clothes. If successful, the title takes on dignity —but should the cause fail, the advocate must wear the adornment that is apparently as hard to remove as the famous iron mask.

Pussyfoot Johnson started out on a diverting campaign, carrying his banner to England—a country weary from war and uncertain of peace; he championed a cause that was not accepted in the tight little Isle with any great degree of whole-heartedness, and he met opposition. Ridiculed into eminence and from a most lamentable accident, by which a missile thrown cost him the sight of one eye, Mr. Johnson came very near attaining the effective stature of a martyr in the very land where Cramner was burned at the stake.

"I have no wish to interfere in British affairs," said Mr. Johnson, "but have come upon invitation to tell of what we are doing about liquor traffic in the United States." His sportsmanlike manner won sympathy from many, but when, in Paris, he launched the idea that nothing should be sold in the cafes but white ribbons, France did not extend a vast amount of cordiality, or the suavity for which it is distinguished.

Pussyfoot Johnson is not the man to turn back with his hand on the plough, and his determination and convictions made him the author of no less than forty brochures on temperance questions, to say nothing of several books on which he carries the title of author. Although practically mobbed in Essex Hall, London, his tour extended across Europe to India and Africa.

Naturally, a man who has carried so long the burning desire to further a cause, must have carried also some bit of wisdom, some quotation or even creed that influenced his thoughts and acts. When I asked Pussyfoot Johnson to tell me what written line he cherished almost as a talisman, he replied, "I will give you a quotation from the Koran: "He who relies upon God takes hold of a rope that never breaks."

This sounds like a sum total of creeds, and it was a surprise to learn how the heart of a Christian temperance crusader had been reached by a Moslem author. And yet we might expect something unusual from a boy born at Coventry, N. Y., in 1862 during an eclipse of the moon.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

The Author of "America the Beautiful" Crowns William Morris her Favorite Poet

Every time I hear the refrain of the song "America the Beautiful," I think of the author of that stirring national hymn.

It is wisdom to begin in early life to build a mansion of pleasant memories, crowding it as full as possible, so that we may have a restful retreat to which we may fly when "the world is too much with us."

This came to mind in the hour enjoyed with Katharine Lee Bates at her home in Wellesley. Foresight and happy circumstances have given her that desired haven. To be a college professor at Wellesley is a sure way of storing up pleasant experiences, for she has seen armies of lovely and brilliant young women come before her and pass along to take up their duties in life. Miss Bates has enjoyed the friendships of many notable people in her work and years of travel and study abroad.

I was eager to know, out of all the wealth of verse that Professor Bates has enjoyed, which lines have influenced her most, or served as an inspiration. She replied in that decisive way characteristic of the class room: "Lines that have distilled strength into my spirit are those from William Morris in his poetic elaboration of

the Norse Saga of the Volsungs. You will find them in the volume entitled "Sigurd the Volsung," and from its hero my first collie took its name.

Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? Thou hadst better never been born;
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? Then thy fame shall be outworn.
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it.

Katharine Lee Bates was born in Falmouth, Mass., which of itself suggests a colorful background. One seems to catch the fragrance of the wild roses mingled with the tang of the sea. Her father was a clergyman, which insured her the atmosphere of books, study and endeavor. As a young woman she started out to add those suggestive abbreviations which seem rather formidable, such as A.B., M.A., then LL.D. and Litt.D. There are Dana Hall and Oberlin memories, too, and the June in 1925 when she was made Professor Emeritus.

The charm of that hour with Professor Bates remains with me. She had asked her guests, a group of young girls, to sing for us; so I brought away beautiful memories, too—the pleasant room, the cordial and gracious hostess, the sunshine coming in at the windows, the lovely world outside and the voices singing gay and vibrant melodies.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

The World Peace President Pays His Heart Tribute to Thoreau

"As a student and earlier in life I read much, and later in life in many languages, but my first love was for botany. It is hard to single out any special poem or piece of prose." This was the response of the President Emeritus of Stanford University, when I asked for his heart throb.

As an opponent of all wars, it is natural that President Jordan should quote the following paragraph from Thoreau, as a prime favorite in prose.

"There will never be a really free and enlightened government until the state comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived and to treat him accordingly. I please myself with imagining a state at last which can afford to be just to all men and to treat the individuals with respect as a neighbor."

Dealing with human equations as an educator, David Starr Jordan has had ample opportunity to learn the needs of shaping the mind and life for future benefit. One of his admonitions stands out:

"Your first duty is *your afterself*. Far away

in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust and dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true to the response of truth about you? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has a chance to touch it?"

Free from sentimentalism, that counts with the modern youth, he vigorously emphasizes, "This is your problem in life; how will you meet it, as a man or as a fool?"

Those who know him call David Starr Jordan a poet. That is amply vindicated by the verses from his pen. Herein is revealed the educator's human side as well:

In the life of the fern and the lily
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and the struggle
Waxes the bond of love.
Out from the ruthless ages
Rises like incense mild
The love of the man and the woman,
The love of the mother and child.

One cannot hate and gaze at flowers. Seeking out the secrets of life in growing things makes a lover of Peace among men. "Studying nature in its varient forms" is Professor Jordan's definition of exhaustive studies. The educator, scientist and author was born in Gainesville, N. Y., in 1851, took degrees of M.D. at Indiana Medical College, Ph.D. at Butler University, and

LL.D. from Cornell, Western Reserve, Illinois College, Johns Hopkins, and University of California, and became President of Stanford University in 1891, Chancellor in 1913 to 1916, and is now emeritus. The chief director of the World Peace Foundation, 1910–1914, he was elected President of the World Peace Congress in 1915.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

Makes a Prize-Winning Poet's Confession

In chatting with Margaret Widdemer about poetry she answers with disarming lightness. "A poet," she says, "as a matter of fact is a heartless brute, who, on finding an artless emotion running about loose in his ego, promptly catches it, ties it up in as natural and unconscious an attitude as possible and photographs it in several positions. As for the emotion after it is released—cut down, so to speak—it may do as it pleases. The poet's interest is over."

Surely this frank confession of a poet does not establish her upon a pinnacle, nor can she be accused of that fierce conceit that marks a limited or demure talent. Plainly she has arrived on the plane where she beholds the god of things as they are. Our own Whittier said, "It is not of myself,—it comes from something outer—and flows through me." Verily great poets recognize the spirit of humility.

Eager to know how this talented woman—with such a long list of literary successes all ready for charming "Memoirs"—would reply to my question, I ventured the query rather shyly, "What verse has been cherished—what heart throb have you experienced from the written line?"

Miss Widdemer smiled as she answered: "Your question is something of a limitation.

The best-loved poem today may not be best-loved tomorrow; one has so many moods and needs, and there are so many great poems! Your question makes a dozen spring up in my mind: Michael Drayton's sonnet beginning 'Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,' Dowson's 'Cynara,' Yeats' 'Wild Swans at Coole,' but Louise Imogen Guiney's 'The Recruit' is one that perhaps I think of oftenest."

So much to me is imminent;
To leave Revolt, that is my tent
And Failure, chosen for my bride

And upwards and abroad be gone
Ere yet Creation marches on
Obedient, jocund, glorified:

And, last of things afoot, to know
How to be free is still to go
With glad concession, grave accord

Nor longer, bond and imbecile
Stand out against the gradual Will
The guessed *Fall In!* of God the Lord

"Turning to lighter things," said Miss Widdemer, "there is a stray verse that has amused me and often served as a guidepost:

The centipede was happy quite
  Until the toad for fun
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
This wrought him up to such a pitch
He lay distracted in the ditch,
  Considering how to run.

Even the wisest sages have said that it is not safe to say to one's ego, "See, we are doing this all by ourselves."

Margaret Widdemer was born in Doylestown, Pa., and began to write while a mere child. Her first published poem, "Factories," was widely copied. Essays, stories, verse and reviews soon followed. In 1919 she shared with Carl Sanborg the honor of winning the Pulitzer prize for the best book of verse, "Old Road to Paradise." She is the author of the other books of verse, "Cross-Currents," "Ballads and Lyrics," and the volume of parodies of contemporary poets, "A Tree With a Bird In It," which received the *Literary Review* prize for the best satire of the year. Her Collected Poems are to appear in the autumn of 1928, published by Harcourt Brace. She is also a novelist, having published among others the following novels and romances: "The Rose-Garden Husband," "Why Not," "Gallant Lady," "Charis Sees It Through," "More Than Wife," "Graven Image," and some volumes of short stories. Speaking more seriously of poetry, she adds: "In poetry as in other things, love is the fulfilling of the law. The ignorant poet may yet be a true poet. But is it not a pity that he or she should consider the limitation of ignorance a thing to take pride in? For no original mind was ever yet fettered or limited by the widest scholarship it could attain. To be steeped in a knowledge of all the poets who came before, and to love their work, is to gain, not lose, originality."

JUDGE E. J. HENNING

Prose is the Medium of Heart Throbs to a Federal Judge

"All the heart throbs are not evoked by poetry," said Judge Henning in the retirement of his chambers. "Prose has a power of stirring the soul. Phrases and prose oftentimes have an impressiveness that reaches my heart."

Judge Edward J. Henning was born in Wisconsin and during a busy life has had an unusual opportunity to see the rugged as well as the beautiful side of human existence through his experiences in the practice of law and as United States Attorney. He is now a Federal Judge of the southern district of California, with headquarters at Los Angeles. His professional activities have not been confined to the West, but have covered in his official work nearly all parts of the country. As president of the World Conference on Immigration held in Rome in 1924, and a member of the American delegation to Mexico as assistant United States Secretary of Labor, his experiences have an international scope.

"My real heart throb," he told me with a judicial glint in his eye, "is a speech delivered by Hon. Charles E. Hughes while Secretary of State and President of the American Bar Association in Westminster Hall, London, 1924.

The occasion was a joint meeting of the English-speaking Bar Associations of the World. It was delivered in the very birthplace of the common law, where the courts of England had rendered decisions and sat for centuries in wig and gown, and where Lord Bacon was condemned and Hastings acquitted. It was the greatest gathering of lawyers that had ever assembled in one place, for there were over twenty-five hundred members of the American Bar and five hundred others representing the profession from all parts of the English-speaking world. The entire bench of London was present, attired in the full regalia of office. Mr. Hughes delivered an address at that time which gave me the thrill of my life—an unforgettable moment in which the beauty of perfect prose was glorified in a real heart touch.

We are not here to pay tribute to the corpus of the early law, still less to the formalism which has had so much to do with its development, but rather to the genius of the Common Law which brings us together with a definite realization of brotherhood. It is this spirit of the Common Law, which, in the eloquent words of Mr. Justice Story, "has become the guardian of our political and civil rights" it has protected our infant liberties, it has watched over our maturer growth; it has expanded with our wants; it has nurtured that spirit of independence which checked the first approaches of arbitrary power, which has enabled us to triumph in the midst of difficulties and dangers threatening our political existence; and by the goodness of God we are now enjoying under its bold and manly principles the blessings of a free, independent and united government. . . .

WILLIAM A. HARPER

Brings a College President's Contribution

While traveling in North Carolina, I continually heard the name of Dr. William Harper, first as a college president, then as an author and as General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society. After I heard him speak with poetic flashes I was curious to learn what poem had been a treasure in the large storehouse of Dr. Harper's mind.

As President of Elon College, seeing youth in the formative period, Dr. Harper has gathered interesting life stories and has had the opportunity of studying human nature, which makes his book, "Making of Men," vitally helpful. "New Laymen for New Time" and "New Church for New Time" reveal Dr. Harper's advanced thought, while his two volumes "Preparing the Teacher" have been important in educational circles.

As they gravely recorded in early days, he first "saw the light of day" in Berkeley, Va., in 1880. Graduating from the Military Academy of his home town, he afterwards received the honor of A. B. at the college of which he is now president. An M. A. at Yale and the degree Litt. D. at Defiance College are other honors that followed. Many literary treasures as well as much erudition he brings to his work among the young.

As might be expected of him, his beloved poems were those so universally enjoyed, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and David's 23d Psalm being favorites. "Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' leads, not alone for its chiseled style, but for its fundamental truth," he declared authoritatively. "Those who learned the poem in youth love it for its rhythm and dignity and find through the years deeper meanings in the lines."

To him, who in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness; and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings. . . .

This was followed by repeating his favorite "Psalm of Life," in which Longfellow seems to have echoed the deep soul longings of millions in all walks of life.

GEORGE COLEMAN

The Founder of Ford Hall Forum Compresses It All in an Epigram

On his recent trip around the world George Coleman shook hands with the people of many countries and added to his reputation as an international greeter. He is one of those men whom people slap on the back in a friendly way, and he knows just how to respond with another slap, indicating the genial democracy of the man. He seems to give full and complete attention to every individual he meets, whether it is Lloyd George, Mencken, or Al Smith on a stumping tour.

As president of the National Open Forum, he has welcomed and introduced from the platform and otherwise, men and women from every quarter of the globe, who have a message in behalf of their country and their race. The originator and director of the Ford Hall meetings in Boston, George W. Coleman has eliminated much of race prejudice and class distinction, through open discussions based as far as possible on first-hand information.

Naturally his favorite bit of verse would be a bit of philosophy that had a genial glint. Questioned on the subject, he replied with a jovial smile that was conclusive, "There is a little verse, anonymous in its authorship, which has

always struck me as puissant, homely, but choice. It runs as follows:

Bite off more than you can chew
Then chew it;
Plan for more than you can do,
Then do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat—and there you are!

"This came to me as a newspaper clipping and I used it in an address at Roger Babson's National Conference, for I thought it typified Mr. Babson's vision, philosophy and homely way of expressing himself. In 1921 I placed it on a bronze tablet set in a boulder which stands in the centre of the Babson Institute campus just behind a memorial seat, to mark the establishment of the campus. Everyone who sees it is impressed. Some find fault with its colloquial expression and miss the inspiration of it, but it grips me tremendously. It is a powerful sermon in the briefest possible compass."

The verse may not be a classic, but it might hang over one's desk as a reminder that would be more stimulating than an Italian sonnet. In his active life Mr. Coleman can safely look the little rhyme in the face.

JAMES E. GORMAN

The President of the Rock Island Railroad Remembers the Vivid Picture "Deserted Village" and its Inspiring Lines

When President James E. Gorman of the Rock Island Railroad calls the forty thousand employees "Rock Islanders" it is significant, reflective of the ideas, personality and spirit of an executive. All through the organization, to the last man, there is an appreciation and influence felt of the qualities of mind and heart possessed by President Gorman. They know they are not assumed as a good policy for business; but learned through experience evolving from the natural endowments of the man. That is why employees of that railroad are glad to be called "Rock Islanders." It means more than "holding a job"; it means a distinction and an assurance of privileges when no longer able to work; for a corporation family with a great human spirit is behind pensions for old age.

At the age of thirteen in a minor job with small pay, James E. Gorman began "railroading," and has since advanced through merited promotions from good-natured, helpful "Jimmie" Gorman, through the freight department clerkship, as freight traffic manager, chief executive during a receivership of the road and then

logically on to the presidency. The time and place of his birth is given as Chicago, 1863. A public school education, he laughingly tells, kicked him into a railroad job. Through good penmanship he started as clerk and received the salary of fifteen dollars a month. From that time on it was "full speed ahead" to the present executive control of a road that has recently celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary; with locomotives covering one hundred and nineteen thousand miles every day, serving fourteen Middle Western states. President Gorman has never lost the good cheer, the warm heartedness and good-comradeship liking for the human kind that characterized young "Jimmie." He wears the same boyish smile and has the same twinkling eyes that won friends in the old freight yards. With a father who was a railroad man, he was taught the best traditions of railroad, which he holds is a public service plus.

A friendly chat or word of helpful advice is all in the long day's work with Jim Gorman. In my chat he touched upon sentiment, owning that Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Longfellow's "Evangeline" were his favorite poems. One who understands what it means to help shape a great organization on humanitarian ideals, will understand why he so intensely appreciates the lines which show the futility of pomp and display and emphasize the real worth

of a self-dependence such as is pictured by Goldsmith in the following verse from "The Deserted Village:"

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

KATE UPSON CLARK

Discovers a Poetic Gem in George Meredith's Lines

One source of youth—if not the bubbling fountain—lies in work. Full days seem to baffle the onslaught of years. This came to mind when Kate Upson Clark said, "I have been lecturing for fifteen years, now I am taking the time to write a book, but first I must prepare an essay for the New York Browning Society,—comparing Browning with George Meredith."

Ever enthusiastic Mrs. Clark! It is refreshing to find one who has been so active, still so sensitive to cultural things, and keeping a passion for beauty—for it was revealed that George Meredith's "Love in the Valley" was one of her favorites. She was committing the entire poem to memory—not an easy task, with its involved meanings and unusual phrasing.

"I have so many favorites," said Mrs. Clark, "I can hardly tell you about them without filling the volume—a few verses move me so deeply! I can hardly read Jean Ingelow's 'Winstanley' without going quite to pieces!"

Lecturer, editor, columnist, poet, and teacher and mother are a few occupations that have kept Mrs. Clark young. She was born in Camden, Ala., in 1851, and quite early for those

days, graduated from Wheaton, and later has had Litt.D. attached to her name. She also graduated from the Normal School of Westfield, Mass., and has been a high school teacher. In Milwaukee she married Edward Perkins Clark, the distinguished journalist, and became the mother of three sons, but having experienced the most sacred things in life, she still had the "fire of the heart" that gives valuable work to the world. She finds time for her youthful public and has written many stories and verses for *St. Nicholas, Wide Awake*, and the *Youth's Companion*. Her poems, "The Last Comma," and "Charlie's Story," were widely copied.

The verses she quoted are indicative of the beauty of Meredith's conception:

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields, fresh with bloomy dew;
Near the face of dawn that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with color, as yewberries, the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades, as the grave East deepens;
Glowing and with crimson a long cloud swells;
Maiden still the morn is; strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

"I call this poem, in its entirety, one of the three great love poems of the age," said Mrs. Clark, which remark reveals her sense of loveliness. Again I am impressed with the fact that love of the beautiful and love of work make one thrice blessed and "twice young."

SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS

Declares "Home, Sweet Home" the Classic Heart Throb

"Listen and you will hear my Heart Throb," remarked Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge. The United States Marine Band was playing a medley of old songs, and he was evidently familiar with the selection, as he had himself played the clarinet in the Sharon (Penn.) silver cornet band. We were facing a throng of thousands of people that had gathered in Washington to welcome the returning doughboys from the Ruhr. Following the crashing chords of triumphal marches a succeeding hush passed over the great assemblage as the melody of "Home, Sweet Home" echoed tenderly and sweetly out of the silence. The refrain was repeated softly and you could almost hear the breathing of thousands, who, with misty eyes, listened as the mystic chords of memory were touched, bringing before each individual a distincitve picture of his home and mother.

"That's my Heart Throb!" continued "Jim" Davis, the immigrant boy who landed at Castle Garden at the age of seven and a half, and became a member of the President's Cabinet forty years later. When we returned to his office, he closed the door and sang in a clear

tenor voice the entire song of "Home, Sweet Home" without missing a word.

"That song is to me a great poem, and has been the inspiration of my life. My mother taught me the words to sing at a Sunday-school concert the same year that we arrived in America—and she never heard me sing it without tears in her eyes and a thought of the old home in Wales. When I made my first campaign for political office in Indiana, my opponents charged me with being an ignorant immigrant and an interloping foreigner seeking public office. At a political meeting which I addressed one night on behalf of my party and my own candidacy, I used a blackboard to prove that I could write, read and figure. Then I told them of my home in Pennsylvania where we first settled, telling them frankly the story of my life. After the description of the old home I sang "Home, Sweet Home."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

"Not a day passes that I do not find myself repeating the words of the matchless poem as a sort of a prayer. The sentiment that clusters about this poem has an ever-recurring wholesome inspiration that to me surpasses any other words that have ever been written by a poet."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Crowns Shakespeare as the Popular Heart Throb Poet

Discussing with a literary friend as to whether there were still "salons" in Boston, or whether they were now merely "literary clubs," we began to enumerate the long list of writers whom we were wont to meet, say on a Sunday afternoon, and I asked, "Where, in this flurried age, do the authors hide themselves away?"

My friend replied, "There are a good many of them snuggled away in sequestered areas that cluster about the old Commons."

Then I bethought me of Gamaliel Bradford, in Wellesley Hills, and I believed that he was just the man to give me a cherished bit of verse, for I knew that his mind was stored with literary possessions. I had read his "Damaged Souls," a story of men who have failed in some way and whom he was more or less successful in rehabilitating. I knew that, born in Boston in 1863, and attending Harvard (even though by ill health not being able to continue) he must have been a contemporary of interesting literary folk.

To my urgent questions Mr. Bradford replied: "Poetry took hold of me in the dim past when my father began to read to me—almost in infancy. So many old favorites come to me—picked up and loved in later years. Just now I think of some pages of "Obermann" or

Leopardi's "La Sera del Di Festa," of which I have made translations. Perhaps these are out of your range and more emotional or homely verse that touches the heart is what you desire.

"More and more I turn to Shakespeare. In all the multitude of things that I have read and still read, nothing draws me or holds me more than Shakespearean plays. There is nothing more worthy our urgent, earnest recommendation to the reading of young people. Shakespeare took hold of me when I was ten years old and has kept hold of me ever since with ever-increasing passion. I love even his manifest and numerous flaws and faults, as one loves the weaknesses of a friend.

"The magic and splendor of Shakespearean music are a revelry for delight and a tonic for despair, such as the culminating lyrics, 'Under the Gumwood Tree,' and 'Full Fathoms Five My Father Lies.' The Fool's Song in 'Twelfth Night' is another ideally sweet creation

> What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
> Present mirth hath present laughter;
> What's to come is still unsure;
> In delay there lies no plenty;
> Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
> Youth's a stuff will not endure."

Suggestive and stimulating it is to be reminded of old verse we have loved and half-forgotten; too many of our treasures we let go without so much as a *hic jacet*, and in their places set up prosaic things! We should "count them over, every one apart."

UNITED STATES JUSTICE BRANDEIS

Reflects on the Lines of Euripides

Even in the cloistered shades of the United States Supreme Court, Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis keeps in touch with the currents of activity with which he was so familiar in the earlier days of his career. "In the old days it was difficult to interview Louis Brandeis," remarked a veteran reporter. "He usually interviewed the interviewer, with queries that revealed his remarkable faculty for obtaining accurate information." This method still prevails with him on the Supreme Court bench.

It would seem that Louis Denbitz Brandeis began making inquiries in the very first years of his life in the historic shades of Louisville, Ky., where he was born. As a young man he went to Dresden, Germany, to study, after which he came to Harvard, where he added several distinguished letters to his name.

The things that have always engaged his vital attention are intricate legal problems of commerce, economics and labor, and he has been retained on many cases relative to vast enterprises and civic conduct. Many great philanthropic movements were not overlooked and received his support and aid, one being that of the Zionists—the making of a homeland for the Jews in Palestine.

Justice Brandeis has several important works to his credit, the best known being "Business as a Profession" and "Other People's Money." In the first-named book one finds a foreword by Ernest Poole that is a pen picture of Justice Brandeis. "A man with deep-set eyes, a wide, sensitive mouth, and the impression of great force, a keen mind, subtle and trained—a mind of large vision and big ideals."

More of the man is revealed in his delight in the lines of Euripides, one of his favorites:

Thou hast heard men scorn thy city, call her wild
Of counsel, mad; thou hast seen the fire of morn
Flash from her eyes in answer to that scorn!
Come, toil on, toil. 'Tis this that makes her grand;
Peril on peril! And common states that stand
In caution, twilight cities, dimly wise
Ye know them, for no light is in their eyes!
Go forth, my son, and help!

This last line epitomizes his career. A cherished poem is often the chart by which many people direct their course in everyday activities.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

Calls "Lead, Kindly Light," Her Favorite Poem

Over the radio I heard Margaret Illington recite a real Heart Throb—"A Rendezvous with Death." There was a charm of personality in her voice—just such a charm for the countless number who had heard her on the stage. Now I was interested to know something of the heart of this popular actress who could so easily slip from one personality to another in such contrasting roles as that in "Two Orphans" and in "The Lion and the Mouse," or the roles in "Kindling" and "Within the Law."

In our predetermined ideas we are prone to think that the people in the shadow of stage life care less for the friendship of a few than for the plaudits of the many. All these notions are swept away by the charming personality of Margaret Illington. When I asked her to tell me what poem or thought was held dear among her mental treasures, I may have expected something culled from the tragic lines of Shakespeare, or some gem of an ultra modernist, but the strong human understanding nature was shown in her answer:

"Cardinal Newman's poem, 'Lead, Kindly Light' is very near to my heart. The poem, as such, is less known because it is generally regarded as a hymn. To me the rhythm detracts

somewhat from the sheer beauty of the lines—their own majestic rhythm." Margaret Illington's matchless voice added much to the smooth phrasing of those strong lines:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

Beautiful faith, expressed by a rare soul, who once said that often he had "been beset with intellectual doubt," but that faith had never failed him.

The fair town of Bloomington, Ill., has the distinction of being the birthplace of Margaret Illington, and the late Elbert Hubbard. Educated at Wesleyan University, Margaret Illington later studied at Chicago Musical College. She made her debut in "The Pride of Jennico," in 1900, at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, and was a co-star with charming John Drew in making "The Gay Lord Quex" an outstanding success.

The wife of Major Edward J. Bowes, head of the Capitol Family, New York, whose gentle, kindly voice has made friends with millions of radio listeners, Margaret Illington now and then adds to his hour of music helpful and to-be-remembered verse.

SENATOR S. D. FESS

Finds a Keynote Favorite Poem

When United States Senator Simeon D. Fess was chosen as Keynote Chairman speaker of the National Republican Convention at Kansas City in 1928, it indicated that Ohio still holds its own in the process of nominating presidents. The little school teacher from Yellow Springs proved his prowess as a political leader years ago, for he has participated in many hard-fought contests. There was a gleam of reminiscence in his eye when I suggested his favorite poem.

"At an early age I began a study of Lincoln and naturally committed to memory the lines of what was announced as his favorite, 'Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?' This often comes to my mind, but the one poem," continued the Senator enthusiastically, "that has entered into the philosophy of my life more than any other was written by Josiah Holland. The two stanzas that gripped me were:

Evil is but the slave of good,
  Sorrow the servant of joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
  From the meanest of God's employ.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm.
  Safely the flower sleeps under the snow.
And the farmer's heart is never warm
  Until the cold winds begin to blow.

This may seem a far cry from the issues he will keynote at the Convention, but it embodies a breadth of sentiment that would foundation a party platform. In early days Simeon Fess had the glint of hail that indicated fire and spirit, and when his deepset eyes and energies are focussed on an objective, something has got to "go or give way."

As President of Antioch College, he knew how lucidly to explain and make even abstruse propositions in geometry glow with the interest of a best seller. When he was disciplined for insisting that President Coolidge would be renominated, he remembered that "the flower of assent may sleep beneath the snow of dissent"—and there you are.

In parting with him, he commented, "I never appreciated poetry until my college days, when I began the study of literature. It was in those days that I came to like 'Paradise Lost.' Some portions of it greatly impressed me, but I had not reached the stage where I altogether appreciated poetry until my reading became more diversified."

HILTON ULTIMUS BROWN

Presents John Hay's Matchless Prose Tribute to Youth

When I think of Hilton Ultimus Brown, I see in imagination a ladder up which there buoyantly goes a youth, on the first rung as a reporter, then city editor, managing editor, and still on up to General Manager and member of the Associated Press, and now serving on the Board of Directors that controls the *Indianapolis News.* He received A. B. and A. M. at Butler College and for a term was principal of Oaktown Seminary. With these varied achievements, I surreptitiously looked at the tell-tale record to find that 1859, as date of birth, was correct.

Surely, I thought, the crowded life of my friend, Hilton Ultimus Brown of the *Indianapolis News,* has had no time for verse. Living in the old home town of James Whitcomb Riley, I found that it is his habit often to read old gems such as "The Last Leaf," "L'Envoi," "The Recessional," Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," and one that touches him deeply, is Longfellow's "My Lost Youth."

"I suppose I am experiencing all over again the emotions I felt when I watched my own boys in pensive mood. So often I read:

> A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

In company with so many others, Mr. Brown knows the terrible loss of a brave son—one who in the language of a soldier brother, "died the way all soldiers would like to die, quickly, and while doing his duty on a far-advanced battle line during a great drive." He fell while the First Division was forcing its way through mud and shell fire toward Sedan in the World War. A collected group of verse tells of the brilliant mind of this son, who, strangely enough had written a wonderful poem, "The Soldier Dying," which now seems so prophetic.

"Over and over," said Mr. Brown, "I read John Hay's words—

Who can ever forget the faces which never had a chance to grow old—the brave young warriors who fell in battle and gained the price of immortal youth. For them there is no shadow of struggle or poverty, no trouble of gray hairs, or failure of strength, no care of the present nor fear of the future. The unfailing light of morning is forever in their eyes.

It was plain that everything relating to war has a peculiar appeal for Mr. Brown, for he said, "In that, I am a sentimentalist for I feel so deeply with Walt Whitman—

To unnamed soldiers fall'n in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers—to over ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition—I'd rear a laurel-covered monument,
High, high above the rest—to all cut off before their time,
Possessed by some strange spirit of fire,
Quenched by an early death.

A Favorite Poem of

ELIHU ROOT

In his incisive way, Senator Elihu Root sent me Sir Harry Wotton's poem, "The Character of a Happy Life" as one of his favorite poems which contained the real heart throb philosophy of life. The poem has never had a popular vogue, but note how completely the chart of life is covered in five brief stanzas. It was written by a friend of John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost."

How happy is he born or taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
United unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
  Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath a life from rumors freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

This man is freed from servile bonds
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

This poem was sent in with one of those characteristic and poetic letters of Senator Root, which gave a real heart throb when he wrote me:

I hope you will achieve the secure success to which you are entitled by your hard work and indestructible good temper. Your buoyant spirit shines out like autumn leaves in a cedar swamp in these disgruntled times.

Faithfully yours,

ELIHU ROOT

ROGERS HORNSBY'S THRILLER

Is "Casey at the Bat"

It was natural that Rogers Hornsby during the days when he was completing his batting record of 1927 would have his mind on baseball. With that same smile with which he faces the pitcher—and pitchers are all the same to Hornsby—he pulled from his pocket a copy of "Casey at the Bat," and handed it to me as his heart throb. The "Home Run King" from Texas carries his fielding glove in his hip pocket as he stands at the plate, and this little scrap of paper was lying beneath that glove. He said: "It is the first and last verses that always thrill me! Naturally I consider Phineas Taylor, the author, the poet laureate for baseball players and millions of baseball fans."

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

HEART MEMORY OF MARK TWAIN

An epitaph revealed Mark Twain's Heart Throb. It was upon the return of his last voyage that the author of "Innocents Abroad" gave me his heart throb. The trip to Bermuda failed to restore his health. In the quietude of his library he said:

"My heart throb is recorded on the tombstone of a loved one. I will soon follow."

What a wealth of sentiment is contained in the two little verses which Mark Twain placed upon the tomb of his loved one in the cemetery at Elmira—

Warm summer sun,
Shine brightly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.

Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light,
Goodnight, dear heart,
Goodnight, goodnight!

How expressive of the big soul of the man, Samuel L. Clemens. These lines, with their pervading sweetness, have reached out and whispered sweet sentiment to many hearts and given a heart throb to many others.

At another time he wrote "The Real Life of a Man," and it reflected the lateness of fame.

"What a wee little part of a person's life are

in his acts and words. His real life is hid in his head, and is known to none but himself. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the real man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written."

If his "goodnight" to the heart he loved was only "a wee little part of his life," how deep, then, how profound his sentiment, his love and understanding of human nature, that will make Mark Twain to future generations a philosopher as well as a novelist.

He has given the world a richness of thought and jewels of sentiment, gems of understanding and a new conception of the depth and radiance of love in his heart throb as well as in his books.

HEART THRILL OF E. M. STATLER

The Magnate of Hotel Fame

Seated in his executive office after a long and wearisome day, there was a gleam of reminiscence in the eyes of E. M. Statler, the premier hotel man of his time, when he pointed out and read the poem "You Kissed Me." There was a lull following a busy day, and I fancy that he was carried back many years, as he recalled the old poem with its heart memories. The same old poem was sent by hundreds of other people with a reference to the days of their youth. One young lady giving her age as seventeen, insisted that it was the greatest love-poem ever written:

YOU KISSED ME

You kissed me! My head drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak,
Flashed up as in flame, from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast; oh! your arms were so bold:
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

. . . . . .

While your arms clasped me round in that blissful embrace,
While your eyes melt in mine could e'en death e'er efface.
Oh, these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you wish that my breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

OPIE REED

Rounds Up Favorite Poems in Shakespeare's Works

Under the sunny skies of Florida I found Opie Reed among the orange groves, sniffing the fragrance of the orange blossoms, and declaring that he felt like a young bridegroom. With all the verve of early days, Opie Reed recites verse and tells negro dialect stories as no one else could do them. Why not? He was born in Gallatin, Tenn., on a plantation in the blue grass country where there were many slaves. The ravages of the Civil War left the old home a wreck, and Opie began his career by working on a farm and later became printer's devil in the office of the Franklin (Kentucky) *Patriot.* One of the office boys whom he bawled out as city editor was Congressman Drane of Lakeland, Fla., who visits him often in his Floridian retreat and now claims him as a constituent.

Opie was always proud of his name and determined to make it known by a literary career. He drifted out to Little Rock, where he established the *Arkansas Traveler.* It outgrew the postal facilities of the state capital and was removed to Chicago and became a paper of national reputation. Before leaving for Chicago, Opie had already tried his wings as a novelist.

His first effort at fiction was titled "Emmett Bowlore," which has already run into the millions. Naturally, I expected Opie to quote some southern poet as his favorite, but he lighted a long stem pipe and went to his library and brought forth a volume of Shakespeare. "In this volume are all my 'heart throb' gems, but the one most cherished and my favorite of favorites is from Henry IV, when the king was in his castle, in the still, pulseless night, repeating the words which echo a universal heart sentiment." In a soft and melodious voice, which has charmed millions from the lecture platform and in the Chautauqua tent, Opie Reed repeated softly:

> Sleep, gentle sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
> That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Once we had disposed of the favorite poem proposition, Opie began relating negro stories in swift succession. He has the dialect which he insists is not so much in the words as in the feeling. "A negro is the child of nature. I can see the old cobbler on our plantation pegging away and telling stores that would enlighten Hans Sach, shoemaker of Nuremburg."

On the day that I met him, at Howey Groves in Florida, he was preparing to referee a real prize-fight in Tampa—a debate between his friend Clarence Darrow and a Florida clergyman

on Prohibition. Darrow spent the day following the contest with Opie and talked with his old friends far into that witching night. The guest was sent to bed by his host repeating in sonorous tones more lines of Shakespeare:

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Under high canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

De WOLF HOPPER

Recites "Casey," and while Denying Sentiment, repeats a Favorite Verse

So much is said about actors, it is sometimes refreshing to hear what they say about themselves. When I asked De Wolf Hopper what he considered his favorite poem—one that had touched his heart—his amusement could not be interpreted as anything so broad as laughter. It was something more than a good-natured shrug at anything like a "Heart Throb." In his droll, unforgettable voice he continued, "I have been mercifully spared—but let me see—let's be honest."

This agreeable jester, creator of fascinating tom-foolery, and singer of songs, at first denied sentiment, but somehow his human companionships, his deep-hearted friendships and his whole personality refuted the words. His tall, easy-moving figure and his droll way have made him a welcome addition to any group, and whatever his other successes—and they are many—one recalls his frequent recitation of "Casey at the Bat," for he has repeated it five thousand and one times, and who can ever forget the thrill of the closing verse:

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

The comedian was born in New York in 1858 and his real career began when he played in "Our Boys" and "Hazel Kirke"—great favorites of that time. Since then he has been one of the best known figures in light opera and has recently been at the head of his own company in a revival of the old favorites of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Making his contribution to the company of "Heart Throbs"—still denying his right to be present—Mr. Hopper said that this short verse remained in his memory:

He sipped the nectar from her lips,
As 'neath the moon they sat,
And wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that.

A rebel in literature, perhaps? We surmise that he wishes to make his revolt to sentiment, to which we might make reply, in Shakespearean fashion,—"Methinks thou dost protest too much."

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

Favors Emerson's "Days" as a Favorite Poem

"I committed lines to memory in my early youth that have scourged me into future action when I have repeated them at the end of a wasted day," said Maud Howe Elliott, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, when asked if there were any bits of verse that she cherished like a precious jewel—which seems to be a confession that the eminent author and lecturer allows herself to suffer many of the interruptions that come to those who do creative work and tempt us so often to dream and not to do.

Modesty was ever a distinguishing grace with Boston's *literati*. A fine example was set by the group of notables at old Concord, among whom this characteristic was ever present. In her attractive home, "Lilliput" at Newport, R. I., it is with loving and reminiscent mood that Mrs. Elliott recalls the charming circle that surrounded her illustrious mother, Julia Ward Howe. In that artistic atmosphere she was not content to shine merely by reflected glory, but gathered many laurel leaves of her own. She has lectured extensively in large cities and in 1917 won the Pulitzer prize at Columbia University for the best biography teaching patriotism. While she has written many books, including "San Rosario Ranch,"

"Philida," "Sun and Shadows," she is perhaps best known by her "Life and Letters of Julia Ward Howe." Her biography of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was Theodore Roosevelt's favorite poem, is a valuable contribution to literature, aside from being a daughter's worthy tribute.

"One can hardly appreciate," said Mrs. Elliott, "what joy my sister and I (Laura E. Richards) had in compiling the lovely incident of a full life—especially as it was the life of our mother!"

"Perhaps not occupying first place in my galaxy of verse," she said, "Emerson's 'Days' has certainly been a reminder and an inspiration."

Daughters of time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

The sentiment is salutary and beneficial, but, counting the many worthy achievements of Mrs. Elliott, one can hardly believe that the Solemn Day passed her with scorn for idleness or for her selection in the garden of Time.

UNITED STATES SENATOR COPELAND

The New York Senator Discovers "Fortunate Isles"

When Royal Samuel Copeland took his regal seat in the United States Senate, representing the Empire State, he continued his daily medical talks to patients scattered throughout the country. Admirers insist that Dr. Copeland seems to be a born physician, which reminds us that he was born in Michigan in 1868, and graduated in medicine at Ann Arbor, and took a post-graduate course in Europe and a diploma from Hahnemann College in Philadelphia. Elected mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, he had many personal contacts outside of the practice of his profession and was president of one of the largest Methodist Bible Classes in the state. In 1907 he was called to New York as Dean of the Homeopathy College of Flower Hospital. It was not long before he was chosen President of the New York Board of Health, and in one year was counted a "useful and prominent citizen of Gotham." Treasurer of the National Board of Control of the Epworth League, he continued in touch with philanthropic activities. Old friends continue to address him as "doctor" in particular and "Senator" in general.

It seemed like reversing the ordinary procedure for me to ply him with queries regarding his

"heart action" in relation to poems. Laughing heartily when he caught the real significance of my meaning, he responded in a gracious manner.

"Many years ago I read somewhere the lines of a poem that impressed me very much:

What are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Duty and Love and a Broad Content,
These are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.
Duty and Love and a baby's smiles,
Ah, these O friends, are the Fortunate Isles.

"I memorized those words and carried the newspaper clipping in my pocketbook till it was worn out, but failed to learn the name of the author. If you can tell me, I will appreciate it very much, for any one who can write such words as these, I feel deserves a high rank among authors. The poem always brings a picture to my mind that radiates the golden sunlight of happiness." When we discovered the author was Joaquin Miller, there was rejoicing. He then encored his choice by repeating the six lines of his favorite and added, "It reflects the sentiment of a lover of children and discloses a new "Somewhere" in the widening visions of humans—the broad plains and spheres of Duty —the heights and the depths of Love—all of which is enhaloed in the great objective of one of Life's sweetest dreams—'A Baby's Smile.' "

DR. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

The Noted Unitarian Divine Chooses Bryant's "To a Water-Fowl"

In the classic shades of Cambridge, redolent with memories of New England poets, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot commented on his favorite poem. "There is a statement of simple religious trust to be found in William Cullen Bryant's poem 'The Water Fowl'—a sentiment that stays with me and seems significant."

Many of the lovers of Bryant's poetry have chosen this instead of "Thanatopsis." It may be a first introduction to those who admire Bryant for such outstanding work as his translation of the "Iliad," said to be the best ever attempted.

Dr. Samuel Eliot was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1862 and was naturally a "Harvard man," as his father, the late Charles W. Eliot, was president of the college for more than a generation. The son entered the Unitarian ministry in 1889 and occupied pulpits in Colorado, Brooklyn, and many large cities, but his efforts in the last five years have been directed towards the affairs of the American Unitarian Association, of which he is the president.

Following in the footsteps of Channing, Dr. Eliot was called to the Arlington Street Church

of Boston—a society that represents so much of Puritan culture and tradition.

Some time ago Dr. Eliot was asked to join a symposium discussing economic and labor matters. He said:

"A minister cannot compete with politicians, economists and financiers; his function is to keep alive the fires of faith, hope and love; he can, when confronted with industrial disputes, show that the first necessity is justice."

The real message of "The Water Fowl" is contained in these few lines he quoted:

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of Heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

The Celebrated Engineer Has Reduced It All to a Single Verse

Whenever there is anything to do, John Hays Hammond answers "present." Whether it is building a Press Club or arranging for Colonel Lindbergh's reception, he finds plenty to do without holding public office. Romance in work! Something of magic in everyday existence, is the story of his life. He does not belong to any particular locality, but to the world at large.

Seeing Mr. Hammond strolling through his sequestered walks that surround his summer place at Gloucester, or perhaps standing on the rugged cliffs and looking at the glistening harbor that sprawls at his very door, he seems like a man of leisurely mind counting the flying sails, speed launches or departing steamers. When he turns to his visitor with his genial smile, one instantly recognizes an indescribable poise that is bred of mastery over circumstance. Even an incomplete list of his many achievements tells us that he is a mining engineer; an expert engineer in the gold fields of Mexico, Africa, Russia, and all countries where gold is to be found; an associate with Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder of South Africa; a supporter of reforms in the Transvaal; a lecturer in the great

colleges; member of the great governmental conferences of the world; consulting advisor in enormous undertakings. It is all in the day's work with him. In the little fishing city of Gloucester he found time to serve on the school committee and recently he has made a pleasant hobby of helping to build the National Press Club building in Washington. Such a man has even time for poetry. When asked for his favorite poem, he readily replied that while none had really influenced his life to any appreciable degree, he could heartily subscribe to the sentiment expressed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

> So many gods, so many creeds,
> So many paths that wind and wind,
> When just the art of being kind
> Is all the sad world needs.

This world figure was born in March, 1855, and was a student at Yale, but he will admit that his real education was gained in dealing with men and meeting the exigencies of life exemplified when he faced a sentence of death by the Boers in Africa with unflinching faith in the Divine Art of Kindness, even when the unbridled passions of war were unleashed.

GENERAL FRANK T. HINES

The Soldier Has the Ideal of "The Builder" in Mind

At the head of the Veterans' Bureau in Washington, the largest single department at the capital city, I found General Frank T. Hines loves men more than books. Remembering his work in the World War and as an efficient director in healing the ravages of the battlefield, I found he had time to snuggle a bit of verse away in a remote corner of the mind where it becomes a sort of charm, hidden from view by multiple activities of the mind.

It may not be generally known that General Hines has served in the Philippines, in the World War conflict, and was with Secretary Baker at the Allied Maritime Council at London in 1918, where he represented the War Department in England and France. Recommended by Woodrow Wilson to the permanent appointment of Brigadier General, he retired from the army in 1920, but later took up real work again in Washington.

Since the date of his birth in 1879 in Salt Lake City, General Hines has been privileged to know and to direct more men than would seem possible in the brief span of years that have since elapsed. During the war he was largely responsible for carrying overseas 2,982,999 soldiers

in eighteen months and returning them in eight months—a task that called for unusual executive ability. When war broke out, he assisted 3,100 American citizens traveling in Europe to return home in safety. Honors showered on him by Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Japan and England have not affected his intense love of America and the poetry of his own tongue. "There is one piece of poetry that has always impressed me," said the Director, "especially from the standpoint of today's work and plans in connection with future generations." The veteran soldier quoted the following beautiful poem of Peace, entitled "The Bridge Builder," by William Allen Dromgoole:

An old man going a lone highway
Came, at the evening, cold and grey,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you the bridge at the evening tide?"
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, may cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

GERALDINE FARRAR

The Actress Finds Heart Throbs in Lyrical Verse

"Admired and beloved," said an old schoolmate of the prima donna, Geraldine Farrar. "We knew that she was particularly selected by the gods to reach a summit of fame before we were ready to start on our way—and yet she never forgets us. Who could help loving her?"

That was a woman's tribute I heard on the very day when the lovely Geraldine returned from triumphs to give a little talk in the old school at Melrose, Mass., her home town.

Attending the public schools, she played, studied, laughed and sang with girls of her own age, always sweet tempered, always the spontaneous, democratic favorite. Then came a day! Little Geraldine in her early teens was whisked off to Berlin and Paris to cultivate her God-given talent and soon after to capture the world by such roles as Marguerite in "Faust"—in which character she made her debut at the Royal Opera in Berlin. After her successful debut and tour in Europe, she returned to the Mecca of all singers—the Metropolitan Opera Company and sang Mignon, Tosca, Juliet, and other brilliant roles, and taking her place among the leading American prima donnas.

When she decided to sever her connections in New York, it was said that no departure ever

created more genuine sorrow nor did any one ever receive a more overwhelming ovation, for she was literally buried in flowers as she said her good-byes.

When I asked Miss Farrar to contribute some one of her favorite verses to our "Heart Throbs," she said, "I do not find it easy to decide upon any one verse out of all that I have loved. Here is one that appeals to me,—

THOU ART SO LIK E A FLOWER
By Heinrich Heine

Thou art, even as a flower is,
So gentle and pure and fair.
I gaze on thee and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head with a prayer
That God may keep thee always, sweet,
As gentle and pure and fair.

In her own charming way Geraldine Farrar added, "Its simplicity as well as its euphony seemed to touch my heart when I first heard the lines, and its lyrical beauty has tempted many composers to add their music to its charms."

In company with other operatic singers and stage folks, Miss Farrar has portrayed her successes in the silent drama. Her "Carmen" was delightful, and while in Hollywood she won the hearts of everyone with whom she worked. The little Melrose girl has traveled far in the wide world, but it has not changed her vivacious, human personality.

JOHN GOLDEN

The Playwright Gives the Verse of His Inspiration

Although I have been with John Golden during the process of writing and rehearsing his plays and seen him modestly looking from the wings as one of his many "hits" entranced a Broadway audience, I am tempted to write of John Golden the man, rather than of the playwright, actor and producer. A success in any one of these professions stimulates admiration, but when you find all three in one, you need not look further for a man of broad understanding or of one who has lived close to human emotions. With all his pronounced triumphs, John Golden is modestly content to hover "back stage" while his work radiates "out front" receiving plaudits. The last man to tell you that he has written over one thousand songs, a dozen musical comedies, and as many successful plays, he is always concerned in the creations of today and tomorrow.

It is probable that his plays, "Turn to the Right," "Three Wise Fools," and "Lightnin" remain more prominently in the average mind, for the public gave them "long runs" and have helped to make actors famous. His "First Year" and "Seventh Heaven" ranked close in popularity and have been followed by many others.

Success came early in life to John Golden,

who was born in 1874. Betimes he made a war record that adds to his honors as he won the title of Major and afterward that of Colonel.

Loath to confess that he had cherished any sentimental verses that would touch him to a "heart throb" degree, Mr. Golden amusingly said, "Perhaps I ought to feel a deep interest in one of my own rhymes—for there is a reason." He gave,—

GOOD-BYE GIRLS, I'M THROUGH

Good-bye girls, I'm through,
Each girl that I have met
I say good-bye to you
Without the least regret.
I've done with all flirtations,
You've no more fascination
There's but one to whom I'm true,
Good-bye girls, I'm through.

"Mrs. Golden was the inspiration of my words, and the sale of the sheet music brought profits which made it possible to produce 'Turn to the Right.' Naturally the lines are dear to me, for the play made me a producer (such as I am)," bowing gracefully.

In that last parenthetical remark it is easy to read: John Golden, the man, whose head has never been turned to right or to left by success. It remains squarely on his broad shoulders for the popular playwright is happily content to go on making his dreams come true and creating something that takes us away from the humdrum of everyday existence and brings a real tingle of enjoyment.

CECIL DEMILLE

The Motion Picture Director Casts "If" as His Star Poem

In a room with soft lights and shades of spooky darkness, characteristic of one of his theatrical productions under David Belasco, Cecil B. deMille commented on his favorite bit of verse.

"I have long regarded Kipling's 'If' as the greatest poem ever written. There is something about it that makes one adjust himself to the actualities of life, and the realities of dreams. Oftimes I find myself repeating a verse of the poem that seems so peculiarly fitted to all sorts of moods and circumstances. The lines seem to ring out like an everlasting hope:

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you will be a man, my son!

Beginning life as an actor, and later a playwright and theatrical producer in New York, Cecil Blount deMille, born in Ashville, Mass., in 1881, read and committed to memory Shakes-

peare, as in early boyhood the romanticism of Shakespeare's genius found full flavor in the producer's pictures, beginning with his "Girl of the Golden West" and continuing on with almost uninterrupted success to the "Ten Commandments" and the triumphal "King of Kings"—this early coloring is ever present. This last picture contains one short scene in which I witnessed deMille in action. Although things went awry, he remembered the Second Commandment concerning profanity, and complacently continued with a smile, "We'll try it again."

After a hard day's work, he again recalled the "Heart Throb" selected, and we talked it all over. "Winging through my brain are the magic words of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' When it comes to prose, I would name the four Gospels of the New Testament as the greatest of anything that has ever been written. If I were thrown on a desert island, I would rather have them with me to read than any other work I know of in all the range of literature that has come to my observation."

The evening shadows had begun on the California mountains surrounding the deMille Studio in Culver City, where Cecil deMille has scored his masterpieces of the silver screen, which reflect the poetic genius of the director who has made his dreams realities.

BENIAMINO GIGLI

The Famous Tenor Gathers Gems from Leopardi

Vital and vigorous, Beniamino Gigli, the popular Italian tenor of the Metropolitan, impressed me when I first met him as a real American type. He was enthusiastic when asked concerning his favorite verse, and apparently understood every inflection and idiom of the English language, although he does not pretend to speak it fluently. "You know I have my American songs translated first into Italian phonetics so that I can pronounce them correctly, but I do not require this to understand the beautiful poems in English which I have grown to love, the more and more I read and study the language of this country—because you know I love America and everything concerning America. Of the English poets I admire A. E. Housman—his writings have a something which appeals to one in operatic work with tragic denouement. His lines give me a clear-headed estimate of life and I like particularly his verse:

> Clay lies still, but blood's a rover,
> Breath's a ware that will not keep.
> Up, lads, when the journey's over
> There'll be time enough for sleep.

"I have often wished that these words might be set to music, for they touch a mystic chord. I have poems read to me, word for word, and

have each line explained in detail as to the lyrical or philosophic reflection or meaning of the phrases."

The thought occurred to me that it might be to the advantage of many Americans to adopt a similar method in reading poems rather than give them the hasty once-over headline glance.

"Do not forget," continued Mr. Gigli, "that I am very fond of the folk poems of various nations. I love also the Italian poems of Giacomo Leopardi, who was born in Racanati, Italy, my native town. As a child I memorized his poems to the murmuring waves of the blue Adriatic."

I was mistaken long since and made mistakes,
For I thought that life was vain and wretched
And this present age more than others dull.
Then flashed in my mind the blinding glare of Truth.
I saw and recognized the general happiness
And all the streets of Bostiny.
I saw the true value and beauty of an earthly state.
Man's life a path all blossom strewn—
Achievements, genius, virtue, and sublime wisdom of this our age.

Whether at social gatherings, on the radio, in grand opera, and even at a banquet among his friends where he can sing "A Jolly Good Fellow" in his own incomparable golden tones, there is a robustness of Gigli's personality that appeals. He had his early struggles as an apprentice during his student days in Rome and constantly dreamed of the day when he would

sing at the Metropolitan. "I feel so free to sing in America, where they respond to the emotions rather than hear the music with over critical ears. The thought possesses me when singing to try to make others feel the same emotions that I feel, conveying in tones what poets and philosophers say in words." Cordial and wholesome, with an ambition to be the best Gigli that he can make himself, this young man with a radiant face, who has so often triumphed in operatic roles behind the mask of make-up, is most irresistible as Gigli himself.

CYRUS CURTIS

The Renowned Publisher Selects Lines from Longfellow

Sitting on the deck of his yacht *Lydonia*, anchored in Havana harbor, almost over the very spot where the *Maine* was sunk, Cyrus Curtis, America's famous publisher, was at his best as a host to a party of friends. While the witching tropical moonlight was shining upon the group under the alluring atmospheric spell of the "Pearl of Antilles" on a winter's night, Mr. Curtis gave me the following lines as the bit of verse that had lingered with him during the years. His snapping dark eyes were kindled with a youthful reflection as he said: "This verse always brings to me a picture of Portland, Maine, my boyhood home, and makes me feel young again when I catch the swing of Longfellow's tribute to the dear old town which was also his native place."

I often think of the dear old town
That is seated by the sea,
And in my thoughts go up and down
The pleasant streets of the dear old town
And my youth comes back to me.

President Coolidge and President Machado were to have their great meeting at the National Theatre in Havana on the following day. At the opening of the Pan-American Congress

we found ourselves without tickets. Nothing daunted, the twain proceeded leisurely down the Prado and found the courteous officials opening the way for us as we walked between two lines of soldiers presenting arms and then discovered that the Presidential party was expected. Guests and ladies were gathered on the marble stairway with bouquets to greet the executives. When they began to shower flowers upon us, that was too much for Mr. Curtis and his eyes twinkled as we veered to the left, making way for President Coolidge, who gave us the grand hailing sign with a real tropical smile. The band began playing our national anthem and Mr. Curtis nudged me and said, "Just now we'd better vote the 'Star Spangled Banner' as our favorite poem."

As a young newsboy in Portland, Cyrus Curtis had an ambition to become a great merchant and have a department store on the site of the old Preble House. He launched his periodical career in Boston, but later, like Benjamin Franklin, made his pilgrimage from New England to Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and there started the greatest periodical publishing house in the world almost in the shadows of Independence Hall and within the sound of the historic Liberty Bell, which proclaimed the signing of the Declaration of Independence. A dynamic personality exists in the modest-appearing, medium-sized man, with

gray whiskers, who has achieved so much in building the first circulations that reached the million mark in the history of American publications. The best traditions of the country and its wholesome ideals have been persistently preserved and maintained under the direction of Cyrus Curtis, whose favorite poet wrote "The Launching of the Ship."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Artist Recalls a Poem of Childhood Days

"Now, don't laugh too loud," James Montgomery Flagg chuckled as he named "The Night Before Christmas" as his favorite remembrance of verse in response to my question. Flagg was a picture himself standing in the early twilight of a day in late December among portraits of his beautiful girls and "ladies in waiting" that have made him famous as an artist the world over wherever society and patrons of art mingle. His mind wandered back to his childhood days, and then memory flashed through succeeding years and he continued: "We have come through so many cynical years it gives me a chuckle to think what would happen to anyone in a New York night club who got up and recited my choice heart throb." He gave the opening lines with that whisper of mysterious expectancy that comes at Christmas time in childhood, as we tip-toed about with Santa Claus expectations.

"There are clinging to those illy-written lines a something that brings a real nostalgia of child-joy such as we will never know again," he continued. "It is not maudlin; it is real." And with a boyish smile on his face he again queried, "Am I wrong?"

Picking up a bit of crayon, he wrote out the

entire poem that is familiar to boys and girls of yesterday and today.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

* * * *

But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
Happy Christmas to all and to all a Good Night.

AUGUST HECKSCHER

How the Philanthropist Utilized His Favorite Poem

"While there must have been many people who have given you the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' as their favorite poem," said August Heckscher of New York, in one of his usual happy moods, "I do not think that many of them have been able to utilize it and paraphrase it as I did many years ago—but that's another story. When I last visited England, I visited the grave around which hangs the halo of inspiring imagery and philosophy, and indulged myself in again repeating the line which I have come to love even more with the passing years.

"Again, upon a time," continued Mr. Heckscher, settling down with one of his characteristic twinkling smiles to tell a story, "this bit of verse served me a good purpose. It all occurred some fifty years ago when I owned a printing office in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, which I had taken over for a bad debt. Seeking to make the investment income producing, I started a weekly newspaper called the *Shenandoah News*. In those days on a very light pretext competing editors used to fall afoul of each other, and very soon the editor of the *Herald* was heaping abuse on the *News*, the

latter not failing to retaliate. So all went swimmingly until in one of the issues I paraphrased Gray's 'elegy' to nettle my rival editor.

"His name was Powell, and the name of the reptile contemporary being the *Herald*, I dipped in vitriol, gravely insisted that I was quoting from the famous poem that had to do with the churchyard. Imagine the following in bold type:

> The pomp of "Heraldry," the pride of "Powell,"
> Combined to lead to the grave.

"It spiked his guns, but a few days afterward my printing shop, a wooden shack, was burned to the ground, and much of the type metal I used to assail my opponent so hotly was dug out of the cellar in a molten mass. I never started the paper again, but contented myself with collecting insurance."

In the ripe experience of his years Mr. Heckscher has devoted much of his time and fortune to philanthropy, in providing institutions and playgrounds for the children of New York City.

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

And then we must not forget the verse that he used to advantage in his first newspaper battle:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

There are few books in which the poem with the concluding epitaph appears, a classical tribute to friendship in Gray's four lines which, to me, somehow typifies the loyal and sincere friendliness of August Heckscher in the large measure of his sincere generosity:

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

GOVERNOR ALVAN T. FULLER

Massachusetts Chief Executive Finds Poetic Flowers in Gray's "Elegy"

Reference made to a Governor of Massachusetts (and especially one born and living within the precincts of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill) presupposes that he has literary judgment. The assumption is not amiss in the case of Alvan Tufts Fuller, born in 1878, Governor in 1928. Beginning his political career as a member of the House of Representatives of the General Court of Massachusetts, he made a vigorous entry to the halls of Congress, where he served two terms, and added further distinction to the Massachusetts delegation that represented the old Bay State army the four years of the World War. An ardent supporter of Theodore Roosevelt, he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1916. For many years Governor Fuller has been a liberal patron of the fine arts, and possesses one of the best private collections of paintings in the country.

Positive and aggressive in political and business life, Governor Alvan Fuller has a sympathetic appreciation of the gentler arts. In the historic old Bulfinch State House he announced to me that his favorite poem was the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

"Of all the poems I have ever read, I think I love Gray's 'Elegy' the best. When I visited England last Fall with my mother, our first pilgrimage outside of London was to this churchyard immortalized by the poem. The sheer beauty of thought and expression of the lines inspires something within us that enables us to comprehend the beauty of life if we cultivate the art of observing. This poem I consider the best and loveliest thing that was ever written."

The Governor of Massachusetts said this with an earnestness that was impressive and was pleased to learn that his favorite selection is also the choice of many thousands of others who have named "The Elegy" written by Thomas Gray in a churchyard as the bit of verse that touches their hearts—and holds an abiding place in their memories.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

ROGER BABSON

The Statitician Blends Statistics and Poetry

Statistics and poesy are sometimes closely akin. Roger W. Babson, eminent statistician, whose life work has been dealing with cold facts, with his eyes aglow, produced from a nook in his desk his favorite poem.

Taking off his glasses after perusing an array of figures that suggested a cycle of calculations, he proceeded to read from the typewritten sheet, with an earnestness that suggested a religious appeal. In fact it was titled "The Cowboy's Prayer." Altogether it was a setting suggesting contrast—this blending of statistics and poesy. Here are the verses that were given with a gusto of outdoors, although he was sitting at his desk:

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted windowpanes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In the dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

Let me be easy on the man that's down
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.
Make me as wide and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the reins,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget;
You know about the reasons that are hid,
You know about the things that gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead,
That stretches upward to the Great Divide.

The tender sentiment of the phrases came like a benediction and altogether expressed his comprehensive philosophy of life. It is interesting to know that Mr. Babson first became acquainted with this poem when recovering from tuberculosis on a ranch in the West, and has ever since loved a good mount. He now keeps two horses and may be seen daily about his office in riding clothes.

Few men have envisioned the ideals of the future in their consistent and practical relation to the present than Roger Babson. His uncanny prophecies and comprehensive statement of conditions, economic and otherwise, have astounded even his closest friends in their accuracy. The Babson Institute, which he has founded at Wellesley, Mass., has already become a great center for the research and study of modern business, and the Annual Conferences held here are events where the most profound discussion is evoked and broadcast in reference to all subjects kindred to commerce and industry, and that great force in modern affairs called Business.

A native of quaint Gloucester, Massachusetts, Roger Babson began early thinking in universals based upon concrete facts and cycles of events. Whether in the charming classic surroundings of Babson Institute at Wellesley Mass., or 'mid the enchanting environment of his Florida home at Babson Park, Roger Babson goes right on thinking, even in his playtime, and has evolved a philosophy of modern business that finds "the sun shining somewhere" all the time.

New England born—where American poets appeared in galaxies—he looked far afield for the verses that touched his heart. The vision of the wide expanse of plains and the adventuresome frontier of the cowboy appealed to him as an appropriate setting of a favorite poem. Suffused with the sentiment and high ideals reflected in Mr. Babson's personal and professional life, his selection strikes a refreshing note of individuality.

HENRY FORD

The World-famed Motor Magnate Selects Verses of Longfellow

Back in the days when automobiles were making their debut and were just beginning to be talked about as horseless buggies, I first met Henry Ford. Attired in overalls and on the payroll of the Edison Electric Company in Detroit, he was even then a man marked as "having new ideas," to make his name a by-word around the world. He thrilled me as he talked about exploding "benzine oil" as the coming power. How he knew so much about what some expert engineers called a rainbow dream was a mystery to me.

Years later—at the time he was startling the industrial world with his mass production and $5-a-day slogan for every workman, I had luncheon with him at his plant. It was a simple meal. He looked at me as he handed me the menu card and remarked with a twinkle in his eye, after surveying my rotund form, "We all eat too much." Then I proceeded to order everything on the card.

Tramping over the Ten Eyck farm with him, at Dearborn, he talked of birds and I was impressed with his extensive knowledge of feathered life. His kindness toward the birds would not permit the removal of the old rail fence for

fear of disturbing the nesting home of his pets. All this presented a new side light upon the industrial genius.

When the Ford joke book was having its great run, I saw him again in Boston—he was on his way to the Wayside Inn, which he had recently purchased, with an idea of preserving the place associated with the fine old sentiment. At this time I asked him to name the poem that had influenced his life and still gripped his heart. He quickly replied, " 'The Psalm of Life,' which I spoke in the old brick schoolhouse at Dearborn."

These lines were repeated letter perfect—suggesting the bustle of the Ford factories that were then girdling the globe, when he reiterated the verse:

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Now I could understand his coming to New England and purchasing the old Inn at Sudbury, where his favorite poet, Longfellow, had written the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He has not only restored the historic shrine, but also established a boys' school.

"Do I have another choice?" he quizzically inquired. "Then let us also remember 'Maud Muller,' by Whittier."

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

These two poems reveal the contrasting logic of Henry Ford's career. The one bristling with a call for constructive activities—the other the dreams of pastoral romance.

Few Americans of eminence have had the opportunity of building up the successful achievements of their life in and around their birthplace. Henry Ford was born in Greenfield, Mich., not far from Dearborn, where one of his large plants is located. He learned the machinist's trade and went to Detroit in 1887; a year later he married Clara J. Bryant, who was also born in Greenfield. He was chief engineer of the Edison Illuminating Company when he organized, in 1903, the Ford Motor Company, which has become the largest manufacturer of automobiles in the world. He has been the candidate for Senator from Michigan and also for President of the United States, and became one of the best-known men in the world within twenty years after launching his pioneer Ford Motor enterprise.

EDWARD BOK

The Distinguished Editor Believes in Heart Throb Brevity

Launching his literary career as a clerk in the house of Scribner's at an early age, Edward W. Bok has continued to keep watch on the tides of public sentiment. Later as editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he waded through a mass of correspondence coming from an aggregate of four million individuals and in turn reflected to his readers these ideas, tastes, notions, and all sorts of convictions concerning literature. There was a Dutch thoroughness in his observations of the passing show, and although born in den Helder, the Netherlands, he came to America at the age of six with his parents and has since written the authoritative book on "Americanization."

In the Brooklyn public schools he revealed his eagerness to get an early start in a career and took up stenography. Collecting autographs of celebrities and visiting them in person, he laid the foundation of his distinctively personal editorial policy. Since his retirement Mr. Bok has been even more active than when carrying the responsibilities of a periodical having at that time the largest circulation in the world. At his homes in Merion, Pa., near Philadelphia, or in Maine, or in Florida, regardless of season or climate, Edward Bok is busy. In 1923 he offered a prize of $100,000 for an

essay containing the most promising suggestion for insurance of the world's peace. With this inspiring theme uppermost in his mind, he quoted just two lines of a poem for me:

> Give to the world the best you have,
> And the best will come back to you.

In a conclusive and impressive way he continued, repeating the words that plumbed the depth of his conviction:

"These two lines were written by Madeline S. Bridges, and are my most favorite and most helpful verse, because the sentiment is true."

What a stirring and inspiring call to be up and doing! Who knows better what the world will bring back to the individual than one who has stood in a watchtower of editorial work in surveying the activities of people in all parts of the world under widely varying conditions. Edward Bok found that the environment of home life remains today, as ever, the magnet which attracts as well as radiates the propulsive power of the heart in moving the world on to a better day. The name of the author of Edward Bok's favorite poem is not in "Who's Who" or in the encyclopedia, and yet she has written two brief lines that concisely summarizes the philosophy of human effort. It is a heart throb that will live as a classic. It has a rhythm and simplicity of expression that even a child could memorize and understand—forming a comprehensive rule of life.

CLARENCE A. DARROW

His Favorite Poems Deal with Life and Death

During the money debate with the late William Jennings Bryan, at Dayton, Tennessee, Clarence Darrow wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Running his thumbs up and down his suspenders, leaning forward and then backward, with his eyes half closed in meditation, he suddenly lifted his face, looking not much like the horned demon that he has been pictured by his opponents and replied to my query:

"What is your favorite poem or bit of verse—something that has touched your heart." He immediately began to quote from the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam":

Awake for the morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight;
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the sky
I heard a voice within the tavern cry,
"Awake, my little ones and fill the cup
Before Life's liquor in its cup be dry."

And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern, shouted, "Open then the door!"
You know how little while we have to say,
And, once departed, may return no more."

It was amusing to see the shocked look in the face of the Great Commoner, who was listening,

as his antagonist quoted " . . . before life's liquor in its cup be dry."

Not seeming exactly satisfied, Darrow hesitated between strokes—fanning with a large palmetto fan—and when asked if he had a second choice, he promptly responded, keenly eyeing me as if to note whether I would recognize the name of the author.

"All of A. E. Hausman's poems appeal to me. I like them because they are true, as is all witness of life and death."

With rue my heart is laden,
For golden friends I had
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a light-foot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot boys are laid;
The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

After searching the New York library and consulting a few artists down in Greenwich Village, it was found that the poet Hausman had other admirers beside the famous jurist, even though they boasted Bohemian proclivities. Quoting impressively from one of the two books of verse written by Hausman, titled "The Shropshire Lad," Clarence Darrow rendered other selections in a way that would have done credit to Barrymore at his best.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

The President of Columbia's Favorite Bit of Verse

Surprises come thick and fast in my quest for heart throbs. Before me was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, directing the higher education of more students than in any other institution in the world. In his office at Broadway and 116th Street, amid the surroundings in which nearly a million students have studied, harking back to the days of Alexander Hamilton, this distinguished educator, than whom few have a more comprehensive knowledge of literature, began repeating from Whittier's "In Schooldays."

> Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
> A ragged beggar sleeping;
> Around it still the sumachs grow,
> And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Before proceeding, I could see almost mirrored in his eyes the picture of a little school in New Jersey where he spoke his first piece in school, little dreaming that thirty years later he would be at the head of one of the world-famed universities.

When I had first inquired as to his choice of a heart touching poem, he replied: "It is not wholly easy to answer your query, but there does happen to be a poem which I learned by heart in early boyhood which has remained with

me through the years and always touches both my heart and my imagination. I had a reverence for the good Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who penned the lines which I committed to memory for my first appearance on the rostrum. The occasion was the Friday afternoon literary exercises, and this poem is still a very vivid and a very real description of what has happened to more boys than one." He continued with the second verse:

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fall,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

When he had finished the last word, we just remained silent for a minute, for I am afraid we were both thinking back through those four decades of life to the halcyon memories of school days attuned to the mellow memories inspired by many of Whittier's poems.

DON MARQUIS

The Author Chooses "The Child Musician"

Ruddy and robust, with a shock of iron-gray surmounting a beaming countenance, "Don Marquis" made a confession. "The bit of verse that touches me most is not generally known and is titled 'The Child Musician,' written by Austin Dobson, the English poet. Like Charles Lamb, he was a clerk and began publishing poems twelve years after he began drawing his salary and courting the Muse. There is always a graceful literary style and finish to his works which appeals to me, and when he passed away in 1921, I felt that the world had lost a great poet, even if he had written nothing more than 'The Child Musician'."

Without further ceremony, Don Marquis proceeded to write out from memory the four stanzas, to make sure his claims were duly recorded. Donald Robert Perry Marquis (he has made the nom de plume "Don Marquis" famous) was born in Walnut, Bureau County, Illinois. The time was 1878. Early in life he began writing, what is called in newspaper parlance "real stuff." "Danny's Own Story" appeared in 1912 and nearly every year something in the way of a book or a play has been brought out that added further to the fame of Don Marquis. "The Old Soak" made his debut in 1921, an appropriate scene for the

Volstead act. "Cap'n John Smith" knocked at the doors and received a royal welcome from the public in the same year.

While a Welsh rarebit was steaming before us, waiting for the bottle of—of Worcestershire sauce, Don proceeded to complete on the menu card the lines of his favorite poem:

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least tonight!"

But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking.
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violincello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

The selection was as unique as Don Marquis himself. He was called to the telephone, between courses, to listen to the new song which had been written around his sprightly verses entitled "Tom Cat" by the Boston composer, Mrs. M. H. Gulesian. This song has since become a popular number in concert programs. As he left the precinct of the Players' Club, the distinguished looking whiskered cat followed him to the door as if to wish him good luck.

CHARLES L. WAGNER

Riley's "Life Lesson" is the Heart Throb of the Lecture and Concert Business Manager

During the 1896 McKinley-Bryan presidential campaign, my friend Charles L. Wagner began his career as manager of musical artists in Chicago. Since that time he has become almost as famous as the long list of distinguished artists whom he has directed in the concert field. To have John McCormack, Amelita Galli-Curci, Rudolph Ganz, Frances Alda, Destinn, Carolina Lazzori and Charles Hackett on his list indicates a measure of his achievements.

In the quietude of his bachelor den I discovered his favorite poetic gem and then I began to understand. Through it all, the boy born in Charleston, Ill., in 1868 has not forgotten that folks are just folks and he is ever on the lookout for the best in music for his large constituency. He co-ordinates the time, the place, the theme and the person into a sympathetic note, expressed in the Riley lines, "The Life Lesson," which he recited to me without even once "looking at the book."

There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your dolls, I know,
  And your tea-set blue
  And your playhouse, too,
And the things of long ago;
  But childish troubles soon pass by,
  There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your slate I know,
And the glad wild way
Of your schoolgirl day,
And the things of long ago.
But life and love will soon come by,
There, little girl, don't cry.

"I cannot altogether say why this verse stirs me; it is possible that in my time many hundreds of artists who have failed to achieve their ambition and have met their disillusionments impel me to think of these words, but it is more than that, it is a poem that has very tender personal associations, and has little to do in experiences in witnessing the great stars come and go in the firmament of fame."

"ROXY" (S. L. ROTHAFEL)

The Radio Impresario Favors a Poem of Don Marquis

In that familiar voice heard by millions over the radio, Samuel L. Rothafel, known as "Roxy," repeated the lines of Don Marquis's poem, "The Awakening." In response to my query, "Roxy, what has reached the innermost recesses of your big heart?" he smiled in his quizzical way and said, "My dear Joe, I don't read poetry much. I don't remember any particular poem just at this moment that impressed me so that I always remember the lines. You know that I am a showman. I have to vary my program every week, consequently, it's 'off again, on again' with the poem as the curtain rises and falls on the production of the swiftly succeeding weeks. On the radio I find that the people are always interested in poems, a verse now and then, so I quote from the Heart Throb book." With another of those characteristic smiles, he began reading lines from Don Marquis that seemed to suit his heart mood. "Mine is a bit of verse that arouses in me new vision and is entitled 'The Awakening.' "

Outward from the planets are blown the flames of thought,
And the breath of prayer drifts out and makes a mist
between the stars.
The void shall be void no longer,
And the caverns of infinity shall be fulfilled of spirit;

For in the wilderness between the worlds a sentience struggles to awaken,
Passions and ghosts and visions gather into a form.
The God that we have worshipped for a million years begins to be
And He whom we have prayed to
Creates himself out of our prayers.

As he recited this in the surroundings of his busy studio workshop high aloft in the Roxy Theatre, I thought of a little blue-eyed boy who used to speak his pieces Friday afternoons in the little old schoolhouse near Main Street, Stillwater, Minnesota, some years ago. He was recently honored with a bronze medal for distinction by the Broadway Association of New York. There was also an interest in meeting Don Marquis a few hours later at the Players Club when I asked him as to the favorite poem of all that he had written. He promptly announced "The Awakening."

"Your judgment is confirmed, Don. Roxy is repeating your lines like a nursery rhyme as his favorite heart throb."

The author smiled modestly as he saluted, "Come and have . . . some dinner." Over the coffee, I thought of how there were two souls with but a single thought—author and producer—Roxy and Don, literarily affinitively attuned.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

Chooses Galsworthy's "Prayer" as Her Heart Throb

The sage suggested that we "go to the ant" to find industry. Might it not be as effective to go to a woman who has chosen newspaper and editorial work for a career? The sluggard might well consider Elizabeth Jordan, author, playwright, editor, public speaker and a flock of etc. Looking closely into her many occupations, we find that she has had time to write innumerable short stories for American and English magazines, and I think the ant is outdistanced.

Approaching this dynamic personality with some trepidation, anticipating that editorial decision would insist upon some leisure half-second when the subject of poetry might be treated with one sweeping gesture, I was happily disappointed. Miss Jordan, as gracious as if she was receiving a bunch of literary bouquets for her own work, replied quickly, "One verse I have long remembered and held dear—even used it as a reminder of one's own strength. I quote lines from John Galsworthy titled "The Prayer."

If on a Spring night I went by,
And God was standing there,
What is the prayer that I would cry
To Him? This is the prayer:

O Lord of courage grave,
O Master of this night of Spring,
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything.

If one wishes to be subtle and discern an effect in every cause, does the verse suggest the self-reliance and confidence that has distinguished the career of Miss Jordan in her chosen field? Utilizing latent powers to the full and plumbing the depths of human emotions, Miss Jordan, born in Milwaukee in 1867, has crowded much into the years that followed. On the editorial staff of the *New York World* for ten years, assistant editor of the *Sunday World* for three more years, and editor of *Harper's Bazar* from 1900 to 1913, also acting as literary adviser to Harper & Bros. for five years, she is now editorial writer for a chain of American newspapers. The success of women has ever been dear to her heart and during the drive for Woman Suffrage she did most effective work. When Miss Jordan gave me Galsworthy's verse, I felt that she had not only given me a little intimate sidelight of her mind and heart, but she had renewed my conviction that there is an unfailing charm in the writings of that popular English author of international fame, who was good enough to write about the beauty of one of our own United States. He said:

I've seen the beautiful so clear,
It sure has gone to the heart of me,
And there'll be magic ever near
To me—remembering Tennessee.

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

Noted Radio Preacher Answers Another Question

Millions of people have listened to Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's radio addresses Sunday afternoons, and it is a source of inspiration to learn of the earlier years of the great preacher's career. They were years of struggle to educate himself, through which he has lifted himself to a position of world fame, with honors and degrees from many universities. Up to the time he was twenty-one, his studies were pursued at night after long days of labor in the mines, and now millions hear his words of inspiration and tolerance. He was "a Shropshire lad," being born in that section of England in 1864. From the time he learned to read he carried books with him to work, read them in the mines by the light of his lantern, read them at night, cheating himself of sleep, indicating what self-imposed discipline of the mind will do for a man. He read the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Brittanica, and is one of the ablest living orators, believed by men and women of all ages and occupations, of all creeds, because of his broad vision and universal consciousness. His work for the Drama Association and International Church Council is of world-wide scope—and he certainly knows how to answer questions.

When I finally asked him as to his favorite poem or bit of prose that held for him an inspiration other than literary delight, he replied, "Here is a bit of poetry that I think reaches to heart depths:"

> Love is the height of good, and hate of ill,
> Triumph of truth and falsehood overthrown,
> The only worker of the highest will.
> Then seek no further what is God and find
> The only real love within thy mind.

When asked as to the sum total of these questions that have poured in to him on Sunday afternoons and which he has answered with such astounding alacrity, without a moment's hesitation he said: "The whole thing sums up to this—men wish to know the answer to the eternal riddle, 'whence they come and whither they go.' "

The radio does not give us the picture of the man,—his massive head covered with iron gray hair, clear blue eyes and understanding smile, while his beautiful voice conveys the spirit of the man as he gives unhesitant replies.

"A man may become what he wants to be," continued Dr. Cadman, "if he only wants it hard enough to pay the price."

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," Insists on Twin Favorites as Heart Throbs

Leaving the writing of histories and gloomy stuff to others, Ellis Parker Butler came into wide literary fame as the author of "Pigs is Pigs," and other humorous writings that have given him a following. An exponent of Youth, he told me that he scoffs at the thought of age. "If someone had not asked me how it felt to be fifty, fifty wouldn't have meant anything in my young life." This is encouraging to those who are forty-nine times more than one. He turned and asked me the pertinent question, "How many inventions and great works would there be in the world if every man was eliminated at fifty?" As I am fifty, I agreed. "Life is not up one side of the hill and down the other, but is a straight road always leading upward," he continued, reflecting a philosophy which coincides with the inspiration and jollity with which he writes. Ever since I published his first literary effort, which he timidly sent in to me from the West, I have enjoyed the friendship of Ellis Parker Butler. He became the star contributor at a department in the *National Magazine* called "Smiles and Tears," but never a teardrop had he for his readers.

Eager to know what favorite verse this happy soul might like to add to the galaxy of "heart

throbs," I handed him a good five-cent cigar. The man who can move an audience to smiles or tears, and yet who never seems to drop a tear, said, "All hail to you, friend, I love hundreds of verses, and here is one that has a charm for me. It is H. C. Bunner's 'Pitcher of Mignonette.' "

A pitcher of mignonette
In a tenement's highest casement,
Queer sort of a flower-pot,—yet,
That pitcher of mignonette
To the little sick girl in the basement,—
The pitcher of mignonette
In the tenement's highest casement.

"I also like," said Mr. Butler, "Villon's 'Ballade of Things Known and Unknown,' and perhaps you, too, like Austin Dobson's 'Wanderer.'

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling
The old, old love that we knew of yore;
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling.

Ah, who shall keep us from over-spelling
That sweet, forgotten, forbidden lore;
E'er we doubt in our hearts once more,
With a rush of tears in our eyelids welling
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

When we parted he added, "At the age of twenty, life was an adventure; at thirty, a problem; at forty, an age of labor; but at fifty it begins to look like just one joyful journey to the end." This illuminates what he writes about himself as well as others, when he added, "I feel a surge of joy when I face an audience—I like people."

GATTI–CASAZZA

Metropolitan Director, Selects an Operatic Gem as His Heart Throb

For over twenty years Signor Guilio Gatti-Casazza, the directive genius of the Metropolitan Opera House, has brought out a constellation of operatic stars of the first magnitude, and directed productions in their orbits that stand out pre-eminent in the history of music in America. While he disclaims having any one favorite opera, he confessed that the lines from Donizetti's classic "Elisir d'Amore" contained a poetic gem that has lingered in his memory from the days when as a naval cadet he used to frequent the opera in Italy. Little did he then dream that he would some day become a leader of the *Arte Lirica* in Italy, the Commander Impresario of the famous Teatro alla Scala at Milan, and later the director-general of the world-famed Metropolitan in New York. In the glow of his success he repeated in Italian, and I have had translated the famous song of the lover Nemorino. These are words that must be sung to be fully appreciated:

Down her soft cheek a pearly tear
Stole from her eyelids dark,
Telling their gay and festive cheer
It pained her soul to mark.
Why then her presence fly?
When all her love is glowing, all glowing?

Could I but feel her beating heart
Pressing against mine own,
Could I my feelings soft import
And mingle sigh for sigh,
But feel her heart against mine own,
Gladly I then would die
All her love knowing—all knowing.

Impressive in personal appearance, with iron gray beard and dark eyes, Gatti-Casazza is a personality that attracts and inspires, for he has charted the course that has guided many an artist to a haven of musical fame. He knows the shoals as well as the safe harbors that are met too often in the rough passage to fame in the world of art. His contribution in making the Metropolitan a world temple of art entitles him to the highest honors of conductors and musicians of many countries—for he has brought together the premier singers and produced great masterpieces representing the musical genius of all time.

In the soft mellow intonation of his native tongue, Signor Gatti-Casazza quoted as a heart throb lines from his favorite Dante, and it was one more time I regretted that I did not know the beautiful Italian language. It seemed to me that there is something lost in translation, for the gesture and expression of a native of Italia indicates something more than the prosaic words that essay to interpret the spirit of Dante in a foreign tongue.

While many of his operatic triumphs were

being presented to the great audience in the "Horseshoe Circle," to say nothing of the galleries, Signor Gatti-Casazza is often to be found in his room near at hand, noting the consummation of the myriad of details interwoven into the superb productions of operas new and old which have made his career notable in the annals of music.

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Author and Poet, Names "Pulvis et Umbra"

Everyone has enjoyed the verses of George Allan England, many of which have been reprinted in various periodicals, and readers have been led to the more permanent book form of his work, such as "Darkness and Dawn," "Underneath the Bough," "Vikings of the Ice," and "The Golden Blight."

Mr. England may be classed with the modernists, but he has never been guilty of that rather frenzied quality which astounds the reader; rather one is joyously moved by his clean-cut lines. There is a human spirit in his polished craftsmanship.

Mr. England was born in Fort McPherson, Neb., in 1877. His father was a clergyman and chaplain of the Ninth Infantry. After his training at Harvard, Mr. England began to follow his literary inclinations. At his home in Camp Sans Souci, in Bradford, N. H., he finds an environment suited to his work.

The poem which this poet has given as a favorite is rather gloomy from one point of view, but it recalls some old peaceful churchyard and invites the reader to meditation. "Pulvis et Umbra," by Edward N. Pomeroy, has the merit of style and diction. Only a portion is given here:

When thou art lying under ground
Beyond the reach of sight and sound,
The world will still go round and round.

But, troubled not, by fool or wise,
Unheeding all beneath the skies,
Shadow and dust will thee suffice.

However dear thy fame to thee
With generations soon to be,
It will not be a memory.

Though thou wast beautiful or brave
Nor love nor gratitude will save
Thy desolate, defenseless grave.

Thy epitaph, unread, unknown,
Will presently be overgrown
With lichens on the leaning stone;

For here will summer's verdure grow,
And winter as the ages flow
Fold and unfold her sheets of snow.

While o'er thy dust as days go on
Will deepen until days are done
The shadow of Oblivion.

The lines have not the deeper hope of "Thanatopsis," but lead the reader to add his own more hopeful thoughts like those expressed by one whose philosophy is age-old—Socrates—who declared that "the souls of all men are divine."

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN

The Sunshine Author Captures a Heart Throb of the Breezy West

When I first met Cynthia Westover Alden, there was a greeting that suggested the lines of her favorite poem:

> Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
> Out where the smile dwells a little longer.

"These lines voice an irresistible longing with me, for I was born 'out where the West begins.' Alfred Chapman's lines comprise one of my favorite poems. It is a comfort to me when engaged in active editorial life in the East."

Cynthia Westover, this popular contributor to magazines, was born in 1862, at Afton, Iowa. She graduated from Denver Business College and afterward took degrees at the University of Colorado and Alfred University of New York. She was engaged in teaching when she was called as a soprano soloist in choruses. Later she was the United States Inspector of Customs, interpreting five different languages as a part of the daily routine.

This versatile woman was at one time director of the street cleaning activities and invented the first dirt collecting wheelbarrow ever used. John Alden, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "spoke for himself," and Cynthia Westover became an Alden. For ten years she was one of the editors

of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but Mrs. Alden will be longest remembered as the founder and president of the International Sunshine Society, with a membership of three hundred thousand.

While her strenuous duties have kept her mind sufficiently filled with detail, Mrs. Alden has found time to write many articles and books of especial interest to women and the general reader, for there is an urge in her work that indicates that during all her activities in the effete East she has never forgotten her beloved Colorado, "where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter," and that is why these lines are her favorite:

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more giving and less of buying,
And where man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

ANNIE RUSSELL

Popular Actress, Discovers a Heart Throb in Fate

In the patio of her beautiful home in sunny Florida I found Annie Russell, the same sweet, charming individuality who had attracted a large following in the days of famous women actresses. The flowers were abloom, the birds singing—all as if to do honor to the queen of the art.

"Many times, in many years," said lovely Annie Russell, a premier favorite of the American stage, "I have had to say over a little poem to myself, one which always gave me renewed courage":

> Conduct me, Zeus! And thou, O Destiny,
> Wherever Fate decrees my steps shall tend;
> I follow cheerfully, and if not
> Then wicked and wretched I must follow still.

"Once during a long illness," confided the popular actress, "a friend sent me the verse, which is obviously a translation from the classics. The author I do not recall."

Anyone who has come into the charmed circle of Annie Russell's personal acquaintance will realize why this verse appeals to her. In it there is a touch of the same sweet complaisance and a true humility of spirit that characterizes her bearing toward her art. Probably no actress has ever had a closer touch of sympathy with her audience. One receives the

impression of the real woman behind the lines she spoke, without knowing just how it is delivered—whether in an expression or gesture.

At the age of seven Miss Russell began her notable stage career, making her first appearance with Rose Eytinge. At the age of thirteen she was a pronounced and assuredly successful favorite, and in the character of Esmeralda she appeared nine hundred times.

After many brilliant successes, which included a London season, she wound herself round the hearts of the English people, as well as American, as their very own.

Every word and phrase seems to come out of the heart directly to the hearts of her hearers. It was this same favorite of the American stage who had charmed official life in Washington to such an extent that the petty and acrimonious official matters were forgotten when Annie Russell was playing at the theatre. A stimulating personality seems essential to a successful career on the stage. The depths of womanliness gives Miss Russell the power to sway her audience, gently but convincingly, in any role she assumes on the stage.

"I follow cheerfully" would seem to be a watchword with this talented actress who endured uncomplainingly an illness of five years, which made a serious break in her achievements, that was later bridged by her indomitable courage in helping Fate with its invincible conquests.

DANIEL WILLARD

President of The Baltimore & Ohio, Names Gray's "Elegy" and Kipling's "If"

As the stately procession of locomotives, dating back to the original Tom Thumb on to the modern moguls, passed in the pageant celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in 1927, Daniel Willard felt his hand reach for a throttle. The president of the first great railroad system in America started his railroad career on a locomotive. It was a thrilling panorama of the evolution of transportation, which had not advanced from the time of the reign of the Cæsars to the administration of Thomas Jefferson. Stephenson's tiny locomotive in England revolutionized the pace of travel. Not far from where steam first turned the wheels on rails is the country churchyard where Gray wrote his "Elegy." The stately lines of this favorite poem were in the mind of Daniel Willard on this triumphal exhibition of railroad development. With the definiteness of operating trains on schedule, the railroad president commented: "Gray's 'Elegy' goes deep into the heart and seems to touch the source of life philosophy, showing the power of the deep reflection which precedes great achievements.

Let me give you a second choice, that of

Kipling's famous 'If,' which flashes a lesson and an ideal."

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowances for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
And being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet, don't look too good nor talk too wise,—

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
  And which is more,—you'll be a MAN, my son.

The chief executive of the Baltimore & Ohio was born in North Harland, Vt., in 1861, and studied at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. In early youth he became interested in railways and went actively into the study of their management. When he became assistant general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio he looked first to his power and tracks and tonnage with the practical experience of a locomotive and civil engineer. As vice-president of the Erie, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Colorado Midland, he kept his eye on ton miles. A member of the advisory committee of National Defence during the war, he also served as advisor of the Army Indus-

trial College and rendered invaluable service to the country. His activities in railroading brought him in contact with every sort of men and conditions, and he has worked out his schedules with the preciseness of the meter of the stately lines of his two favorite poems.

HAROLD MacGRATH

The Popular Writer of Fiction applauds the Immortal Lines of Gray's "Elegy"

With a lead pencil on the good old scratch paper of newspaper days, Harold MacGrath was sketching out a new story, one of those charming bits of fiction that hold us captive from start to finish. He replied in succinct phrases and comment, declaring on Gray's "Elegy": "The only poem in the English language that paints the pathos of mediocrity is Gray's 'Elegy.' It has clung to my memory all through the years."

This eminent writer made a swift ascent in popularity as a writer of fiction because he soon passed all the bounds of mediocrity—"the deadly commonplace"—and his words reveal a real sympathy for human kind. In newspaper work he had an opportunity to touch shoulders with those who throw over the limitations of a squirrel trap existence and do the unusual and escaped becoming altogether cynical as he stood behind the scenes and saw how reputations are made and broken in the dizzy whirl of front-page stories.

Born in Syracuse, New York, in 1871, he began journalistic work in 1890. "The Man on the Box" was his earlier success, a book sufficiently dramatic to be staged and produced.

His "Watteau Shepherdess," an operetta, scored brilliantly, but upon his novels he has built a reputation that is worldwide. "Carpet of Bagdad," "Voices in the Fog," and "Ragged Edge" have had an especial appeal to men readers. "The Yellow Typhoon" and "The Cellini Plaque" followed later, appearing first in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and have made books which have a reaction of the famous soliloquy which sounds the depths he has plumbed in his study of characters in his stories and plays. Many people have chosen the "Elegy" as the loveliest in literature. There is a wealth of understanding and sympathy in the lines:

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

SOPHIE KERR

The Popular Author Understands the Heart Throbs of Modern Verse

As the millions read their favorite authors in favored periodicals, there is usually a longing to know more about "who wrote this." Those who have come to know the writings of Sophie Kerr through her stories in *The Woman's Home Companion*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Collier's*, *Harper's*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, have looked eagerly for her books to come off the press. "Painted Meadows," "Love at Large," "Golden Block" and others and her story folks are intensely human, for the characters work, love and laugh for us like close acquaintances.

Those who do creative work seem to hold a peculiar interest for the public, as if they lived in another realm with the book folks who entertain.

Sophie Kerr was born on the eastern shore of Maryland and attended Hood College, located in that state. Later on she took her A.M. degree at the University of Vermont and became familiar with the maple sugar folks. Entering magazine and newspaper work, she first edited a woman's page, then became one of the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*. When asked to name her favorite poet, or even the plural number, the author declared that she found a

delightful spirit in the short verses of the Englishman, A. E. Housman.

"I hardly think that one of my favorites will seem appropriate for your collection," she said, "but I repeat the lines to myself with ever increasing satisfaction. Another poem, one of the most beautiful in the English language, is 'Eve' by Ralph Hodgson." In her busy editorial days Sophie Kerr has kept step with the younger generation of poets, which some critic has said represented "the young writers in full insurgence." The little verse quoted is not so steeped in the spirit of practicality as many of the other fugitive lines which appear in this present time.

Mr. Housman's lines are quoted:

Could man be drunk forever
With liquor, love or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober,
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

The muffled roar of the traffic of New York was heard as she repeated the lines, that seem to have a new and broader significance when recited amid the ceaseless cosmopolitan churning of human hopes and activities that curdle or cream in the hectic life of the metropolis.

M. H. AYLESWORTH

The President of National Broadcasting Company Recalls Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine" as a Heartfelt Reminder

Every night that I listen in on the radio I think of that energetic, dynamic individual directing the affairs of the National Broadcasting Company in New York, who has become one of the most widely known personalities in the world. His name is associated with the universal operation of one of the greatest inventions of modern times. What seemed almost a miracle a few years ago has become the enjoyment and routine matter-of-fact daily pleasure, if not necessity, of the people of the world.

Certain names go forward and will live in the annals of invention, but the name of M. H. Ayesworth will be remembered as president of the National Broadcasting Company. He was born in Iowa forty odd years ago and is the son of a clergyman. At twenty-four he became a lawyer in Colorado, and through the active practice of his profession became interested in public utilities. He was chosen to initiate the gigantic task of radio transmission and he has given this work intensive study, keeping in step with the bewildering progress of the invention.

"There are greater miracles to come," he said, when I made known my request. "That

miracle is for me to find time to read as much verse as I desire, and so I must make rhythm and poetry of my work. It is safe to select any one of James Whitcomb Riley's verses as a favorite of mine," said Mr. Aylesworth, "but my especial delight centers upon 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine.' "

As one who comes at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy 'til in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection for our loving thoughts to start
Into being are like perfume from the blossoms of the heart,
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

* * * *

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,—
To greet the *living* presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

From the days when this poem was the favorite with "elecutionists," its gentle sentiment and tenderness of ending has held its own with the more complex offerings of modern verse.

FIELDING H. YOST

The Famous Football Coach selects Lines written by Berton Braley

In recent years "sports" has become an important factor in American life—outside the colleges. The fact that all sorts of outdoor sports are followed closely by the people reveals that Olympia and Parnassus are not far apart. As a director of athletics, Fielding H. Yost has learned much about the youth of the country. He has had the opportunity of knowing young men at play, when, free from the restraint of the classroom, the natural fibre of the man is sure to be revealed.

"There is a time when the lines of a poem are like a bugle call to action," replied the popular football coach and director of athletics at the University of Michigan, who was born in Fairview, West Virginia, in 1871. In Normal School at Ohio Northern and at Lafayette University and University of West Virginia he agreeably combined fine scholarship with his honors in college sports. While connected with the University of Michigan as director of intercollegiate athletics, he has found time to apply his knowledge of hydraulics so as to bring him success along other lines. He promoted and developed the hydro-electric plant of the Tennessee Power Company.

While director of intercollegiate athletics at the University of Michigan, he delivered to the Schoolmasters Club of Illinois, Bloomington, Ill., his idea of real education.

"The job of making men can best be achieved by developing simultaneously the fundamental parts of a man's being—the head, heart and hand all need training to the end that the boy may have a keen intellect, a sound character, and an active, healthy and enduring body."

In our chat he emphasized his idea with vigorous gesture. "There is no synonym for sportsmanship, but if one word were to be chosen that might nearly express its meaning, the word would be 'respect.' The true sportsman must have respect for his opponent."

Asked for a verse that had some unusual meaning for him, the man who has known youth, forward and back, gave the lines written by Berton Braley in the *American Legion Weekly:*

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code
With my faith and my honor held high,
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

But teach me to lose like a regular man,
And not like a craven, I pray;
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode
To victory splendid and high.
Yea, teach me to stand by the side of the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

EDWARD JOHNSON

A Popular Opera Singer Singles Out Shelley's "Skylark"

Waiting for his entrance cue at the opera that night, I heard Edward Johnson humming a song without words. "I hardly realized that Shelley's 'Skylark' was one of my most cherished poems until I found myself repeating it at these intervals and applying it to others as well as myself."

This was his deferred answer to my request as to his heart throb. When he continued, "the poem is a sublime contrasting of human emotions and is radiant with enthusiasm and idealism," I further agreed with him. He often inscribes the lines when sending gifts to friends:

> We look before and after,
> And pine for what is naught,
> And our sweetest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.
> Our sweetest songs are those
> That tell of saddest thought.

With an international reputation, born in Ontario and educated at the University of Toronto, Edward Johnson does not forget the home city. He married the daughter of Viscount Jose D'Armierio of Lisbon. After singing at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, he began his study under Lombardi in

Italy and in Florence and sang for five seasons in Milan, and was the creator of Parsifal in Italian. Engagements in Rio Janeiro, Buenos Aires and many South American cities rapidly followed. More recently he has been connected with the Chicago Opera Company and latterly with the Metropolitan of New York.

It seems quite fitting that a singer should enjoy the music of "The Skylark," for as the poet Wordsworth said of the same little feathered songster, "There is joy divine in that song of thine."

Hail to thee, blithe spirit. Bird, thou never wert
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains on unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher, from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest
And singing still, dost soar and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightning of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

COL. EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE

President Wilson's Adviser Names Gray's "Elegy"

They called him the silent member of President Wilson's cabinet during the war and during those darkest days in Europe. I had heard him repeat often Kipling's lines, "But each for the joy of working." This line from "L'Envoi" seemed in a subtle way to always remind one of Edward M. House, who later told me that the poem was one he admired. Although he retired from business, Col. House always found joy in doing things for others. Coming from the stirring political activities of Texas, he became a prominent figure in the political life of the Capital, but was never an aspirant for public office. His advice and counsel was sought on many questions of importance, but he has never been a seeker for preferment. A staunch friend was this man who acted as Woodrow Wilson's personal representative to European governments, where he gathered important data necessary for the Peace Conference.

As special representative of the United States government at the Inter-Allied Conference of Premiers and Foreign Ministers held in Paris 1917, at Versailles in the same year, acting for the United States with the Central Powers, and member of Commissions of vast importance,

Colonel House has had wide opportunities and colorful experiences which in scope are wider than many of those who hold political office. With his fund of first-hand information from which to draw, his books are valued records of one of the most stirring periods in modern history. "What Really Happened in Paris" is a well-balanced account, offered in a straightforward way.

"Yes, I am very fond of Gray's 'Elegy' as well as Kipling's 'L'Envoi,'" he told me in his quiet way. "Each one evokes a different mood; I particularly like the second stanza of 'L'Envoi,' which I recall reads this way:

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest,—and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,
'Til the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working and each on his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the good of Things as They Are.

Those who have known Mr. House personally are able to discover meanings below the surface of this poem.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK

Director of the New England Conservatory of Music Hails a "Heart Throb" in Aldrich's Lines

When George Whitefield Chadwick, conductor and eminent American composer, hailed lines in the "Flight of the Goddess" as expressing heart sentiment, I listened intently.

"Although I own the verse

> "A man should live in a garret aloof
> And have few friends and go poorly clad,

to be one of my cherished favorites and that the goddess of creative power often deserts the man of ease, there might be little incentive to harbor her hospitality. The attic poet has often in the past given us his masterpieces and his lesser work after fame has been attained, but the ambitions of today look for recognition and adequate recompense to keep up the pace of the times."

There is always the exception to the rule, for Dr. Chadwick has not been deserted by his creative genius in the days of success and despite the fact that he has achieved, he continues to remain an outstanding figure in American musical circles. When great commercial cities have outstripped the more leisurely progress of "The Hub," none have denied her the glory

of association with the Muse. Dr. Chadwick has done much toward moulding the trend of America and in developing the talent of composers and artists.

Professor Chadwick is a native of Lowell, where Whistler was born. Aside from his long activities as director of the New England Conservatory of Music, he has promoted movements toward a higher musical culture and written five overtures, "Rip Van Winkle," "Thalia," "Melpomene," "Adonais," and "Euterpe," all of which reveal his grasp of the rules of harmony. Three symphonies, the opera "Judith," various choral works, orchestral selections, songs, quartettes and compositions for stringed instruments have left their stamp of value for future students. At the dedication of the Chicago Exposition Professor Chadwick was selected as the man most capable of writing the music for the Ode.

As a prominent figure among American composers Dr. Chadwick, honored by Yale and Tufts, has not dwelt "in a garret aloof," but has given of himself freely to the building up of the divine art.

In all this we glimpse the meanings in "The Flight of the Goddess":

A man should live in a garret aloof
And have few friends and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

* * * *

Wretched enough was I, sometimes
Pinched and harassed with vain desires,
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song,
Music haunted my dreams by day;
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell
Suddenly I had friends in crowds,
I bade the housetops a long farewell;
"Goodby," I cried to the stars and clouds.

And then the poet draws the picture of ease and content, but the Goddess, dissatisfied with luxury, had deserted him:

Flown and I fear she will never return;
I am much too sleek and happy for her
Whose loves must hunger and waste and burn
Ere the beautiful heathen's heart will stir.

I swear I will get me a garret again
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess by vigil and pain
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

DR. CHARLES AUBREY EATON

A Member of Congress and Noted Speaker and an Editor still Clings to Bobby Burns

Knowing Dr. Charles A. Eaton as a newspaper man, a preacher and a member of Congress and popular platform speaker, I felt I had a chance to draw three good heart throbs. His first thought was of his school days in his native Nova Scotia home. "The cherished poem is often one learned in school. This should not be interpreted as a lack of appreciation of modern verse; it shows how the mind in the receptive days of youth is wide open for impression. The student, obliged to study poetic form, took something into his mind that unfolded new beauties as life took on new meanings, but that does not mean that we must be untrue to our first beloved poem. I am still true to 'Bobby Burns.'" Dr. Eaton recited the catchy Scotch lines of "To a Mouse," which in dialect reflects the fright of the small field-dweller when his nest is upturned by the plow on an autumn day in the field.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', timrous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie,
Thou need na start awa' so hasty
Wi' bickerin' brattle!
I would be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murderin' prattle.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-worn companion
An' fellow mortal.

"This poem by the true hearthstone poet stirred me in youth and stirs me still and gives a bit of philosophy regarding the 'beastie.'"

Dr. Eaton has been able to enjoy the privileges of versatility, for he has been editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, and Congressman from New Jersey. Dr. Eaton also has three alma maters: MacMaster University in Toronto, where he received a LL.D., also graduating from the Newton Theological Institute, and graduating from Acadia University in Nova Scotia with B.A. and M.A. degrees, and later honored by a D.C.L. degree from this university. He prefaced his heart throb: "There is the universal blight of futility expressed in the following lines:"

But mousie, thou art not alone
In provin' foresight may be vain;
The best laid plans of mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compared wi' me
The present only toucheth thee,
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear.
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

ROBERT DOLLAR

The Veteran Lumber Man and Ship Owner Inspired by "Psalm of Life"

In his office in the Dollar Building in San Francisco, I found Robert Dollar at work. He had decided on buying more steamships, and I mentioned something about having been surprised to find him so busy early in the morning in his early eighties. "Without hard work I never could have lived so long and succeeded," he replied. "I commenced to earn my living when I was fourteen years of age and have kept right at it ever since."

This "grand old man" of the Pacific coast was born in Falkirk, Scotland, and began life in a Canadian lumber camp as a chore boy. He was thrifty with his leisure hours and studied and dreamed. At the age of twenty-one he was foreman and then began to invest and re-invest in timber land. He had his ups and downs and counted it lucky that he met with his first great setback early in life. He reasoned now that he must sell as well as produce, and that the best way to market lumber was to have ships transport it to other countries. Then was laid the foundation of the Dollar Line. During the World War he was engaged by China to build thirty million dollars' worth of ships. Personal confidence in the man Dollar was the

foundation of this contract, which is unsurpassed in any commercial transaction with the Orient.

Logically I felt that there must be some cherished maxim that this honored patriarch of international trade must have taken as a talisman. Asked to name his favorite author, the one who had interested him and influenced his life, this tall, stately man with white beard, high forehead and piercing eyes, a picture of Scotch stability, replied promptly: "Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' has encouraged me to labor and to wait and to try to leave some footsteps for others to see, thereby leaving the world a little better than I found it. Yes, I know you thought I would say Robert Burns—my beloved—but I am talking now of the poet who had a definite heart influence in shaping my career." The man whose name is known over several continents and across the seven seas repeated the verses of Longfellow's poem as reverently as he would read Scripture.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returneth"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Before I left he honored me with a glimpse of his diary that he had kept for nearly three score

years. Even a casual study of its contents showed me that his favorite poem contained the creed of his life:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

GUTZON BORGLUM

The Sculptor Praises "Invictus" as a Prize Poem

On a hot August day in the Black Hills in South Dakota, Calvin Coolidge had just completed his address dedicating Rushmore Mountain, when the sound of the drill was heard in the distance. Standing on that crudely-built platform of rough pine, Gutzon Borglum, himself was as picturesque a figure as he has ever chiseled in marble. Presenting the President with the first drill used in the monumental work begun that day upon the mountain side where he is to carve figures two hundred feet high, Gutzon Borglum was at his best. I had asked the famous sculptor for the one selection of verse that had touched his heart. He hesitated for some time before replying. Perhaps he was a bit excited—that cool mountain air vibrated with patriotic idealism and had he not just made a presentation speech! No doubt he was then thinking of the great characters he was to portray—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt—in eternal granite on that mountain-side. A masterpiece that would rival his massive bust of Lincoln in the rotunda at the Capitol and the striking figure sitting on the bench in the park at Newark.

The spirit of these four great Americans seemed to hover about, as he began the lines of

Henley's "Invictus," without a preliminary word.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
Yet shall the menace of the years
Find and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

This poem seemed to personify the man who, in his world of art is to herald to thousands of people through inanimate stone the character of these pre-eminent Americans, as interpreted by a master sculptor in a studio under vaulted skies—"Out Where the West Begins"—in God's open.

JAMES WRIGHT BROWN

The Editor of the "Editor and Publisher" Seizes "Opportunity"

High up in his eerie office in the Times Square building, James Wright Brown was opening his mail and found the Heart Throb quest timed with my arrival. He proceeded without delay. "My young manhood was influenced by the poem 'Opportunity' by John J. Ingalls," replied the popular editor and publisher for editors and publishers. "For maturer manhood," he continued, "the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians (look it up—it will pay you) has served as a rudder in turbulent times; while Edmund Burke's little maxim has that something that has been a controlling influence on my life. "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall, but for God's sake let us pass on!' "

In the great race of life this sterling editor for editors has kept passing right on—running true to his charts. He has advanced through one after another of important editorial positions, having been connected with the *Chicago Journal*, the Louisville (Ky.) *Herald*, and now the publisher of *The Editor and Publisher*, one of the periodicals that all newspaper editors read and one that all editors look upon as a true exponent of the craft.

"Many unusual qualities unite to bring success, but the poem 'Opportunity' has been to me a clarion call; it has a depth and meaning which we can take to our hearts."

As manager of the World Press Congress, held at Geneva, Switzerland, Hawaii, and other quarters of the globe, as well as the United States, James W. Brown seized an opportunity that has done much toward establishing good will and friendly acquaintance among members of the Fourth Estate who have a potent influence in shaping the political affairs of nations. How I wished that the author of the poem, the late Senator John J. Ingalls, could have seen James Wright Brown stand in the center of his long office—after closing the windows to keep out as far as possible all disturbing noise—while he spoke the following inspiring lines:

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise;
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire; and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not and I return no more.

LEE DE FOREST

The Radio Audion and Wireless Inventor Tunes in on Poe's Poem

In my Attic, Lee de Forest related, even while the soft refrain from the radio continued, the story of his early struggles to master the mysteries of the Hertzian waves. Early in the talk he expressed an admiration for the mysteries of Poe. The work of this intrepid and busy inventive mind in taking out one hundred and twenty patents seems almost as magical an achievement as some of his inventions. The trans-continental telephone service was made possible by this inventor, who is one of the pioneers of wireless telegraphy and is now vice-president of the Radio Telegraph.

On the banks of the muddy Missouri in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1873 the inquiring eyes of Lee de Forest first looked out upon the world. With a tin can telephone he thrilled his schoolboy playmates at the Mt. Hermon Boys' School. He was graduated from Yale and after attending Armour Institute in Chicago, he launched upon the stormy seas of an inventor and in a hall room he discovered quite accidentally, after years of research, what an audion would do—having concentrated his attention on the new wireless.

Many medals for distinction have been awarded the inventor, among them the Cross of

the Legion of Honor. At present his name forms the basis for the company, De Forest Phonofilms, Inc., of New York.

"Three stanzas of exquisite beauty," said Mr. de Forest, "are found in Edgar Allan Poe's poem 'To Helen.' In my college days they came to my notice. Their sheer beauty and delicate sentiment have appealed to critics who judge them as among the finest written in America." The poem, in part, is quoted:

I saw thee once, once only, years ago,—
I must not say how many,—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that like thine own soul soaring
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silken, silvery veil of light,
With quietude, solemnness and slumber
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tip-toe,—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out in return for the lovelight
Their odorous souls in an esthetic death,
Fell on the upturned faces of those roses
That smiled and died in this pasture, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

The closing lines seem more like the gloomy mystic Poe who, author of so much good literature, will long be remembered by his ghostly "Raven" and beautiful "Annabel Lee" showing that purity in his flights to shadow lands of mystery.

How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope,
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition, yet how deep,
How fathomless a capacity for love!

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Catches the Spirit of the Pine Woods

Having been in the lumber camps and depths of primeval woods of which Stewart Edward White writes, I can understand why he replied to my query concerning his favorite poem:

"Somehow I seek glimpses of nature in my heart throb. God declares Himself to man in the supreme wonders of nature. The alluring charms of 'The Marshes of Glynn,' by Sydney Lanier will ever linger with me in tender and sublime thought:

Glooms the live-oaks, beautiful, braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs
Emerald twilights,
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear, dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea marshes of Glynn.

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fine,
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire
Clamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves
Calls for the passionate prayer to the soul that grieves
Pure with the sweet passing of scents through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with the good.

This truly pastoral classic charms one who has loved the "silent places" of nature and has

written so many prose compositions that open our eyes to the beauty of God's open. Reading these lines one sees the picture and almost feels the fragrant tang of sea air and wild rose sweetly mingled.

Wayshowers to gems of thought have been the innumerable "favorite poem" sent to me. Many verses cherished by the different contributors have been valuable mental possessions of yours and mine, and it is like clasping a beloved hand to find minds in tune with our own emotions. While Stewart Edward White has modestly denied to me that any one bit of verse is "dearer than all others," it is inevitable that one who writes of the fields and forests would find something all-appealing to a kindred spirit in Lanier's lines. "Blazed Trail," "The Forest," "The Magic Forest," "Silent Places," "The Pass," "Grey Dawn," and numberless other books by Mr. White contain more of nature in one volume than in an array of textbooks—nature of the kind that we love, but do not often observe carefully or analyze.

Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1873, he spent much of his early life in the pine woods. He received a Ph. D. at Michigan University and acquired an M.A. at Columbia Law School. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (London) and of the National Institution of Arts and Letters,

PIRIE MACDONALD

The Famous Photographer of Men has His Heart Picture in Arthur Raile's "Wild Rose"

Yes, I have faced Pirie MacDonald in his studio on Fifth Avenue and caught a poetic gleam in his eye. At a point of excellence, photography rivals portraiture wrought by hand. Pirie took many shots at me with the wreath of a smile on my face to catch the fugitive, fleeting expression by which we recall our friends. When the artist, at long sittings, fails to attain that desired end, he rubs out and begins again. Prolonged serenity, while an artist works, seems well nigh impossible to a busy man and that is why men of prominence find a merciful friend in Pirie MacDonald, who has carried photographic portraiture up into the fine arts. He exhibited my photograph—a far from handsome likeness of a fat man, as a cheering example to all us homely folks—catching a beauty not alone revealed in features.

Pirie MacDonald, "Photographer of Men," has built a reputation that is world-wide. He has seen more great men "off guard" than can be enumerated—in that moment of weakness, or self-consciousness of which public life could hardly rob them when facing the camera or the dentist's chair.

When the mid-west metropolis of Chicago

was having its growing pains in 1867 a physician proudly announced to his friends: "It's a boy and his name is Pirie." This boy has been awarded the Cramer Grand Prize, gold and silver medals from photographers' associations, a bronze trophy from the city of Boston, and other marks of honor from Omaha, London, Berlin and many other cities. He won the first prize from the Professional Photographers Society and is a member of the Council of London Salon.

Recovering after the battery of cameras had "ceased fire," I asked him for his favorite poem. He gave me a pagan verse with a grim smile. "I am going to give you something pre-Christian, Irish, and one that is interpreted into English by Arthur Lyon Raile in his book 'Wild Rose.' "

Grasp man's delight. Reach out thy hand anew
For pleasure. Slake thy thirst upon the streams,
Cast forth thy humor in the hot sun's beams;
Mount with thine eye, and revel in the blue.

No chase is ended while the huntsman lives,
No hope is hopeless while desire still burns;
No spirit quenched, which reckoning not returns,
Giving with bountiful content, yet gives.

These eight lines also reflect the subtle intuitive sense that aids Pirie MacDonald in catching through the lens that expression of a man that is most worthy of an enduring remembrance.

PROFESSOR FRANK B. LITTELL

A Study of the Stars Awakens a Love of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"

In the midst of the sky-sweeping giant telescopes of the United States Naval Observatory, I found Professor Frank B. Littell, a devout astronomer. Poetry and the stars seem to have some subtle connection, for we are told that the "stars sang together." I was eager to obtain the poetic status of mind of one who could measure the "glory of the stars" or engage in the difficult matter of computing longitude by radio signals. He responded in plain words rather than astronomical figures and scientific phrases as I had anticipated:

"Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' is a favorite with me. A study of the heavens and stars awakened my love for the lines,

> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last, for all.

Professor Littell was born in Scranton, Pa., and studied at Wesleyan College, from which he has received the honorary degree of Sc.D. Later in life he attended George Washington College. On the expedition to study the eclipse of 1900, Professor Littell made notable observations at Barnesville, Georgia, and has also attended similar expeditions in Spain and in Sumatra.

When teaching mathematics in High School in his younger days, calculations far outrunning those narrow confines occupied his mind, and fortunate the pupil who received such expert instruction.

It is well to be reminded of such a beautiful and philosophical poem as "In Memoriam."

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

My own dim life should teach me this:
That life shall live forever more,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

Re-reading it after many years, its expressions of faith as well as its exquisite construction awaken a new admiration for a poem written out of the bleeding heart of Tennyson in blinding grief over the loss of his beloved friend and classmate, Arthur Hallam.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Found His Heart Throb in Whittier's "Eternal Goodness"

On his ninety-third birthday the late Chauncey M. Depew received me in his office. Surrounded by books and pictures, seated at a spacious roll-top desk, he transacted "business as usual." He chatted with serenity and good humor, even to the current news. Taking his 'kerchief from his upper pocket and wiping his mouth with characteristic gesture, he said: "'What's the use?' and 'Why should I?' are fatal phrases to ponder long upon, while indifference always shortens life. When one loses interest in his friends, his church, political party, his club and old acquaintances, he soon withers, and the grave claims one whom no one wants or laments."

There was the old-time charm in his voice as he announced the poem as nearest his heart to be Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." "There is something in those lines that to me touches the sublime. While I have quoted many poems in my speeches," he continued, "this is one that always brings the mist to my eyes. Memorized when I first read it in a newspaper, the refrain comes to me over and over again":

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

The passing of Chauncey Depew removed one known as "America's Grand Old Man." Had he lived another month he would have rounded out his ninety-fourth year and celebrated his birthday with an address as had been customary for many years. He was one of the few men who was privileged to unveil a statue of himself presented to Peekskill, the place of his birth.

As a member of the "Skull and Bones" of Yale, success came early to this cheery New Yorker, beginning with an hour and a half speech to his fellow-students. A noted after-dinner speaker and orator, he was credited with having made more public addresses than any other man of his time, totalling nearly ten thousand speeches. His good humor never failed him and his jokes became classics and went the rounds. "A story goes farther than an argument and a joke captures more than a speech," he told me on one occasion.

The ringing golden voice of Chauncey Depew soothed the ruffled feelings of delegates after many a hard-fought battle over presidential

nominations in Republican National Conventions. At eighty-two he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention. The late Warren G. Harding, the chairman, requested Mr. Depew to fill in some time. It was the speech of the Convention. Later President Harding wrote to him: "There was a lull which called for a speech, and you so wonderfully met the requirements in 1916 that I sat in fascinated admiration and have been ready ever since to pay you unstinted tribute. You were never more charming and I count you the grand old man, eloquent, incomparable, in your late eighties."

LILLIAN MOLLER GILBRETH

The Famous Woman Engineer and Mother of Eleven Children chooses Browning's "Prospice"

There was an atmosphere of blended home and business life in the office when I met Mrs. Gilbreth, consulting engineer.

This is an age of advancement and with ease and consummate grace women are wearing a chaplet of honor—won in the open field without fear or favor. Those who still cling to the mid-Victorian idea that the domestic side of life has suffered should be presented to the glorious and large family over which Mrs. Gilbreth has presided. Beautiful sons and daughters—eleven in number—more than are given to the average woman, will rise up, not only to call her blessed, but to point to achievement of a high order.

Mrs. Gilbreth gave me that matchless bit from Robert Browning—"Prospice." It "means more to me than any other poem, for it has given courage to a large company of us who have faced the great and last adventure in the loss of loved ones."

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear is a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained
  And the barriers fall,
Though the battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained.
  The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
  The best and the last!

Mrs. Gilbreth is a product of the golden state of California and is permitted to add several college degrees after her name. As president of the firm of consulting engineers bearing her husband's name, "Frank B. Gilbreth, Inc." her specialty is "the one best way to do work,"—management and waste elimination.

Author of "The Psychology of Management," in collaboration with her late husband she has written "Time Study and Fatigue Study" and "Applied Motion." One book, published in 1919, tells its own significant story. It relates to a subject very close to the public heart at that time, "Motion Study for the Handicapped," and its good offices were far-reaching, for it gave hope and a livelihood to many thousands.

CARL A. GRAY

A Railroad President recalls an Ella Wheeler Wilcox Poem as a Favorite

Over the rumble of the rails, with the musical siren whistle of a Union Pacific locomotive, I heard Carl A. Gray, president of the road, talking. "It is difficult to give one outstanding quotation that has influenced my life, but this statement must be modified, for I own that the practical, smooth verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox has been remembered by me through the years."

Boys flying kites haul home their white-winged birds
But you can't do that when you are flying words;
"Careful with fire" is good advice we know,
"Careful with words" is sometimes doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

These lines might set guard on the spoken word and go far in building the self-control that is characteristic of training in railroad work.

When a man climbs persistently and steadfastly, we must believe that he has pursued an unvarying purpose. The success of President Carl Gray shows how singleness of aim is the important factor in winning.

In his native Arkansas Carl Gray entered railroad service as a telegraph operator. Advancement was rapidly made as station agent and chief clerk, on to the general western agent,

commercial agent, district freight agent, superintendent of transportation, and general manager of several railroads. Naturally we may assume that the President of the Union Pacific knows the railroad business quite thoroughly—knows it tie by tie, rail by rail, precept by precept. With such experience and the particular kind of work which always seems to be done under pressure, it must be that this busy official early learned one line of his favorite verse, "Careful with words," which means poise, self-control and a politic disposition.

DR. J. J. WALSH

The New York Physician Proclaims Joaquin Miller's Verse His Choice

In the rich, round tones in which he delivers his fascinating lectures, I heard Dr. J. J. Walsh, of Fordham University, discuss his favorite poem as enthusiastically as a young girl buying a new spring hat.

"I fear that my favorite is already included in your Heart Throbs collection, for the sentiment must certainly be admired by others. I choose Joaquin Miller's tribute to Peter Cooper as the one which well deserves my heart tribute":

Give honor and love forever more
To this great man gone to rest,
Peace on the dim Platonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or clan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest, he, in this whole wide world
Of hoary 'till bent and gray,
For all that you hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

As collaborating editor of *International Clinics,* Dr. Walsh has given to the medical profession valuable works from his pen. "Old Time Makers of Medicine," "How Old the New" and

"The History of Medicine" are among the books which every doctor desires in his library. He is one man I should picture as the ideal physician, bringing comfort and cheer as well as curing medicines.

From Archibald, Penn., Dr. Walsh went to Fordham College, New York, and later to the University of Pennsylvania. After some years of study abroad in Paris and Vienna, he began practice in New York and has acted as Professor in Cathedral College, consulting neurologist at St. Agnes, where he has made the subject of crippled children a profound as well as a specialized study. This kindly good physician has given his life to the relief of others and his tremendous work for bettering the chances of growing children and eliminating from their lives the terrible handicap of lameness has engendered just the reflective nature that would appreciate the life of such a man as Peter Cooper. The lines are more than a tribute; they contain something that is higher than a creed and give the sum total of a life of service.

MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN

The Republican Woman Leader and Wife of the President of the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, chooses a Stray Gem of Philosophy Her Mother recited

Her early life in Washington as a daughter of a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet gave Pauline Morton a keen interest in political affairs. Later as Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, wife of the president of the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, she entered right into the real spirit of a sovereign voter when the franchise was given to women. In several campaigns she proved her mettle as a political leader and was elected as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. At Cleveland in 1924 she appeared on the platform at the great Convention and gave the city a happy greeting of appreciation, which was later incorporated in a resolution of thanks for the splendid way the gathering had been welcomed, which was adopted by a unanimous vote of the convention. Equally active in the Hoover campaign, she is numbered among the prominent women in the political life of the country.

During these latter busy days she graciously discussed her favorite Heart Throbs:

"It would be very difficult for me to name any one poem which has particularly touched my

heart, because there are so many. I suppose this is entirely natural owing to the fact that different things appeal to one at different times in one's life. But there is a quotation which has stood out in my life more than any other one thing—I have no idea where it comes from, but it was used by my mother in her address when she was valedictorian of her class at school:

'Tis with our judgment as our watches—none two are just alike, yet each believes his own.

"I believe this has come to my mind thousands of times when I have heard people make statements with which I entirely disagreed, and I sincerely feel that it has helped me, on many occasions, to be more tolerant of another person's viewpoint."

In preserving for others this stray epigrammatic gem, Mrs. Sabin has truly caught the spirit of Heart Throbs, because, after all, it is the words recalled often through the years that count when we look in to glimpse the pictures "that hang on Memory's walls." They serve as an abiding inspiration when the depths of a heart impulse are revealed to ourselves.

The Favorite Poem of

THOMAS A. EDISON

In the long, somber shadows of the old library of the laboratory in Llewellyn Park which was later burned, sat Thomas A. Edison at a roll-top desk, shuffling some flakes of aluminum. He looked up, then continued his work. "We are going to make a book with aluminum leaves. It could contain the entire contents of thirty volumes of the Encyclopedia in one volume less than an inch thick. We will have to use something to save books made of paper that crumble to dust in a few years."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the subdued light, I began to wonder. Was this a library, after all? What were all those instruments in alcoves and nooks? It must be part of the Wizard's workshop as well as a library.

A moment later I caught sight, tucked away in a corner, of a cot. So this was one of the rooms where Edison lived, worked, slept, and worked again—for days on end—when his "campaigns" or investigations became so enthralling that he could spare no time to leave until results were obtained.

There was a cheery twinkle in his clear blue eyes when I asked him to name his favorite bit of poetry. Scratching his head, he replied promptly, "Evangeline."

"That's a long poem," I said.

"Well, perhaps that's why I like it—the whole of it," he told me. "If I had to choose—well, I don't know just what verses I like the best. I like it all."

A little later he was quoting:

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels

"Whenever I've read that," the wizard continued, "it makes me think of my first boyhood sweetheart. It recalls the click of the gate that evening when I saw her last."

A few moments later we were talking about poetry.

"There can be no poetry—for me—without romance," he said. "This blankety-blank verse never hits a heart throb. And 'Evangeline' is just one perfect love story. Perhaps that's why I like it so. There was a time when the real intelligence of an American family was tested by 'Have you "Evangeline" in your house?' and there were fairies in those days."

Again he quoted from the poem:

And as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

Assistant Attorney General Welcomes the Heart Throb Poem in "Work"

In the Department of Justice at Washington I talked with the first woman who has ever assumed departmental responsibilities. Mabel Willebrandt was then immersed in prohibition enforcement matters as Assistant Attorney General of the United States. She looked up at me and repeated the words of her favorite Heart Throb with more feeling than is evident in prosaic court proceedings:

> For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind.

She insisted that there are many poems which she greatly admires, but that the lines quoted from second Timothy stand out above all else. Just above the fireplace in her sleeping room Mrs. Willebrandt has the verse framed and fitted into a panel.

In what seems to us incongruities of taste in some, cannot apply in this case, for the chosen thought completely coincides with the life of one who has accomplished so much good work and has lifted herself to a position toward which most able men might aspire. Of the splendid achievement of Mrs. Willebrandt it might be said that she typifies the very advancement of women in this western world. She is so distinctly

feminine at heart that one likes to speak of the "sweet reasonableness" about her.

The young woman lawyer, born in Woodsdale, Kansas, in 1889, attended first the normal school, then the University of Southern California, and for some time was principal of the Lincoln Park School at Pasadena. She was admitted to the bar in 1915. She practiced law in Los Angeles and attended over two thousand cases as public defender of women.

This clear-headed woman of splendid intellect is an example of what hard work and determination can accomplish. Legal honors are not so easily acquired as others open to musical and literary aspirants; law cannot bend to any artistic variation, but proceeds out of sound judgment and clear thinking. Beside her favorite line from Holy Writ, which has so influenced her life, we must believe that she also subscribes to force in Angela Morgan's hymn to work:

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it.
Passion of labor, daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it
What is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills—
To answer the dream in the Master's heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work!

Mrs. Willebrandt confesses, "The older style in architecture appeals to me and after some thought I purchased an old mansion in Mount Pleasant. The stateliness of the rooms, the firmness of construction had their lure as did a well-established garden, all ready for cultivation—and all this was inviting because it was a call to work!"

HON. JOSEPH W. FORDNEY

Finds Heart Throb Timber in Edgar Guest's Poem

"The things that touch any God-fearing, God-living man or woman are the sweet little faces that can be made happy by the gifts of Christian people," said Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, author of the Fordney tariff bill. The poem by Edgar Guest arouses every drop of my blood and all the milk of human kindness that flows through my veins."

He wondered where his money went,
And how his kindly gift was spent;
He'd never followed, day by day,
The dollars which he gave away.
And so they said, "Let's trace them down
And go with them about the town."

They led him to a crippled child
Who looked at him and bravely smiled.
He gazed on doctors, kind and wise,
Restoring sight to little eyes.
He saw health start to glow again
On faces that were white with pain.

A brave boy stepped across the floor,
Who had not walked alone before.
In haunts of misery and strife
He saw the dawn of happier life.
"But few of these," they said, "would live
If men like you refused to give.
If but one crippled child should smile
You'd count your sacrifice worth while."
When asked to give, recall these scenes,
And understand what giving means.

Hon. Joseph Warren Fordney, former congressman of Saginaw, Michigan, is as sturdy as the forests that he penetrates. I was with him while the Fordney Bill was being fought and I thought that his rugged determination was not unlike the great oaks and pines that he knew so well. He was born in Blackford County, Indiana, in 1853, and migrated to Saginaw, where he is engaged in a most extensive lumber business. He was a prominent figure in national life from the fifty-seventh to the sixty-seventh Congress—a Republican leader. I have always felt that my belief in human kind had been strengthened after contact with "Joe" Fordney and the reason is shown in his choice of a poem to express sentiments that lay close to his heart. Something, too, must be said for Edgar Guest whose verses are so eagerly watched for by the reading public. Not the skill of writing gives them their popularity, but their philosophy of the hearth and universal appeal.

The Last Heart Throb given by

WILBUR NESBIT

A few months ago, before he passed on to join the great majority, Wilbur Nesbit sent me a letter that had a heart thrill. He was just completing his new book and asked me to send in one of my model speeches, but I never got around to it. The author of "Your Flag and My Flag," which is the one poem that stands out as a nation's heart throb and the favorite of many hundreds of people, sent in a poem entitled "A Handful of Dust." His sudden death recalls his prefatory words:

"Every day we have at our feet one of the greatest and most baffling mysteries that can be found."

A handful of dust, that is blown by the wind
This is sporting with whatever stuff it may find,
It goes swirling and whirling and scattering on,
Till it puffs into nothingness; then it is gone—
A handful of dust.

It may be a king who of old held his rule
O'er a country forgotten; it may be his fool
Who had smiles on his lips and had tears in his heart
But the king, or the fool—who may tell them apart
In this handful of dust?

It may be some man who was mighty and proud,
Or a beggar, who trembled and crept through a crowd;
Or a woman who laughed, or a woman who wept,
Or a baby—but centuries long have they slept
In this handful of dust.

It may be a rose that once burst into flame,
Or a maiden who blushed as she whispered a name
To its ruby-red heart—and her lips were as red—
But no echo remains of a word that she said,
In this handful of dust.

A handful of dust—it is death; it is birth;
It is naught; it is all since the first day of earth;
It is life, it is live, it is laughter and tears,
And it holds all the mystery lost in the years—
A handful of dust.

These lines seem to evidence a premonition of the dark cloud that foreshadowed his passing on to "a handful of dust," leaving behind a heritage of poetic gems and brilliant prose that reflected the loving and kindly friendliness of Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Bit of Prose is a Heart Throb to

ZONA GALE

As reflected in her novels, Zona Gale is nothing if not unusual—which was reflected even in her earlier books, where the commonplaces of life everyday are glorified. She portrays the exchange of many a heart throb in the course of an afternoon gossip which she so faithfully characterizes.

In the same incisive manner in which she writes, she responded to my request for a favorite heart throb with the comment, "The one sentence that occurred to me to 'join the interesting collection' is the one I set at the beginning of my novel called 'Birth' ":

> The world's greatest need is a sense of the intangible.

Like the authors of the golden Victorian Age, she has renewed the custom of placing a quotation or a poem at the beginning of each chapter. The above quotation at the beginning of her novel "Birth" is her real heart throb, for she insists that these fifty letters in a bit of prose have meant more to her than all else in opening a real heart vision.

The lines were written by the philosophical Welshman, Jenkins Lloyd Jones, who seemed to be able to use very few words to express much.

Zona Gale confesses that her heart throb is a sentence containing ten words, less than Calvin Coolidge used in declining the certainty of a renomination and re-election as President of the United States in A. D. 1928.

"The world's greatest need is a sense of the intangible." "This," insists Zona Gale, with a twinkle in her eye, "is a sensitive plate that opened up to me new gates of thought and it thrills me with the radiance and realities of the unseen—but most definite realm—of the intangible."

MRS. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Selects a Heart Throb Tribute in "Work"

In her pen pictures of Washington life Frances Parkinson Keyes has presented public questions and described public officials candidly and impartially. The favorite poems of this author are imbued with a creed emulating work. Considering the amount of literary work she has accomplished, she can join with Angela Morgan in proclaiming:

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it.
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to reach the goal.
Work—the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, training the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies, faster and faster,
Triumphing over disaster!
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

The "Senator's wife" at Washington always finds inspiration in her environment and gives her reading public delightfully graphic glimpses of the places of interest she has visited. Whether as first lady of New Hampshire, when her husband, Henry Wilder Keyes, was the Governor,

or during her travels in the Far East, she is always observing. Some of her writings have appeared in letter form and have the charm and personal flavor of an epistolary form—most difficult to do—that lifts the veil for the reader and carries him out of his own commonplace surroundings to partake of her exhilarating experiences in fancy.

She converses as she writes, in a direct, piquant style. "A poem on work by Henry Van Dyke," said Mrs. Keyes, "has always spurred me on to redoubled action and always renewed my courage. I have recited it many times in public speeches, as a poem that sums up my feeling about my own profession."

Let me do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me away,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Mrs. Keyes was educated in private schools of Boston, later in Switzerland and Berlin, to which has been added an LL.D. from George Washington University. Her broad culture and scholastic training, with extensive travel, gives a note of authority in what she records. Interested in the work of the Civic Federation, and with ancestral background admitting her to the militant activities of the D. A. R., Co-

lonial Dames, and Chapter of the American Revolution, she cannot be called a hermit author. "The Career of David Noble" is the title of one of her books that reveals her thoroughness and love of the labor that goes with popular authorship.

ADMIRAL KIMBALL

Retired, has a Heart Thrill in Verses Paying Tribute to John Paul Jones, Father of the American Navy

"More power to your album of poesy," said my letter from Rear Admiral William Wirt Kimball, when I asked him for his favorite bit of verse, and his reply was characteristic. "I am an octogenarian and first president of the Maine Three Quarter Century Club, who has attained the free and unlimited right to senile garrulity, but I can still give a command."

"Born in Paris" in 1848 sounds startling as recorded of a native American, but we must add that it is Paris, Maine, that he first began to command as a mere baby. The enviable naval record following that event refutes time and age.

The Admiral was wise in the selection of a Brigadier-General for a father. That was one of the reasons why he was sent to the United States Naval Academy. Promoted through various grades to the title of Rear Admiral, he has served on the North and South Atlantic, European, Asiatic and Pacific waters, and during this sailing of the seven seas he developed many things of importance to the Navy, such as magazine and machine guns and submarines. He assisted in the capture of the Orinoco in

1872 and in the occupation of the Isthmus of Panama in 1885.

"Logically my favorite poem should have to do with the sea—and here are lines by an unknown writer that never fail to thrill when I read them or hear the rollicking lines spoken:"

THE YANKEE MAN O' WAR

'Tis a gallant ship that flew the stripes and stars
And a whistling wind from the west nor'west blew through the pitch pine spars;
With her starboard tacks abroad, my boys, she hung upon the gale
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old Head of Kinsale.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us passed,
"Hail snug your flowing courses, lay your topsail to the mast."
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the deck of our patriot bark.

"Out booms! Out booms!" our skipper cried, "Out booms and give her sheet!"
And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amidst the thundering shower of shot with stun' sails hoisted away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day.

"Submarining owes more to him than to any other living man," reported the inventor. Rear Admiral Kimball organized the first torpedo boat flotilla before he was relieved from active

duty. During the World War he was returned to the service that needed him. Innumerable medals have been given this distinguished officer and he is a member of all important historical societies.

In contributing his heart throb poem for our "Album," he insists upon paying his tribute to John Paul Jones, father of the American Navy.

FRANK I. DORR

The Eminent Merchant, Creator of "Where U Bot the Hat" finds his Inspiration in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"

"Be yourself," said Frank I. Dorr, who is really "Raymond's" of Boston, "and you are sure to be individual. Imitate and you become like the common run."

This was home-spun wisdom from a man who has built up a great mercantile organization through advertising and selling methods that are unlike any in the world.

"Where U Bot the Hat" became a sort of slogan and much thought and sound philosophy lay behind its adoption. Mr. Dorr convinces one that he intends to run a store where the common man with little to spend, shall feel at ease and catch a spirit of friendliness and good humor. Mr. Dorr chose an unique method, not for business policies; but from principle rather. The saw-mill philosophies that appear in advertising are a part of himself, intended to establish good comradeship. It is opposed to the deckle-edged, gloss-paper pamphlets that abound in choice phrasing, but the old-fashioned wisdom is not easily surpassed. Misspelling does not hide the real depth in his written words; it revives the successful idea of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward and even Will Rogers is building

upon humor. Mr. Dorr does not train his clerks to sell, but displays his goods in a way that aids the customer to make up his own mind without "high pressure salesmanship."

"Poetry? I never had much time for that," declared the merchant, "but I often recall verses from Gray's 'Elegy.' I suppose it is the one poem I really love." Its plea for the unhonored, the untutored and the man with undeveloped but noble potentialities, would naturally appeal to a man who frankly tries to fit his store policies to meet the needs of the "everyday" individual.

> But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
> Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury repressed their noble rage
> And froze the genial current of the soul.
>
> Some village Hampden, what with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his field withstood,—
> Some mute, inglorious Milton—here may rest
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
>
> Their lots forbade; nor circumscribed alone
> Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
> Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Tall, rugged and vital, with the smile of a boy, Mr. Dorr, was born near Orland, Maine, almost in sight of Mt. Desert Hills. He has taught school, worked in a saw mill, sold goods on commission and after his association with George J. Raymond continued the policy of

buying out stores instead of purchasing through jobbers. "Sold Out to Raymond's" means that all the goods of one establishment are brought to Boston and offered at retail. "Produce good pumpkins and the pies will follow," is one homely bit of philosophy from Mr. Dorr and tells the whole story.

UPTON SINCLAIR

The Socialist Leader and Author of "The Jungle" Quotes Epigrams from Debs as His Real Heart Throb

"As my choice of a heart throb, I give the words of Eugene V. Debs," said the socialistic author, Upton Sinclair. "Many have responded," he continued, "to the fundamental truth and underlying spirit of the lines written by the best known of American socialistic lecturers, who was more times a candidate for President of the United States than any other one man."

> While there is a lower class I am in it;
> While there is a criminal class I am of it;
> While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.

Thus wrote the leader who was a locomotive engineer and by study and through the feeling of common brotherhood of man gave his life and voice in behalf of the people. Universality is well expressed in his lines.

It was natural that Upton Sinclair should choose this particular gem of thought which is found in the widely-read "The Cry for Justice," a book which Jack London said was "a gathering of the literature of the humanist thinkers of the world."

Mr. Sinclair was born in Baltimore in 1887

and obtained his college degree in New York. For four years he was assistant in government inspection of the Chicago stock yards and that is why his book "The Jungle" was so clearly and convincingly written and why it was, in a sense, epoch-making. Other books in the same fearless style that have followed are his "Money Changers," "They Call Me Carpenter," "The Overman," and "Springtime and Harvest."

The founder of the Helion Home Colony of Englewood, N. J., Mr. Sinclair has been the Socialist candidate for the governorship of California and for a seat in Congress. He has also been the founder of several societies devoted to Christian socialism, such as the Intercollegiate and the Civic Federation Union of California.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT

The Literary Editor of the "Boston Herald" names "Up-Hill," by Christina Rossetti, as a Real Heart Throb

"Name one poem supremely my favorite above all others?" John Clair Minot's genial smile told me how difficult that would be. He sat at his editorial desk in the *Boston Herald* building where books crowded the shelves and were piled high on either side of him. From that accumulation—and from some rarer volumes tucked into his editorial grip—he makes those interesting and illuminating radio talks on current literature and his Wednesday and Saturday book pages for the *Herald.* Literary editor for the *Herald* for nine years, the work has brought him into the lecture field. In the last nine years he has spoken before all kinds of clubs and forums.

Mr. Minot's "talks" about books are delightfully engaging, for he not only gives a wonderful resumé that is an adequate reflection of the whole spirit of the book he mentions, but he has a friendly personality that makes one forget the rostrum and gives the impression of an intimate talk by the fireside.

"I was born and grew to manhood on a Maine farm," he said, "where a dozen of the best books of poetry adorned the table. It was

the habit of my father—and of mine—to pick up a volume and read when having a moment of leisure. Consequently I became familiar with Shakespeare, Scott, Moore, Byron, Longfellow, Whittier—all the good old poets of the past, early in life. While I have loved poetry and never tire of reading verse, my favorites run from Homer and Horace to Robinson and Frost, from the nineteenth century groups of England and New England to Noyes, Kipling, Hausman and even the modernists. A few may be mentioned that have not been selected by others, such as 'Up Hill,' by Christina Rossetti, 'A Prayer' by Edwin Markham, Kipling's 'Mother o' Mine,' 'Out of Babylon' by Clinton Scollard, and 'He whom a Dream Hath Possessed.' "

Mr. Minot is a graduate of Bowdoin College, which in 1925 conferred upon him the degree of Litt. D. He has been a member of the Board of Overseers since 1913 and is past president of the Boston Alumni Association. Before coming to the *Herald*, he had been, in turn, an editor of the *Kennebec Journal* and of *The Youth's Companion*.

One of his favorites, "Up-Hill," by Christina Rossetti, has many other admirers.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there, for night, a resting place,
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin,
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that Inn.

* * * *

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

VICTOR M. CUTTER

The President of the United Fruit Company Discovers Enduring Beauty and Heart Interest in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"

When the rosy-cheeked Dartmouth graduate applied for work of the United Fruit Company, he asked for a job that would take him to the Tropics and the jungle.

"I would like to start right at the beginning and know about the production of bananas." His wishes were granted and it was not long before Victor M. Cutter was exploring about everything that looked like a well-located, profitable banana plantation in Jamaica and Central America. He stuck to his job many years and with his technical knowledge and practical experience gathered invaluable information for his company. His plans worked out and it was logical that he should become president of the world-famous United Fruit Company. This corporation is much more than a fruit company. With its large fleet of ships, railroads, wireless system and plantations, it has brought a new source of wealth to the tropics, and tropical fruits for the masses in the United States and Europe at prices cheaper than home-grown tomatoes—and supplies the fruit three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

In his Boston office, I found Victor M. Cutter

was directing the affairs of his company and its wide operations with the preciseness and care of one who knows what he is about. He was receiving cables from all the various countries in Central America, and there were details about despatching a fleet of vessels totaling more tonnage than the Spanish Armada. There is something about him that suggests the seasoned experience of life in the tropics—the tang of the seas of the Spanish Main. When I ventured to ask him a question about some tender heart throb as his favorite, I expected at least a sailor's frown or a marlin spike to come my way; instead, he responded promptly, with his pen poised in the air, quick as a flash, for executives must make quick decisions.

"My favorite is 'Crossing the Bar,' Tennyson's classic, which has a deep appeal to me, having been to sea. There is solace and an inspiration, a thrill and a vivid picture of life and the portals of eternity in these lines that I love to repeat":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a time as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bounding deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out the bourne
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

In his imagery Tennyson glorifies the Pilot and the poem has been one of the popular favorites and encompasses about all there is in a supreme faith that embraces all creeds.

PETER B. KYNE

The Popular Novelist is an Ardent Hunter and the Lines of "To a Waterfowl" Stir his Heart Strings

Oh yes, "Cappy Ricks" comes to mind when the name of Peter B. Kyne is mentioned, for the stories centering round that vivid personality have fastened themselves indelibly in the mind; that truthful, alive personality will follow the author's name like a literary shadow. All his other stories are splendidly told, however, such as "The Valley of the Giants," "Long Chance," and the "Go-Getter." Like many others who have found inspiration in the Tropics, the author has given a strong portrayal of characters in his "Never the Twain Shall Meet," revealing the dangers surrounding a white—and drifting—man in enervating climates.

Through Mr. Kyne's stories, even when he deals with cosmopolitan life, one traces his love for the out-of-doors and understanding of nature. Hunting is a sport that he enjoys, and perhaps that is why he told me that "Lines to a Waterfowl" was a poem that he regarded as a literary treasure.

"These lines always suggest to me the wide open spaces of the marches and bring me close to the real truth of Nature."

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedly lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink,
On the chafed ocean-side?

Peter Kyne was reciting this to me at a Palo Alto garden party in the witchery of his own native California, at the home of his pal, Captain Gregory. For a moment all the soft lights and luxuriant moon were forgotten as Peter Kyne again heard the call of the wild.

Born in San Francisco in 1880, he was educated in the public schools and at a business college. Mr. Kyne began life in business paths, "tending store" being one of his first occupations; but later he was a valued clerk in the employ of a wholesale lumber company's shipping office and became connected with lumber brokerage, where he met Shields.

Feeling the urge for writing, he began in newspaper work. Enlisting in Company L of the gallant 144th Infantry, he won distinction. These experiences furnished much real material for the fascinating stories that have made him a master of modern fiction. He is a live-wire

personality with the driving force of a keen intellect, ever seeking information, co-ordinated with extraordinary powers of observation.

JAMES WILLIAM GOOD

The Vice-Chairman of the Hoover Campaign Committee names a Selection from Lincoln

Upon the request for the name of a favorite poem, men whose lives have been most active and filled to the brim with affairs of world-wide importance, have usually named a poem of reflection, or one purely spiritual in character.

The response of former Congressman J. W. Good named Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" and a selection from a Lincoln speech seldom quoted, but most pertinent in these times.

"The poem gives me a thrill of delight and the words of Lincoln stir my soul every time that I repeat them." Think over these ideals that Lincoln expanded long before he became President:

As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice, and, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

Congressman Good was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1866 and served as a member of the 61st to the 67th Congress, being especially active as Chairman of Appropriations, and was one of the first to champion the cause of Hoover for President.

"Whittier's lines seem ever new, no matter how oft repeated. They are surcharged with the spirit that made the Quaker poet so beloved. I have repeated them over and over hundreds of times."

Who fathoms the eternal thought,
  Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
  The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
  Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
  The love and power of God.

And so beside the silent sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

LOUIS K. LIGGETT

The Founder of the Famous Liggett's Stores insists that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is his Heart Throb.

When Louis K. Liggett, the young drug salesman, launched his Rexall idea of co-operative merchandising, he kept in mind the customer as the third party to the completed circle of a business transaction. The forty druggists who joined him twenty-five years ago have increased to over ten thousand stores located in every state and many foreign countries.

Back of this plan was an ideal. When I asked L. K. Liggett for his heart throb, he replied in the quick decisive way of the business genius that he is:

"Who ever repeated or ever read Lincoln's Gettysburg address must have a real heart thrill as you call it. Was there ever a greater heart throb than the words that came from the great heart of Lincoln that goes direct home to the hearts of human beings? Yes, put me down voting strong for Lincoln's immortal address that will live as long as any poem that was ever written. I learned it in school and have never heard it anywhere since without a tug at the heart."

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty,

and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a last resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Now we can understand why this great chain of drug stores has been so successful in serving the "plain people" as Lincoln loved to call us.

"Were there ever words that carried a greater vision of hope and tenderness than these simple words," continued Mr. Liggett, "uttered in the shadow of grief and death, on the very battle ground that was the altar where the Union was restored to the world-family of nations."

JOSEPH H. APPEL

The "Wanamaker" Store Official Advertising Spokesman sends on a Gem Discovered by His Wife

Advertising is a vital function with the "Wanamaker" institution. The newspaper announcements of "John Wanamaker" have served as a model of modernized store publicity. Editorials prefacing these daily advertisements are interesting bits of philosophy, humor or current facts based on economical questions that first came from John Wanamaker's pen. Joseph H. Appel, director of Wanamaker's publicity has had a varied experience that affords material for this form of terse expression. He was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1873, about the time Woolworth was starting his Five and Ten Cent store in that city. After his college days at Franklin and Marshall, he was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia. Detoured to newspaper work, from 1896 to 1899 he was editorially connected with the *Philadelphia Times*. While there John Wanamaker discovered the rosy-cheeked lad, and taught him how to write.

Civic matters have been of great interest to Mr. Appel and he has served on important commissions, such as that for a Permanent War Memorial and one for National Defence.

"With a heart for verse and a head for common sense practical application of sentiment, Mrs. Appel has helped me select my heart throb," said the man who gives specialized attention to writing connected with merchandising. "No clue to the authorship is given, but the verses stand on their merit," said the genial Joe Appel with a courtly bow to the lady mentioned who was present.

Love is made of tenderness, love is made of fire,
Of glory and of wonder and of longing and desire,
Of dreams and hopes and fantasies, of passion and of pain
Of showers after sunshine and of sunshine after rain.

But love that lasts a lifetime is of more material stuff,
It's made of dogged patience when the going's rather rough,
It's made of understanding of a lot of little things
The irks and quirks and jolts and jerks that daily living brings.

Love that lasts a lifetime has a sense of humor, too,
Which only grins at silly things that wives and husbands do;
Which bears with dreariness at times and boredom now and then,
When sweethearts prove but women and when lovers prove but men.

Love that lasts a lifetime learns to struggle and be brave
To throw a bluff at destiny and make Dame Fate behave,
To take the hard luck with the good, the bitter with the sweet,
And figure rent and clothing bills and what it costs to eat.

Love that lasts a lifetime must be practical—as such
It nags and carps a little, but it shouldn't do it much.
A wifely tear, a manly growl, will now and then correct
Some faults and peccadillos that no patience will affect.

Love that lasts a lifetime needn't lose its high romance,
But it's got to be of fiber that can battle circumstance,
It must have fire and tenderness and loyalty intense,
And faith and hope and charity—and Simple Common Sense.

F. G. BONFILS

The Editor and Owner of the "Denver Post," an Authority on Poetry, favors Whittier, the Quaker Poet

"Show me a man's scrap book and tell me something of his secret prayer and I will begin to think I know the character of that human being."

It was F. G. Bonfils speaking in the office of his *Denver Post*, from whence he has conducted many a hard-fought newspaper battle. Fearless and undaunted by foes, he has a tender side that is a wide open door of human sympathy.

On the frieze of his building he inscribed a biblical tribute to Justice that reflects his early religious training in the old home in Virginia where he was born. He graduated from West Point at 22 and still has the soldierly bearing of his cadet days, and in his organization calls for the mental exactness and precision of military training.

On the tour to Alaska with the late President Harding, I heard F. G. Bonfils recite from memory more good poetry than I ever heard from the lips of any other one individual. He not only knew the lines, but he knew the facts concerning Nature, animals, fish and birds that fit in appropriately with the very soul of the universe, animate and inanimate. Small won-

der then that on a hot July afternoon he should quote again from Whittier some verses of "At Eventide." I could almost feel the gentle breezes of Amesbury country and scent the new-mown hay associated with "Maud Muller," as he continued:

Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of giving
And of receiving the great boon of living
  In grand historic years when Liberty
Had need of word and work; quick sympathies
  For all who fail and suffer; song's relief;
  Nature's uncloying loveliness; and, chief,
  The kind restraining hand of Providence;
  The inward witness; the assuming sense
Of an Eternal Good which overlies
  The sorrow of the world; Love which outlives
  All sin and wrong; Compassion which forgives
To the uttermost; and Justice, whose clear eyes
  Through lapse and failure look to the intent,
  And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

THOMAS R. SHIPP

Famous Publicity Man of Washington discovers a Classic Epitaph which conveys to Him a Pulsating Heart Throb

An active career on the public service firing line, launched as secretary to the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge, together with newspaper work, has made Thomas R. Shipp an institution at the national capital. Born in Morristown, Indiana, a town of six hundred souls, located in Hoosierdom, he spent a busy boyhood milking cows, doing chores, and plowing corn until he sought a real "farm relief" by getting away. Young Shipp attended the Shelby county schools, and later Butler College.

His great grandmother witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and told the story personally to Tom's mother, who related the story to him, just one line removed, when he was twelve years old. His great grandmother lived to the ripe old age of one hundred and three, and his mother was eighty-two—thus the story spanned one hundred and forty-five years in one generation removed from an eyewitness of the real beginning of the Republic.

It seems only a few years ago since I met Thomas R. Shipp, a rosy-cheeked lad, at the Portland apartments when he first arrived in

Washington. As secretary to a United States Senator he was soon in the whirl of national affairs, associated with a man who will be remembered longer as the author of a biography of Chief Justice Marshall and Abraham Lincoln than for his noted public service.

After returning from the Philip Senator Beveridge wrote articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* and made Tom Shipp a full-fledged, high-powered secretary. Later he was made secretary of the Forest Commission and organized the famous Governors' Conference on a cruise down the Mississippi—with President Roosevelt as the moving spirit.

Wandering together in an old cemetery in the historic coastal country of Georgia, where we were guests of Howard E. Coffin at Sapeloe Plantation, Thomas Shipp looked intently at the old moss-covered tombstones, dating back to settlements prior to Oglethorpe's time. He turned to me and said, "I have it!" At first I was puzzled as to what he referred—whether it was a wild turkey on a bough that had overslept, or a rare camelia japonica—when he explained: "I have the heart throb you were asking for. It is in the form of an epitaph, but somehow I cannot recall these lines without having an extra throb that goes even deeper than emotions stirred by Gray's 'Elegy.'" Under the old oak at Christ Church on St. Simons Island, where John Wesley preached,

Thomas R. Shipp repeated the poetic verses titled "An Epitaph."

Think you not, O friend or stranger.
Who may linger in this spot
That it's I, who lie hereunder,
Or my soul, for it is not.
'Tis the earthly house I dwelt in,
Strove in, fought in—'til the dawn
I, for me, the Great Hereafter—
I'm not here, I have gone on!

The whispering leaves of the old surrounding live oaks seemed just then chanting a requiem amid the waving plumes of swaying moss for the departed dead. We continued walking down the roadway amid the stunning silence of the woods, but the conversation seemed to go right on.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

The Popular Sportsman and Challenger of the Cup insists that Bobby Burns is the Poet that reaches His Heart

Attired in his yachting cap, Sir Thomas Lipton appears more natural than in a conventional derby hat. For years he has been known as the pre-eminent sportsman of the world and the perennial challenger for the International Yachting Cup. He has won more prizes in 1928 than in any previous year, and is now preparing for a victory in 1929. Few men are more popular in America than the distinguished British business man who spent his early years in the United States. His mustache and goatee and twinkling eyes are a fine setting for the joke which he is always ready to tell you on himself in meeting and mingling with royalty or the rough and tumble of human kind in all quarters of the world.

"Put me down as favoring Robert Burns as my heart poet. Was anything ever written that expressed more inspiring heart interest than the immortal couplet, 'A Man's a Man for a' That'? I was born in Glasgow — of Irish parents -- and still have the freedom of that city, where I began as a boy at a shilling a week to make my way in the world. Glasgow is not far from Ayrshire, where Burns was

born, and the verse of the Scottish bard, although written in dialect, has been quite understood by the hearts of the world all these years."

Is there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor, for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
  Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

* * * *

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the world o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

It might be expected that Sir Thomas would have chosen something from Burns, for his great, generous heart has always beat true with the tenets of brotherhood. To see him entertaining the hundreds and thousands of children, week after week in London, indicates that although a bachelor, he has a place in his heart

for the "wee bairns" wherever he may go. When he appears in America he is greeted in that familiar way which indicates something of the love and esteem in which he is held in the country in which he spent his early manhood.

WILLIAM F. WHITING

The new Secretary of Commerce chooses the Poem "Thanatopsis," written by Bryant when he was Nineteen, as his Favorite

In spite of the rush of matters accumulating on his desk when he took up the duties as Secretary of Commerce in President Coolidge's cabinet, Colonel William F. Whiting laid down his glasses and in his quiet decisive way put it all in a sentence:

"I feel I must include the masterpiece 'Thanatopsis,' written by William Cullen Bryant at the age of nineteen, as my favorite poem. There is something in these verses that makes us think and feel, and that thought and feeling goes on through the years."

This poem has been the favorite of many prominent people, and when I ventured to repeat a few lines, he nodded approval, as he continued to plunge into the work before him.

A native of Holyoke, Colonel Whiting has long been identified with the industrial interests of New England as a paper maker. He has always been active in public life and is ever ready to assume full civic responsibilities.

It was a friendly gesture extended to an old friend when Calvin Coolidge selected Colonel Whiting to succeed Herbert Hoover. The appointment was made by telegraph and was

an eloquent appreciation of the services of a close personal and political friend who has been identified with the public career of Calvin Coolidge from the time he began holding public office. He took the oath of office in the Chief Executive's room at the Brule and proceeded at once to Washington to get right into the harness, with a memory of the poetic beauty of the charmed spot in north Wisconsin where he began his national career, which must have again recalled the inspiring lines of "Thanatopsis."

To him, who in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings. . . .

NIXON WATERMAN

The Poet and Author harks back to Gray's "Elegy" as a Poem to be Read and Reread

One of the popular poets of America, whose epigrammatic sayings and verse adorn a frame in many homes, is Nixon Waterman. While born in Iowa, Mr. Waterman has spent most of his busy literary life in Boston. A lover of Nature, he revels in a communion with flowers, trees, and shrubs, far afield from his home at Canton, Mass. After one of his pilgrimages I asked him as a reader of poems rather than as a poet, to name his favorite heart poem.

"With so many splendid poems, each in its own way setting forth the various phases of nature and of human experience, how can we esteem any one of them above all the others? To be known as the author of any one of a thousand of them ought to satisfy a writer's craving for fame. It may be that I am hopelessly Victorian and old-fashioned; it may be that I should be more loyal to our own Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Poe, Whitman, or a dozen others of our noble poets; yet, if I must state the one poem, of moderate length, that has meant the most to me, I will say it is Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." And I would suggest that those who take exceptions to this choice should reread the poem with

introspective meditation on the great breadth and depth of human experience so admirably and adequately expressed in those truly immortal lines."

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING

On the Ozark homestead in Missouri, Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing had learned much about the terrors of war through the tales recited by her father, who was a Civil War veteran, and she grew up with a repugnance that made such a poem as "Bingen on the Rhine" of peculiar significance. She writes:

"Even as I quote these lines, after this long time, my eyes fill just as they did long ago."

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him as his life blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land,
Take a message and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

The poem has lived through the ages, and its author, Mrs. Caroline Norton, who was called the Byron of her time, drew a picture that is suggestive of scenes lived through by many in our recent conflict.

Mrs. Moyer-Wing has made a brilliant showing in the political field. She was the first woman vice-chairman of the Republican County Committee in her home county, one of the first two women to be elected to places on the State

Committee of her congressional district, and was one of the first two women sent by Missouri as delegates-at-large to a Republican National Convention. This was in 1920 when Warren G. Harding was nominated. In 1921 she was appointed head of a Missouri State Department—the first time in her state that a woman had been placed at the head of a distinct state department as its executive and as a member of the Governor's cabinet, and the second time it had happened in the United States. A pioneer among women in the political field, Mrs. Wing has carried her duties with a force and womanly intuition combined that have brought her enviable successes. Reading her political articles in *Scribner's Magazine*, one realizes by their convincing quality that experience lies behind the spoken word; their substance stirred much comment from all over the country. To meet and talk with the author who has competed with men in public affairs is to be able to refute the arguments against woman's unfitness to hold the highest office we have to give.

Mrs. Wing was called to Washington in August of this year (1928) to assist the women's division in the national election, and spent the last weeks of the Hoover campaign on a speaking tour in the Middle West.

OTIS SKINNER

The Celebrated Actor, in the Rich Glow of His Fame, still finds Shakespearean Lines His Heart Throb

Since Aristophanes amused the playgoers of Greece, the spoken word has never lost its power; the cinema is a thing apart. One recalls Otis Skinner, the gay vagabond of "Kismet" and again in "Blood and Sand," and is convinced that the dramatist's art can never be superseded by the mechanical devices of the modern inventors. Otis Skinner has played important roles with Lawrence Barrett and Augustine Daly. In New York he made his debut at Niblo's in a play called "Enchantment." His matchless voice won him high praise as the leading man for Mojeska and with the beloved actress and woman, Henrietta Crosman, in American cities as well as in London and Paris.

The profession of the stage came to Mr. Skinner from his successes in amateur reading and acting while he was quite young. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1858, and received his A. M. at Tufts College. His first part of any significance was as "Jim" in "Woodleigh," a success that had a run in Philadelphia.

True to his Shakespeare, as all actors of note must ever be, Mr. Skinner gave me his favorite

verse, the song from the tragedy "Cymbeline," spoken by Guiderius and Arivagus over the body of Cloten:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder's tone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

It is fitting that in the rich fullness of his fame Otis Skinner should find his heart throb in his life work which has absorbed his heart interest since the first night he appeared before the footlights.

PATRICK E. CROWLEY

The President of the New York Central Railroad finds a Life Inspiration in "The House by the Side of the Road"

The man who has climbed by successive steps in railroading has witnessed a remarkable development of the country and has taken part in the general advancement of the human family. The industrial departments of railroads are powers that serve the production and consumption of a territory as well as furnishing transportation.

There is a spirit of friendliness associated with the work of Mr. P. E. Crowley, president of the New York Central lines. Born in Catteraugus, N. Y., in 1864, he was educated in the public schools and began railroading at an early age. His advancement reads like a list of employments furnished by the road—messenger, telegraph operator, station agent, train despatcher, first on the Erie, then on the New York Central and Hudson River road, then division superintendent, assistant general superintendent, general manager and president of the road. If any cog should slip in the machinery of control, it is presumable that Patrick E. Crowley would be able to discover it. Incidentally he has been the president of other roads—Ottawa & New York and the Boston & Albany. That

the roads have been prosperous is to say that they have been well controlled. Such a varied experience has its mellowing effects, for a man who knows men is sure to be tolerant and have "a faith in the long run." That is why this busy railroad president chose as his favorite poem the lines of the democratic, human lover of humans, Sam Walter Foss.

"I like the neighborly spirit the poem expresses," said President Crowley, and thousands of others subscribe to the sentiment so classically expressed by the Yankee poet who so effectively preserves for us the enduring ideal in all relations of life. There are heroes by the side of every railroad somewhere—and this P. E. C., the popular executive of what has been called "the world's greatest railroad," does not forget.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
  Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

THE LATE F. W. WOOLWORTH

The Founder of Ten-Cent Stores found His Heart Thrill in Napoleonic Quotations

Devout admiration shone in the eyes of the late Frank W. Woolworth, founder of the famous chain stores, when he showed me his collection of Napoleon relics. Anything Napoleonic was a passion with him. Pictures, statues and trophies of all sorts were to him a continual inspiration.

"While struggling to establish the ten-cent-store business, I had many ups and downs. In Lancaster in my home over my first store in the new start I began reading about Napoleon. After that I had a vision that 'beyond the Alps lies Italy.' The story of the return from Elba, where the countersign, 'In the spring the violets,' turned defeat into victory fascinated me. When I read Napoleonic sayings, then I seemed to better understand the man and other men. He was much more than a military leader. Listen to this epigram that public leaders of today might well take to themselves. Here is a heart throb to me":

Moral power is to physical power as three parts out of four—even in war.

As he repeated these lines his blue eyes mirrored the flash and ambitions of the farmer boy

from Watertown, N. Y., who established a world-famous business with the inspiration and sweeping vision of Napoleonic conception.

"The Napoleonic code," he continued as he walked about the grounds of his new home at Glencoe, Long Island, "is the heart throb that helps build constructive government and surveys the wide scope of modern business—where the people must be served (as well as armies) with comforts to make them content in their life struggles." That is why ten-cent-stores are an economic salvation in these days.

In his office in the Woolworth Building in New York and at his home built from a suggestion of a scenic setting for the second act of the opera "Lucia di Lammermoor," were evidences of his Napoleonic hero-worship. The palatial home on Long Island was completed within an incredibly brief time under his personal direction. Friends asked him "how was it done?" "I remembered Napoleon's message to his brother, 'Action, Joseph, what we want is action.' Many things that seem impossible can be achieved if there is Napoleon's idea of action back of it. When difficulties came I always remembered that there is a way out, if there is a way into troubles."

NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS

Help me to feel another's woes,
And hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to other show
That mercy show to me.

Nellie Tayloe Ross, of Wyoming, gave me this verse because it had made an impression on her memory and her life. There is a creed woven into the versification and one that is adequate to mould one's life satisfactorily, for they carry an appeal for brotherly love—the basis of a commandment.

"These lines have served to modify my intolerance toward the weakness of others," writes Mrs. Ross, "and to remind me of my own frailties."

One who has won the distinction of occupying the gubernatorial control of a great state has had many opportunties to practice the virtue of tolerance and mercy. To few women have come the honor and the crown of political effort, and Mrs. Ross has worn her laurels with much grace.

Nellie Tayloe Ross was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, and was educated in public and private schools, taking special courses in literature. Her ideal marriage to William Bradford Ross brought her into contact with civic and national activities, which broadened her horizon of thought, giving her experiences that

well fitted her to take up threads of labor which Governor Ross relinquished in 1924. Elected to fill the unexpired term of office as Governor, Mrs. Ross came to her duties well equipped to follow the policies which he had employed.

FRED W. SARGENT

The President of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway keeps close to Kipling for Heart Inspiration

These seem to be the years for the innings of Hawkeye State leaders. When the Iowa lad counted the numbers on the freight cars of the C. & N. W. as they passed through his birth town of Akron, he little dreamed that he would later become president of that railroad. The height of his ambition was to be an engineer or the conductor who swings the lantern and shouts "All aboard" so loud that it awakens the cows in the pasture adjoining the station platform. His parents came from Vermont and were real mid-West prairie pioneers, moving later across the Missouri to South Dakota. The lad, born in the centennial year of 1876, decided to become a lawyer and graduated at the Iowa State University. He began the practice of law in Sioux City and soon attracted the attention of clients looking for a successful lawyer.

Called to Chicago in 1920, he became vice-president and general counsel of the Northwestern System. Three years later he was elected president, because of his proven level-headed executive ability, judgment and common sense. The railroad business was early

recognized by him as a public service institution, but he did not overlook that it was primarily an investment of private capital entitled to its fair consideration for rendering good service.

From his office in Chicago, where he keeps in close touch with the vital and essential details of his railroad, he surveys largely through first-hand knowledge the information which, co-ordinated with keen powers of observation, makes for successful and intelligent administration.

Of a quiet and rather modest disposition, he does not indulge in the high-hat, hurrah stuff that has made some corporation executives the butt of a popular disapproval. It was evident to me that his favorite poem would not only have the ring of action, but reach out toward that ideal which Kipling inspired in the lines written in 1892, "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted." In a gracious way President Fred W. Sargent gave me the lines which he first heard and recited at the age of fourteen, in high school. How often the chart of an eventful life career reveals an appreciation of some loved poem or ballad learned in the formative years that come in the early teens.

Again and again rings the refrain of these verses in the hearts of people in all parts of the civilized world for the picture is big enough—broad enough—to appeal to the heart universal of the busy, stirring world of these later days.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

* * * *

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

GEORGE M. VERITY

The Founder of "Armco" finds an Appeal in the Stirring Lines of "The Builder"

When the lad from the Liberty, Ohio, parsonage left the home of his father to make his way in the world, he started out with a well-grounded Christian education. His great life achievements blossomed within a few miles of his birthplace. In his office at the Armco iron and steel plant in Middletown, Ohio, he is surrounded by the visible practical evidence of his constructive genius for business and organization. Directing an industry employing here and elsewhere over twelve thousand men, I saw a modest man with brown eyes and hair that was prematurely gray, intent not alone on the visible figures reflecting the progress of the great industry, but there was first on his schedules many plans for building happiness and contentment in the homes of workers and the creation of community ideals. This he counts the foundation of progress.

Having been born in 1865, he has lived through the six eventful decades of development. Graduated from commercial college, he started his business career in a wholesale grocery in Cincinnati in 1886. Three years later he was made manager of Sagendorf Iron Roofing and Corrugating Company, which company was

reorganized in 1891 as the American Steel Roofing Company.

This was absorbed by the American Rolling Mill Company, of which he has been president and general manager for twenty-eight years, with headquarters at Middletown, Ohio. He is a director of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and was formerly trustee of Antioch College. During the war he rendered valuable service as a member of the advisory board of the National Industrial Conference, and served as director of the Federal Reserve Board of Cleveland. With all these varied activities, Mr. Verity has always taken prominent part in all civic movements of his home town and has been identified with many prominent state-wide and nation-wide campaigns for Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and kindred movements looking toward the welfare and betterment of conditions among the people everywhere.

It was evident to me that Mr. Verity would select those lines from "The Builder" which are a favorite of leaders and directors of large industries.

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow-pilgrim near,
You are wasting your strength with building here;
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eveningtide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I've come," he said,
There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

—*Will Allen Drumgoole*

In every move he has made there has always been a suggestion of his "building the bridge" for those who come after. In his generous support of boys and girls who have developed a genius for music, art and literature, he has built something more than a large industry. Among these young people who have found in him a friend who never fails is a Metropolitan Opera singer and others who have already made their mark in industrial leadership, literature, art and the sciences. He is pointed out as one possessing the qualities of superb American citizenship, working out ideas that preserve ideals. Whether in schools, hospitals, churches, and whatnot, as a builder he has never overlooked an evaluation of those invisible qualities that count for much in the building of human character and development of a sturdy generation which has made our own America what it is.

JAMES B. BORLAND

Author of "Fifty Years in the Newspaper Game" selects a Bit of Prose with Editorial Discrimination for His Heart Throb

Fifty years as a newspaper man often serves to make some editors cynical in later years. Not so in this case. Up in Venango County, Pennsylvania, James B. Borland, editor of the *Franklin Evening News-Herald*, has been familiarly called "Jim" by a legion of friends and readers of the daily paper that has reflected the intimate life of the community. Jim's father was similar to the sire in James Whitcomb Riley's poem. He was bound to "make an editor out of him," and affectionately bade him good-bye, with "Take keer of yerself, Jim." It is not only because James B. Borland has a genial personality or that his articles are so friendly, but it is because all through the years he has fairly radiated a sort of human understanding and sympathy among his readers, that makes "Jim" Borland's column like a personal greeting to each reader—with a hearty handshake and smile thrown in for good measure. To such men the poems by James Whitcomb Riley make their appeal, and I was not surprised when he decisively declared, as he set aside the lead pencil with which he was writing, "My cherished poem is 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine,' but I am

giving you also a prose-poem by Larry Flint that hits the target. The title is 'Little Things.' "

There was a Man who made a Journey.

It had been a rugged Road. Here and there, on the traveled way, rose cragged rocks, reminders of many stumbles and much pain. On the highway, too, were flowers, unplucked and sweet. Their perfume lingered. Beside the roadway were thorns, bloody from the piercing of many travelers. For it was the Common Road of Man.

Before he quit the trail the Man turned for a moment to look back upon the Journey.

He was ragged and empty-handed. For all men come empty-handed to the Journey's end.

The Man looked about him for riches, but Riches had vanished. He groped for Fame, but Fame had flickered and gone out. He sought the hand of Pleasure, but she had slipped into the darkness and disappeared.

"Alas!" said the Man, "I am alone. All things have deserted me. Time has mocked me at the Journey's end."

And then with silent footsteps, like the tumble of snow upon a window pane at twilight crept the Little Things about him.

Then, in choice phrasing, this bit of prose tells how many fragile, unnoticed and simple things of life make up our riches—a smile, the laughter of a child, the fluttering glow of a family fireside, the barking of friendly dogs, the touch of loved hands.

And in a mighty chorus, yet tender, the Little Things opened their lips and sang. And this was their song:

"We are the Riches you sought for, having them all the time. We are the Fame you courted, holding it as you wooed. We are the Pleasure you coveted, never knowing that as you searched you ruled in the Kingdom of Happiness. Just as of old we flowered your pathway with

Faith and Hope, so now we come—the Little Things you loved—to abide with you forever and make you glad."

The Man rose and looked upon a new Journey. Into the fields of Eternity it wound, on the banks of the river of Peace. The soft breezes of Contentment, crooning the song of Joy, came from the hilltops of Gladness to make blessed the way.

And with lips of mild sweetness the Little Things broke forth into a glad refrain—a song of promise and truth and fulfillment: "And now abideth Faith and Hope and Love —these three. And the greatest of these is Love."

JOHN J. THOMAS

Expert Appraiser finds Real Heart Value in Whittier's "Eternal Goodness"

The lad born on the Western Reserve in Ohio, nephew of the artist who painted the famous picture of the trio at Lexington, came rightly by his love of art and poetry. New England pioneers carried west with them a love of the work of the galaxy of brilliant poets who wrote the outstanding early lays and verse of America.

"Ever since I first heard my mother repeat the immortal lines of Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness,' I have felt as if they were truly my own —intended for me. Perhaps I inherited an abhorrence of intolerance. I had early heard the story of the poem, which to my mind has an enduring heart value. The saintly Quaker poet Whittier had not observed all the ritualistic religious practices that he should—such as going to church, joining in prayer meetings, and becoming one of the active workers in their faith. Some of his Amesbury neighbors insisted that he should practise the forms of religion as an example to Youth and they protested in the form of a written petition. His answer is my heart throb. Listen to the all-comprehensive statement of a real and abiding true religious faith":

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

"The last verse has its particular appeal for me and offers both an inspiration in joyful days and an abiding solace and comfort in sorrowful hours. The music of the soul, I feel, is echoed in the concluding lines:"

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John J. Thomas is of Welsh descent and was born in Washington, Ohio. He attended Ann Arbor and the University of Nebraska and became a mining engineer. Going west to the Pacific Coast and on to Alaska and later in the forests of Oregon, he garnered a rich experience that served him well. Establishing the Lloyd-Thomas Company, Appraisal Engineers, his work has evolved into one of the best known and largest organizations of its kind in the country. In his initiative methods and sturdy honesty in

recognizing real values in intangible as well as tangible assets and liabilities, his work and that of his organization in all parts of the country have established a confidence in his valuation genius that is widespread and in this instance indicates that even the practical, analytical mind turns lovingly to the pristine purity and power of ideals expressed in Whittier's verse.

E. G. BUCKLAND

Chairman of the Board of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad has Many Favorites

"My favorite bit of written sentiment? That is difficult to say," was the reply of E. G. Buckland, chairman of the Board of the New, York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. But he has given this,—for exquisite imagery, Kipling's "Dedication to Wolcott Balestier," and for sheer beauty, Henley's "Margaritae Sorori," and for rugged force Browning's "Prospice."

In no better way could one express that rare combination of the forceful and the poetic than is found in this group; in a way they express the man, for Mr. Buckland's life has been intensely practical—forceful—but he has found time for reflection upon the finer things of life.

He was born in Buffalo in 1866 and received his first degree at Washburn College, afterward taking up law at Yale, where he was later called from general practice to serve as instructor. His qualifications and executive ability led to the control of all the corporate relations of the great N. Y., N. H. & Hartford Railroad and also of other important corporations.

Pamphlets and magazine articles written by Mr. Buckland reveal the pride of a true American as he surveys the possibilities in our natural

resources, the development of our industries and the extension of our transportation. He once cited the fact that in the United States one might travel three thousand miles from east to west and fifteen hundred from north to south without crossing a frontier or necessarily using any but the English language, a condition which exists nowhere else in the world and which accounts for our national feeling. He well understands the economic necessities of such an area, and recognizes the fact that the compactness of our country offers a problem in transportation. In 1925 and 1926 the railroad which is counseled by his far-seeing judgment measured in ton miles the greatest in its history, and in the past ten years more than $1,000,000 was spent in improvement for prompt and adequate service,—this in competition with the motor car, motor bus and improved waterways.

It is natural that the courage and faith of "Prospice" should appeal to one of rugged character and broad activities.

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
  The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts denote
  I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
  The post of the foe;
Where he stands the Arch Fear is a visible form,
  Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
  And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,

The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter,—so, one fight more,
The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore
And bade me creep past;
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and old.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle and blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again
And with God be the rest!

ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

The Senator from Indiana finds a Real Heart Solace in Longfellow's "Rainy Day"

In a dining car Senator Robinson, the young United States Senator from the Hoosier State, gave me his "heart throb" while eating his oatmeal.

"Longfellow's 'Rainy Day' is my choice of a real heart throb. Listen to these verses I have recited so often since school days:"

The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

These lines beautifully set to music have been repeated and sung by thousands, giving not only consolation, but an inspiration and comfort which comes when we realize that others have walked by the same thorny path we find so difficult to tread.

United States Senator Arthur R. Robinson was born in the State of Ohio, where political careers blossom early, and is a graduate of the Ohio Northern University. In his adopted state of Hoosierdom he graduated from the Indiana Law School. He soon entered public life and was elected to the state senate, where for four years he was the floor leader and president *pro tempore* two years. While serving as judge in Marion County, he was chosen a delegate to the Republican National Convention and not long after was appointed to the United States Senate. He was a successful candidate to succeed himself in 1926.

Active during the World War period, he joined the first Officers' Training Corps and was commissioned a First Lieutenant. He was promoted to Captaincy and later to the rank of Major, serving overseas and in the army of occupation of the Rhine with the doughboys.

On the streets of his home city, Indianapolis, the slight, almost boyish figure of Senator Robinson is almost as familiar as was that of Riley of Lockerbie Street, for he is especially popular with the boys and girls and has recited the lines of his favorite poem many times in addresses at high schools.

MRS. M. H. GULESIAN

Selects "The House by the Side of the Road" for which she composed the music

Mrs. M. H. Gulesian has the gift of melody and she has given a musical setting to some of the finest classical compositions as well as the more "homey," everyday verses that are so universally beloved because the sentiment expressed is universally sacred to the human heart.

"The brotherhood of man," said the young Boston composer, "is a positive creed and its appeal in the poem by Sam Walter Foss led me to write the song, 'The House By the Side of the Road.' While its construction was not distinctly lyrical, I found myself humming an air that exactly carried the rhythm. I was amazed to find it was a 'hit,' and as the reward has been so satisfactory I think I should choose it for my favorite poem."

As Grace Warner, a Brookline girl, the prominent composer-pianist studied with the best American teachers and has appeared in concert work in Boston, New York and Chicago as well as in Paris and London. At her home in Chestnut Hill, many young musicians have made their initial bow to the public through the courtesies and assistance of Mrs. Gulesian, proving that she is sincere in her appreciation of

the lines of her favorite poem and her wish to be "a friend to man."

There are hermit souls that live with God
In the peace of their soft content
There are souls, like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze the path
Where highways never ran
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by
The men who are good, the men who are bad
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

This sentiment was also manifest in the play "Made in America" which together Mr. and Mrs. Gulesian wrote, and produced—a play which had a long run in New York.

BROR DAHLBERG

A man who created a new product "Celotex" keeps close to the philosophy of Kipling's "If" as his Heart Throb

It is something to add a word to the dictionary, but it is more to have that word represent a creative product, that utilizes waste material for useful purposes of humankind. Years ago an elevator boy in the Northern Pacific R.R., offices in St. Paul was dreaming dreams. He was the son of Swedish parents who had emigrated to this country with the hopes of giving their children the privilege of making an opportunity for themselves. This boy was Bror G. Dahlberg, the president of the Celotex Company, making insulating lumber out of bagasse, the once thought useless refuse of sugar cane which is called "Celotex," a new word in the lexicon of builders.

Bror Dahlberg's personality fairly sparkles with perseverance. The small space of time required for his remarkable achievements includes moments that seemed like years and even decades, when disappointments and obstacles cast their shadows upon the developing days. His infallible rule seemed to be "Never quit; you may be just at the top of the hill. Let the other fellow get tired first."

It did not require second sight or occult

vision to guess what was coming when he was answering my query as to his "Heart Throb."

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give away to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

"Any man who has gone through a big battle in business or in any other occupation or profession naturally turns to Rudyard Kipling. Many a time I have read the poem 'If' and gripped the chair, determined to take a new hold on the handicaps as they appear. Reading for the first—and even to the 100th time my blood quickens in response to the appeal of the first verse, but the climax is reached in the third verse—for then I felt I had mastered myself for the task ahead. Sometimes I wonder if Rudyard Kipling realizes he has served mankind more as a poet than a writer of prose, for he has touched a responsive chord in the heart of every man who has struggled."

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT

Former Police Commissioner of New York Finds the Heart Throb Supreme in the Beatitudes.

It was the eminent former Police Commissioner of New York, Richard E. Enright, talking to me.

"Now that you are right here I can tell you my heart throb supreme. It may not be understood if I were to write you. To me nothing surpasses the all pervading heart power and beauty of the Beatitudes found in the Book of Books—the Fifth Chapter of Matthew, third to twelfth verses inclusive."

Picking up a Gideon bible in my hotel room he handed it to me and asked me to read them aloud. As I proceeded in a bishopric voice I felt and recognized as never before the poetic grandeur of a heart pulse universal. Over and over these words have been read and spoken in all languages, affording an inspiration in hours of joys and solace in sorrow. The magnetic words "came out of the mouth" of the Master—from His Heart to the heart of humankind for all time to come.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

"Let me have a second choice and include those words concerning Pleasure written by Robert Burns in his 'Tam O'Shanter.' Before me was a man with iron gray hair, blue eyes, a magnetic big-hearted genial personality. Born in Steuben County, New York, he started life as a telegraph operator. When he came to New York he studied stenography and the map of the big city—he knew his New York. When he filed his application to become a policeman it was none other than Theodore Roosevelt, then president of the Commission, who appointed him, with a word of inspiring cheer. After many years of strenuous work as a policeman, from patrolman up to the rank of lieutenant, he was appointed Police Commissioner by Mayor Hylan, the first man ever taken from the ranks to fill this important position. He served the longest time of any police commissioner in the history of the metropolis—eight eventful years—including the

war period, with the most exacting responsibilities of protecting the greatest port of embarkation of troops and supplies. This work alone entitles him to the gratitude of the country at large. While his record as Police Commissioner remains unparalleled—he was Mayor Hylan's right hand man in receiving the dignitaries from all over the world and organizing the International Police Conference, which did much to check the wave of crime following the War.

A brilliant speaker—an intelligent aggressive thinker, this self-educated "cop" is able to make an impression as a leader in any gathering and his legion of friends insist that he is due for higher honors in the state and city which he has honored. His knowledge of literature, philosophy and the arts, shows how a man can utilize his stray moments and develop himself.

MERLE CROWELL

The Editor of "The American Magazine" reveals a Flourishing Garden of Memory

"Name my *one* favorite poem?" asked the young man with crisp blue eyes and friendly smile, as he leaned back at his desk in an office building of New York's celebrated Park Avenue.

"I suppose that I have enough poems and fragments of poems cached away in my mind to fill half of a book. With such a large family in one's keeping, how can one pick out a favorite child? There are literally hundreds of poems of which I am inordinately fond, and different ones appeal to me most deeply in different moods and on different occasions," he said.

"I can think of only one test which would restrict the list to any reasonable proportions.

"This would be: Which poems come most frequently to mind? Even here I am almost stumped," he confessed, "but off-hand I award the palm to 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' by Alfred Noyes, which I consider one of the most beautiful things ever penned by the hand of man.

"For frequency of recurrence I should also award a high place to one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.' I refer to the one commencing:

> Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
> Henceforth in thy shadow. Nevermore
> Along the threshold of my door

Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before
Without the sense of that which I forbore.

"Never, it seems to me, was renunciation phrased more perfectly than in these lines.

"Another verse, the author of which I do not know, returns to my mind again and again. As I recall the verse, it runs:

There were blossoms still unblown,
They had known the rain so much,
There were angels in the stone,
Waiting for the master's touch;
Sweetest songs were still unsung,
Tend'rest chords were yet unstrung—
When you came!

If I were to place one short and well-contained verse at the top of the list," he continued, "I should select 'Wild Nights,' by Emily Dickinson.

"Close to the top of the list," he went on, "I should also have to put Robert Browning's epilogue from 'Asolando'; Ernest Dowson's 'Impenitentia Ultima'; Rudyard Kipling's 'The Gypsy Trail'; Sydney Lanier's 'The Ballad of Trees and the Master'; Alfred Noyes' 'The Barrel Organ'; Arthur O'Shaughnessy's ode beginning 'We are the music makers, And we are the makers of dreams'; Allen Seager's 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death'; Richard Henry Stoddard's 'The Flight of Youth'; Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven'; and Louis Untermeyer's 'Prayer.'"

RAY LONG

The Editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine" Carries with Him in Cherished Remembrance "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," Verses by the Late Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Often we think as did Wordsworth, that the "world is too much with us," and that with its many and complex activities, we do indeed "lay waste our powers." Then comes the reassuring word from one who has been surrounded with the whirlwinds of life and has fought a good fight in the arena of business and the editorial forum, and we are reminded that there are moments of reflection and "thoughts too deep for words" common to all.

Ray Long, editor, one of the busiest men I know, gave me as one of his favorite poems—at least one that he quotes oftenest—that philosophical and yet practical poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

> Laugh and the world laughs with you,
> Weep and you weep alone,
> For the poor old earth has need of your mirth,
> It has sorrow enough of its own.

"One detects a creed which a man of many affairs, dealing with all sorts of men, might take to heart. In a more homely way one calls it a hearty grit-grip, or 'keeping your head' when all goes wrong.

"Creed or not, something like the spirit of the verse has carried me on, step by step, in my work."

Ray Long has dealt with a large public in all phases of editorial work. He was born in Lebanon, Indiana, in 1878 and was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis, like many of our greatest men who have been endowed with "mental curiosity" and found the world at large a place in which to learn. His first editorial work was on the *Indianapolis News*. One success after another in hitting the target in editorial work has led to the presidency and editorship of the International Magazine Company, which means the grouping of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Harper's Bazaar*, as well as affiliation with many American and foreign publications. He was the first editor to secure former president Calvin Coolidge as a contributor and introduce him to the periodical world.

In his advisory capacity Ray Long has had opportunity to practice his philosophy of life, exercise his ready wit and his ability to laugh with the world. Pressed to give his taste in recreations, the busy editor expressed his love for horseback riding and swimming—sure ways of keeping fit for his arduous duties, and being able to keep on laughing with the world.

DAVID BELASCO

Premier Producer in America finds His Favorite in the Stirring Lines of "Bernardo del Carpio"

In the subdued, mellow light of his studio, high up under the roof at the Belasco Theatre, I have enjoyed inspiring moments with David Belasco, premier theatrical producer of his time. Under the heavy shock of prematurely gray hair, two dark eyes glistened like spotlights as they turned from his favorite trophies of Napoleon's drum and Dumas' desk toward me, with lines spoken softly but clearly:

"My favorite poem comes to me in a floodtide of childhood memories. Early in life I had a desire to speak in school and in my youthful days my preference was for the stirring lines of Mrs. Felicia Hemans entitled 'Bernardo del Carpio.' There is a drama in that poem that fired me with an ambition for the stage.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on
his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy
speed.

And lo! from afar, as on they pressed, there came a glit-
tering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the
land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's
blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there,
dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his
like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed
and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

* * * * * *

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like
childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young
renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate
down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword
for now.

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father,—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

* * * * * *

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through cold clay!"

* * * * * *

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face,
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

Can you visualize the master producer of to-day as a curly-headed lad, reciting these stirring lines?

The Spaniard, Bernardo, had made fruitless efforts for the release of his father, imprisoned by King Alphonso of Asturias. From his birth Bernardo had dreamed of his father's release and took up arms. Alphonso offered to exchange the person of his royal prisoner for Bernardo's castle at Carpio. This was joyfully accepted. When the happy son was told "Look where he is" by the cruel king, Bernardo gazed upon the lifeless body of his father.

What a treasure trove of memories this poem has awakened in others who also recited these

tragic lines within the walls of schoolrooms still echoing Bernardo's eloquent appeal.

David Belasco was born in California and spent his early days in a monastery, which accounts for his predeliction for clerical garb. Beginning as usher in a theater, he came close to the patrons and listened to their comment. As a result he knows his theater from the front to back stage and top to bottom. As stage manager at Baldwin's Grand, in San Francisco, he made a reputation that brought him to the East.

The first ambition of every stage aspirant is to "see Belasco." His realism is real—real fire-glow in the fireplace—the lighting is studied to the last shadow. This all reflects the rugged sincerity and honor of Belasco to his art.

"I believe in regulating the imagination by reality. Business is much like a play; business is built, and so is a play; both are evolutions along natural progressive lines, both depend essentially upon human interest."

DR. CURTIS HAMILTON MUNCIE

The Famous Aurist has a Life Motto inspired by the Heart Throb Poem "It Couldn't Be Done," by Edgar Guest

Sometime ago I conceived the idea that it would be well to have one day of the month devoted to health—just go over the old engine, as it were. So I began early in the morning and saw an osteopath, a dentist, an oculist and the family physician. When I met Dr. Curtis H. Muncie I felt that I had met one man who understood that dumb human ear on the left. After he had dug out the wax, polished up the drum, and pried open the Eustachian tube, my hearing, which I had considered normally good, was greatly improved. Then I observed a little finger with which he operated and had obviated many serious operations. Clinics in nearly every large city in this country and in Europe have revealed marvelous restoration of hearing by Dr. Muncie.

On the walls of his office I observed poems framed. It was not necessary to ask for his favorite poem. When the query was propounded, he pointed to the verse "It Couldn't Be Done," and my enlivened ears heard him repeating the words of the poem.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied

That "maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

"This poem," he said, "has helped to give strength and courage to blaze a new trail in the field of otology. The searching and finding of the causes and cures for deafness has been my reward—in the face of criticism and opposition on the part of time-honored 'can'ts' who always say 'it can't be done because it has never been done before.' "

The distinguished aurist was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887, the son of Edward H. Muncie, M.D., and Elizabeth Hamilton Muncie, M.D. He was educated at Polytechnic Insti-

tute (Collegiate) and American School of Osteopathy with post-graduate study on the Ear in America and Europe. In his clinics in America and Europe he has demonstrated his new operation, "Reconstruction of the Eustachian Tube" for cure of deafness and gave to his profession technic for treatment of deafness.

There does not seem to be an angle of the subject of deafness that he has not studied, but he has revolutionized its treatment by utilizing plain common sense with medical knowledge and surgical skill. His index fingers are insured for $100,000 each. The old miracle of laying on of hands was paraphrased in these fingers by the adeptness and skill of scientific knowledge blended with a logical application of what nature had provided in the restoration of hearing.

While comparatively a young man, Dr. Muncie has patients from far and near. The procession that passes in and out every day indicates that the heart throb of Dr. Muncie has been heard.

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON

The Noted Author and Traveler finds Inspiration in the Stirring Lines of Longfellow

"Of all the verses I learned in school, the 'Psalm of Life' seems to cling in my memory," said Mrs. Larz. Anderson.

> Life is real, life is earnest,
> And the grave is not the goal.
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest
> Was not spoken of the soul.

Life has been real and earnest with this widely-traveled author, who has won an international reputation for charitable deeds. In the World War she worked unremittingly in Belgium and in France with the American Red Cross, serving in hospitals abroad at the front.

With every allurement toward ease and enjoyment of social life, Mrs. Anderson has lived the philosophy of the poem that she loves. I saw her overseas devoting herself completely to the work in hand, leaving her beautiful estate, "Weld," in Brookline, Massachusetts, and proving every day:

> Not enjoyment and not pleasure
> Is our destined end or way,
> But to act that each tomorrow
> Finds us farther than today.

As Isabel Anderson, authoress, she is well known through such books as "From Corsair

to Riffian," "Presidents and Pies," "The Spell of Hawaii and the Philippines," "The Spell of Japan," "The Spell of Belgium," "Zigzagging," and numberless children's plays and stories. Her last book, "Under the Black Horse Flag" is an invaluable historical record.

Mrs. Anderson is of distinguished parentage. Her father, Commodore George Perkins, was one of the makers of history, and was second only to Admiral Farragut in the naval victories of the Civil War at New Orleans and Mobile. Her husband, Larz Anderson, was ambassador to Belgium and later to Japan, which gave her opportunity for gaining first-hand information of the countries about which she has written in such a fascinating way in her "Spell Series." A pupil of Miss Windsor's school, she received later her Litt. D. from George Washington University.

"I'm fond of Kipling's verses," she once told me. "I think Rio one of the most beautiful cities in the world and so I like his 'Rolling Down to Rio,' and I often sing his song that stirs hearers everywhere:

On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder from old China 'cross
the Bay.

DEAN ROCKWELL D. HUNT

An Educator finds the Twenty-fourth Psalm His Choice Poem

There was a colloquial, up-to-date ring in his voice when I heard Dean Rockwell D. Hunt of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles repeat the couplet

> New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.

"It is a truism," responded Dean Hunt. "I have chosen the twenty-fourth Psalm as my favorite poem, one which contains the beauty and rhythm that endears through the centuries." Professor Hunt is in company with many, many others who find poetry in Holy Writ, and indeed a great many had already sent in some one of the Psalms or quotations from Ecclesiastes and Job.

"There is a majesty and everlasting strength in the psalm which, though set to music, scarcely needs melody to add to its beauty. Indeed it is a song of praise as it stands," continued the educator.

A native son of the Golden State, Sacramento is given as the birthplace of the Dean who received his Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins and launched a career in teaching Political Science, History, Economics, and Business Administra-

tion. To these important phases of education the Professor has devoted himself in his university work.

When business loses its love of poetic beauty and expression, then the business genius of our times will pass, for verse is ever the wellspring of inspiration and progress in some form or other.

JULIUS ROSENWALD

The Eminent Merchant, Citizen and Philanthropist of Chicago feels a Heart Throb every time he hears or reads Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship"

Born in the home city of Abraham Lincoln where he became President, Julius Rosenwald has builded on ideals of the Great Emancipator. As a merchant he has been eminently successful, but this is not the reason that he has won the gratitude of thousands and thousands of people and is called one of the best-loved citizens of Chicago; for his philanthropy has been the great outstanding object of his life. He has worked unremittingly for the Negro race and for their advancement through education, and has made opportunity possible to them in their own environment. Their problems he has taken close to heart and helped solve them in a most practical manner.

Educated in the Springfield, Ill., public schools, he entered the wholesale clothing business and became president of the Rosenwald, Weil Company of Chicago and later vice-president and treasurer of the Sears Roebuck organization. During the World War President Wilson recognized his ability and executive skill by appointing him on the Committee of National Defence on supplies and sending him

on a special mission to France for the Secretary of War.

It is natural that a man with such constructive ideas would choose for his favorite writing something relating to building, and Mr. Rosenwald chose Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," which touches upon life in so many aspects.

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

* * * *

Ah! What a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help build the wooden wall!

One can easily apply the building of the ship to the building of character and that subtle meaning may be found in the lines that suggest a youth, well trained, setting forth into the world,—

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Gentle-voiced kindness shines in every motion as well as from the eyes of Julius Rosenwald. His devotion to his mother, calling on her every day to the end of her long and inspir-

ing life, no matter what the pressure of business, reveals the sympathetic nature of one of America's foremost business men, who symbolizes the "I will" spirit in Chicago in the highest and broadest sense of the word. It was Julius Rosenwald who carried out Herbert Hoover's idea of a revolving fund to help people carrying second mortgages. He further suggested that all his benefactions be expended within twenty-five years.

WILLIAM H. RANKIN

The Noted Advertising Man of New York declares Wilbur Nesbit's "A Friend or Two" a Real Heart Gem

Indiana has produced its major proportion of poets and novelists, writers, orators and statesmen. To Hoosierdom also comes the credit of producing a man who is leading in the business genius of modern times. A young red-headed boy from Albany, Indiana, on the banks of the Ohio river, started in life lighting street lamps, a symbolic prophecy of his later profession of advertising, in which he has illuminated the advantages of American products in every shape and form of exploitation. At an early age he was commanding a tremendous salary, but with characteristic initiative he left it all to make the plunge for himself, and has built up the William H. Rankin Advertising Agency, with offices in New York and Chicago and clients who reach out to all parts of the world.

One of the first to recognize the close kinship between literature and advertising, William H. Rankin after a long struggle, enlisted the interest of the late Wilbur D. Nesbit, then one of the most popular and beloved poets of the country to become vice-president of his company and prepare advertising matter with the same care and beautiful imagery of expression as is re-

flected in that stirring national poem, "Your Flag and My Flag."

Seated in his New York office before a rather tiny desk, William H. Rankin still writes out in long-hand the ideas and the copy that heralds a product associated with some epochal current event, from Lindbergh's flight to a Pioneer of Industry banquet, with all the eminent men gathered together in the flesh. He was the first to use the telephone to Europe, transferring a page ad within a few minutes to a London paper. He was the first to use radio and airplanes and all other media that had any possibilities of effective exploitation. Many a young man owes his start to the helpfulness of William H. Rankin, who does not forget the struggles he had in getting a start. His contacts with eminent people of the world of all sorts have been unparalleled, for he has the keen instinct of an editor and author.

Of Scotch descent, he naturally has a love of the musical in expression, whether in print, picture, or spoken word.

Without a moment's hesitation, he responded to the interrogation, "The one thing the world needs is friendliness, and that is glorified in Wilbur Nesbit's poem 'A Friend or Two,' which comes to me like a refrain over and over again after a hard day's battle with business propositions. It seems to bring to my side again that beloved friend and poet, the author of these

lines, just as in the old days when, closing his eyes, Wilbur Nesbit would flash in a business office poetic expressions that seemed like a communion with the Muses. It seems to me to require no effort to memorize the words of Wilbur Nesbit's poems that sing themselves into the soothing solitude of a moment with yourself, even amidst the swirling activities of everyday business."

There's all of pleasure and all of peace
  In a friend or two;
And all your troubles may find release
  With a friend or two;
It's in the grip of the clasping hand
  On native soil or in alien land,
But the world is made—
Do you understand?—
  Of a friend or two.

Then brim the goblet and quaff the toast
  To a friend or two,
For glad the man who can always boast
  Of a friend or two;
The fairest sight is a friendly face
The blithest tread is a friendly pace
And heaven will be a better place
  For a friend or two.

SENATOR SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

The United States Senator from the Golden State repeats Hamlet's Soliloquy most Effectively and Eloquently as His Heart Throb

Standing before the open door of the United States Senate during the closing hours of the seventieth Congress, I met Senator Samuel Morgan Shortridge of California. The crowd was pushing about, but that did not interfere with a thrilling dramatic recital of his heart throb. The tall form of the Senator swayed, as with his pince-nez he gave emphasis to the lines.

"I always keep a copy of Shakespeare and the Bible at my bedside and always read a bit before I retire, no matter how late or early that may be. Last night I returned from the Senate Chamber at 2 A. M. after a long wearisome day, and I opened my Shakespeare, as was my wont, and what do you think it revealed? It was the opening pages of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and I smiled as I mused 'How appropriate.' Yes, I studied to be an actor and my engagement consisted of one consecutive night. I appeared as Hamlet and never can forget the lines associated with that fleeting hour of ambitious purpose. They said I was too tall and ungainly for the melancholy Dane, so here I am a mere Senator with one life's ambition unfulfilled."

"There is one poem that stands out above all others with me. We are not often inclined to think of Shakespeare as a poet, because we refer to his work as 'Shakespeare's Plays,' although we call him 'The Bard of Avon,' but to me over and over again come the lines of Hamlet's 'Soliloquy.' "

With this brief introduction he repeated the lines as I have never heard them before from the lips of any actor:

To be, or not to be,—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

And thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

His mellow voice was a sharp contrast to the rasping tones of Senator Walsh, which came through the door, discussing the National Park bill.

Samuel Morgan Shortridge was born in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the son of a minister. He was educated in the high school at San Jose and admitted to the bar in 1884. His first election to the Senate occurred in 1921 and few men have more ably represented their states than the genial and capable Senator who still clings to his love of Shakespeare as a real heart throb, which is often reflected in his speeches on the floor of the Senate.

CHARLES E. CARPENTER

The President of the Houghton Line and Editor of the most widely-read House Organ in the World, found His Heart Thrill in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake"

In my editorial work I began hearing long ago of a house organ known as *The Houghton Line*' quoted more frequently than many old established high-class periodicals. The very first copy I read disclosed a dominant personality in one who called himself a "near editor..' Later I had the pleasure of meeting Charles E, Carpenter, this editor-president of the E. F. Houghton Company, Philadelphia. In all parts of the country I heard his "stuff" quoted, and I have had letters from his subscribers by the score indicating that they were real readers of his publication.

When I first made my request for a "heart throb" I was waved aside, but trying out some of his own philosophy upon him, I kept everlastingly at it and will not tell you how many calls, letters, and requests it required to gather from him the confession that he had a "heart throb." It was worth the struggle, for in his inimitable way he commented:

"When you first began your siege I didn't think I had a favorite poem. I didn't think there was any poetry in my nature, but in these

days of advanced science when you start a quality and quantity analysis of anything, you are never entirely certain of what you will find.

"My memory began working backwards, as memories usually do, and recalled that when I was fifteen I was a husky guy and was recruited for the cast at an entertainment in school, because they thought my bulk fitted the costume which they had rented. I was to recite 'The Combat,' recorded in Sir Walter Scott's 'The Lady of the Lake.' I didn't like the part, but after I became saturated with the lines I was more infatuated with the role than the other fellows whom I had at first envied with their parts which entailed making ardent love to pretty girls. I still recall those first words: 'Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light' which so vividly describes the sunrise, to the last line where Scott has described the combat between human forces in a way that ought to put the 'peace at any price' advocates to shame. From verse No. 12 to the finish the poem illustrates the necessity of preparedness and that one who tries to avoid a fight is not necessarily a coward, and that courtesy and kindness is still to be found in the midst of strife.

Far as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side,—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,

Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
of War.

At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

The son of Rev. Aaron Carpenter, he was born in the City of Brotherly Love, educated at the Friends Central School, and studied under private teachers in chemistry and engineering. "Who's Who" records that he has been with E. F. Houghton Company, manufacturers of oils and leathers, since the beginning of his active career, except the few years as a professional billiardist, roller skater and prize fighter. He has had one epochal fling in Philadelphia politics as chairman of the City Committee, which defeated the Republican organization, where he had full opportunity for utilizing his dominant qualities of courage that is reflected in his love of the knightly heroes portrayed in Sir Walter Scott's poem.

WILLIAM S. HART

The Renowned Motion Picture Actor finds in Poe's Beautiful "Annabel Lee" the Pristine Beauty of a Heart Throb

When I first met William S. Hart he was on the lot. Later I met him in New York and it was the same Bill Hart. While he was born in Newburgh, N. Y., in 1870, he went with his parents to Minnesota and the territory of Dakota in early childhood, and says he cannot remember the time when he did not ride a horse, and his early pictures of childhood are associated with life on the prairie, with horse, saddled and bridled, near at hand.

Even in those days, while listening to the plovers sing and gathering the wild flowers, he declaimed against the wind, feeling that some day he might become an actor. He made his debut at the age of nineteen and the handsome young "Lochinvar out of the West" soon found himself leading man for Modjeska and Julia Arthur. For two years he played the role of Messala in "Ben Hur," and one cannot think of such plays as "The Squaw Man," "The Virginian," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" without thinking of William S. Hart. In 1914 he made his first bow in motion pictures.

One can never forget the earnest sincerity of Bill Hart as he commented:

"Poe's 'Annabel Lee' is one of the most beautiful, purest and sweetest poems ever written by the pen of man. Who can repeat the lines without the vision of a heart ideal?"

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annable Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

* * *

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

DR. FREDERIC ZEIGEN

The author and business man of Detroit and Miami asserts that "The Man With a Hoe" is the world's great Heart Throb

The varied accomplishments of Dr. Frederic Zeigen are further evidence that a man of purpose may excel in more than one vocation.

As a poet he has given the world a volume regarding which his intimate friend, the late James Oliver Curwood, wrote "You have done more than many men and women who have achieved their niche in the hall of fame." Of the same collection, Edwin Markham (friend of the high thinking men of the age) said the poems "explain the genius of his thought and the evolution of his ideals."

Doctor Zeigen is one of the founders of the University of Miami and is a gifted speaker.

In that desirable union of the practical and the poetic, Dr. Zeigen has made a success along the lines of business, largely in the interest of real estate. It has been shown again and again that men of this type often find their literary and heart ideals expressed by Edwin Markham. Dr. Zeigen finds a sensitive understanding that strikes to the very heart of life in a verse from "The Man With the Hoe."

> Come clear the way, then clear the way
> Blind creeds and kings have had their day;

Break the dead branches from the path
Our hope is in the aftermath
Our hope is in heroic men.

And another couplet that speaks of a noble philosophy,

To this event the ages ran,
Make way for Brotherhood, make way for Man.

Dr. Zeigen comes of a distinguished family and his poetry is the natural inheritance from forbears who were famous in music. His father immigrated to America and joined the Northern troops in the Civil War, serving in the Eight Michigan Cavalry on the Kentucky battlefields.

One uncle was director of the Kaiser's Theatre, Berlin, and another, president of the University of Berlin. He is the author of the new novel "Lava" and the book of poems "Star Dust and Dandelions" a title which lifts the thoughts to the heavens and to the same beauty in lowly flowers by the wayside.

CHARLES D. COBURN

The Actor-Manager naturally drifts to His First Love, the Bard of Avon, for Poetic Inspiration

Back stage I saw Charles Coburn after one of the performances marking a revival of "Diplomacy" in an all-star cast. Removing his make-up, he began:

Pope tells us how skill is achieved by thought, not chance,
As they move easiest who have learned to dance.

Mr. Charles D. Coburn holds his place in the theatrical world because of success acquired through long apprenticeship. He was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1877. At eighteen he was manager of a theatre in Savannah, which was a successful venture, and at twenty was a member of strolling stock companies, visiting widely-scattered sections. Experience came through close contacts before and behind the footlights, which provided an understanding of the stage that is fundamental.

The actor-manager is remembered for his fine portrayal of John Storm in "The Christian." In 1905 he organized the Mr. and Mrs. Coburn Production Company for the promotion of classical drama, having control of contracts in the United States and Canada, for the production of popular plays.

As might be expected, Mr. Coburn's contri-

bution to the volume of favorites came from the patron saint of the theatre, Shakespeare. He mentions specially the lines from "As You Like It," with possibly the memory of early recital of the couplets, Touchstone's romantic tribute to Rosaline:

> He that sweetest rose will find,
> Let him seek out Rosalind.

Or the outpourings of Orlando, who pins his lines to a tree in the forest:

> Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love survey,
> And thou, thrice crowned queen of night,
> With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
> Thy huntres' name that my full life doth sway.
>
> O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
> And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
> That every eye which in this forest looks
> Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
> Run, race, Orlando; carve on every tree
> The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

STANLEY RESOR

The Head of a Leading Advertising Agency has His Heart Throb from the Mystic Browning

Some years ago a young man came from Cincinnati, Ohio, to New York with an ambition to become a great advertising man. Associated with the J. Walter Thompson Company, one of the pioneer institutions in this line, Stanley Resor became its executive head and was right in the whirl of the magical development of the Exploitive era, when advertising appropriations leaped from thousands into millions. In New York I found the entrance room to his elaborate business offices a veritable library—a collection of real books—not treatises on business and advertising and government reports, but live, up-to-date books and the standard and classic literature, which enabled the visitor to make good use of stray moments. The decorations, equipment and arrangement of the extensive suite of offices comport well with the idea of having a place where ideas in art and telling phrases may generate for the proclamations of advertisers who have to make every word, which costs a thousand dollars or more in their announcements, count for arresting attention and creating favorable impressions.

The firm won one of the first prizes of the Harvard Business School for the campaign

which has helped to make "Lux" more familiar to the people than almost any word in the dictionary.

In a simply but artistically furnished room I found Stanley Resor directing his giant enterprise. On the shelves nearby was a collection of Browning, and in answer to my query as to his favorite poem he said:

" 'Cleon,' by Browning has always seemed to me to be the greatest combination of philosophy, clearness of expression and poetic beauty that I have ever read. It has always seemed to me that thousands of people who would enjoy it have never read it because so many think of Browning as a mysterious, heavy and hard-to-read writer."

It takes but little water just to touch
At some one point the inside of a sphere,
And, as we turn the sphere, touch all the rest
In due succession; but the finer air
Which not so palpably or obviously,
Though no less universally, can touch
The whole circumference of that emptied sphere
Fills it more fully than the water did.

. . . .

And thus our soul, misknown, cries out to Zeus
To vindicate his purpose in our life:
Why stay we on earth unless to grow?

ROY W. HOWARD

The Brilliant and Aggressive Executive Head of a Chain of Newspapers, Selects "Thanatopsis," by Bryant

When Lochinvar came out of the West he must have found himself traveling with a large company of newspaper men, for even a casual consideration of birthplaces show that the West and Mid-West have given us a vast number of men who, as the saying goes, "throw a lively ink."

Roy Wilson Howard might be called "a midlander," as he was born in Ohio in 1883, but sought the great Mecca of all writers after his contributions to various magazines—and came to New York, where he began the successive and successful scaling of the ladder, first as a reporter, then sports editor, assistant news editor, and so on to the management of the Publisher's Press. Now the well-known, strongly-established group of Scripps-McRae publications is changed to Scripps-Howard.

Such a progressive journal is easy to chronicle, but one realizes the hurried hours, the work under pressure, the quick wit and ready pen that wins out all along the way.

I hesitated to ask such a busy man for his favorite poem, for it is difficult for a man of wide reading and thinking to select any one

gem; it is like asking him to analyze his love for the ocean or beauty itself.

Mr. Howard's answer was typical of the busy man: "It had never occurred to me that I had a favorite above all others, but for a quick selection I will choose 'Thanatopsis.' "

That places him in a large company whose minds turn back from the multiple examples of modern versification to the old "standby of school days." Others chose the more sombre passages, but these lines are moving and more hopeful:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his coach
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

HONORE WILLSIE (MORROW)

The Former Editor of "The Delineator" finds a Heart Solace in an Almost Forgotten Poem Expressing a Heart Desire Universal to Reach Some Objective—Just Beyond

While Mrs. Honore Willsie Morrow is distinguished for her books, she has recently attracted wide attention through her frank, staunch and illuminating articles regarding youth and its status of mind. For the rash rebellion of thought attributed to the young people of today, Mrs. Morrow puts the blame squarely on the mothers. Not long ago the widely-read author made a sort of canvass and after many frank talks with all classes, she came to her decision, "the mothers are to blame."

The high-minded, helpful attitude of Mrs. Morrow was manifested in her work as editor of *The Delineator*, when that magazine rose from one occupied largely with fashion, to take its place among those of broader scope and informing character that was reflecting the feminine thought of the times.

Mrs. Morrow was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, and received her B. A. at the University of Wisconsin—an institution of learning from whence have come many authors of the Middle West. In her books "Heart of the Desert," "Benefits Forgot," "The Forbidden Trail," "Enchanted

Canyon" and "We Must March," she reveals a keen knowledge of life and has a frank method of expressing herself. Her favorite and longest remembered bit of verse is told of the French peasant who longed to visit the city of Carcassonne, but who never realized his ambition. This poem is translated from the French of Gustave Nadaud by John R. Thompson:

I'm growing old; I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain,
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Peace unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer would else fulfillment know
Never have I seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountain blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And to return as many more;
Had but the vintage plenteous grown
But ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those in Babylon.
A bishop and two generals!
What joy to dwell in Carcassonne.

* * * *

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.

"Rise up, my friend," said I, "with glee
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
  But (heaven forgive him) half way on
The old man died upon the road,
  He never gazed upon Carcassonne.

JOHN H. BARTLETT

First Assistant Postmaster General and Ex-Governor of New Hampshire harks back to "Barefoot Boy" Days

One man who has held high office and attained prominence without losing "the common touch" or forgetting boyhood days is John Henry Bartlett, first assistant Postmaster-General. In his busy and businesslike Washington sanctum he dropped the "affairs of office" to recall swimming-hole days in old New Hampshire and repeat the lines of John Greenleaf Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" to me as the poem which stirs him most with the memories it brings to mind.

> Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
> With thy turned-up pantaloons,
> And thy merry whistled tunes;
> With thy red lips, redder still
> Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
> With the sunshine on thy face,
> Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
> Oh! that thou couldst know thy joy,
> Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Henry Bartlett was born at Sunapee, New Hampshire, in 1869. Like many another successful man, he prepared himself for life by teaching school. As a teacher in Portsmouth he studied for the bar, was admitted in 1898, and practised in Portsmouth. The war-time

election of 1918 saw him the choice of the people of his native state for Governor. At the end of his term he was called to Washington to become president of the Civil Service Commission, and in 1922 his record won him the appointment to his present position. Among his offices is that of President of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children. He takes keen interest in the work.

In the administration of his work in the Post Office Department, he has humanized the service and done much toward providing adequate and comfortable quarters for the conduct of the largest business operations in the world, known as the United States Post Office Department.

GENERAL J. G. HARBORD

The President of Radio Corporation of America Finds Tom Moore's lines the "Sweetest Thing Ever Written"

As an army officer General J. G. Harbord has lived the history of his generation; he has served in almost every army ran, and has been in all sorts of army service. Few men have had such an opportunity to study mankind under discipline, pressure, violent action, and that supreme test of all—under the leisure that follows grave danger in action.

Born in Bloomington, Ill., in 1866, just after the young republic had passed through its mighty struggle, it might seem that James Harbord had been born to peace. He attended the State Agricultural College of Manhattan, Kans., and later graduated from the Infantry and Cavalry Schools and Army War College.

With steps that seem almost automatic, he passed through the various ranks of private to quartermaster sergeant, and major of volunteer cavalry. At various periods he has borne the title of Brigadier General, Major General, Deputy Chief of Staff, United States Army, Assistant Chief of Philippine Constabulary, with rank of Colonel, Chief of Staff of A. E. F. in France, D. M. S. of the Red Cross and Army and was active at Chateau Thierry, Soissons and

other decisive World War engagements, receiving decorations from America, England, Belgium, Italy and France.

At present the General is president of the Radio Corporation, and his activities, while in the line of peace and advancement of science, are not greatly lessened, for anything connected with the improvement of radio matters and distribution of sound needs close application.

"No particular circumstances are connected with my favorite poem," said General Harbord, "but I think Tom Moore's song is the sweetest thing ever written." Repeating it, one almost hears the obligato of the harp and the sweet voiced singer:

Believe me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make theee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

Noted Executive of Butler Brothers finds His Heart Touch in the Lines of Childhood's Prayer

Often a poem is beloved because it links itself with some heart-stirring emotion entirely apart from beauty of form or lyrical quality. It is not always a poem, for just a line of prose, a proverb, or even a prayer may move us so deeply that it comes first to the mind when memory is awakened. Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, gave me a reflection of one of his most sacred memories when he repeated the little prayer that many of us learned in childhood.

"At dawn our beloved child slipped away beyond the veil and her last remembered words was the prayer said on going to bed. It was the first time I ever realized the true meaning of that nightly prayer, and ever since it has been precious and comforting. It stands out against everything else."

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
This I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

Through generations that prayer has been and will continue a classic, for its sweet sim-

plicity covers the whole depth and breadth of a petition.

Walter Scott will be remembered for his interest in hospitals, Scottish affairs, and the advancement of education. He has shown that he recognizes its importance by endowing scholarships for Smith and Flora MacDonald Colleges, also the Stevens Institute of Technology. He is President of the Walter Scott School and Home for Crippled Children. Being a citizen of foresight, he reveres the old saying, "Of all human institutions the most important are, first the home, then the school and then the bank." Colonel Scott's education was obtained in the American public schools. Although he was born in 1861 in Montreal, he came to Boston in infancy. He is able to look over his shoulder, as it were, and see the progress in school systems. As a member of the firm of Butler Brothers, general merchandise, he has achieved distinction as one of America's foremost merchants, who never forgets his Burns, and counts doing a good deed every day and every hour, if possible, as one of the real essentials of a normal existence.

WILFRED W. FRY

The head of a great advertising firm chooses "The Torch of Life" as typifying the idealism of youth

"It seems to me that the spirit and idealism of youth is typified in the poem by Henry John Newbolt's 'Torch of Life,' " said Wilfred W. Fry, whose name is so well known in the advertising field.

The inspiring lines, "Play up! Play up! and Play the Game!" have put heart and energy into many a wavering person who stood on the edge of failure and strengthened and made more valiant those who conquered the dark moments of weakness.

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—
Ten to make, and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke—
The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This fine quotation comes from one whose work in life has become akin to the arts. Once advertising was merely a word passed on to the public in the simplest way, but it is now a profession that is growing, day by day, closer to the realm of literature and inspirational art.

Mr. Fry came to the N. W. Ayer company and took up the threads of the business that had been relinquished by its founder. The company might be called the very pioneers in publicity work for the name of the firm from the beginning meant the highest plane of progress so far reached in such work. They were among the first to convince business men of the value of publicity and then the first to show the best ways of presenting the message between producer and purchaser. They set a pace that created certain traditions to be followed by those who came after, and so the name of N. W. Ayer became a trade mark of dependability—a sort of crest in trade. Mr. Fry has ably carried on all these established methods and has been privileged to add all that is newer and finer.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. BENSON

The American Admiral, Southern Born, chooses Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship," One of Lincoln's Favorites

At his home in Tracy Place, in Washington, I found Admiral Benson, now retired, living in the memories and rich fullness of his illustrious career. There was a gleam of the midshipman who graduated at Annapolis in 1877 in his eye when he promptly responded:

"There is one poem that embodies the high ideals of our great country and the highest type of citizenship which, after all, must be a man following the example and teachings of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. My favorite is 'The Building of the Ship,' by Longfellow. I never hear it or read the lines without a heart thrill."

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

* * *

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Five years before the Civil War William Sheppard Benson was born at Macon, Georgia. As a lad he knew something of the dark days following reconstruction, but felt that the world was growing brighter when he was off to attend the United States Naval Academy. He advanced rapidly from a midshipman in 1877 to a recommendation to Congress by the President to be made an Admiral after forty-seven years of active service. When Chief of Naval Operations he was appointed by President Wilson to confer with the Allied Powers in Europe in 1917 and was made a member of a special commission abroad in 1918. Upon his return to the United States he continued as Chief of Naval Operations up to 1919, when he was retired by the immutable operation of the law, after which he served as chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, which had much to do with the rehabilitation of the American Merchant Marine.

BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES

The Methodist Episcopal Bishop chooses the Lines of a Living American Poet

In meeting him in his work in various parts of the country, I have found Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes "more cosmopolitan than a clergyman." He has lived in many cities and has such a wide experience in religious and educational circles. His birthplace lies in the mountains of West Virginia at Moundsville. A student at the University of that state, he took degrees at the Ohio Wesleyan University and became a Methodist Episcopal pastor at Newton Centre and in Malden, Mass. Acting president of Boston University, a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, and president of De Pauw University, gave him a vast amount of association with big movements and men in important positions which made him a leader in education.

"Among short bits of verse," said Bishop Hughes, "perhaps I can quote one that is comparatively unfamiliar, although written by Edwin Markham."

I built a chimney for a comrade old,
I did this service without hope of hire;
And then I wandered on in winter's cold,
Yet all the day I glowed before the fire.

"There is a wealth of sentiment to me in this brief verse," said the Bishop. A further evi-

dence of his discriminating taste is shown in his love for Tennyson's "In Memoriam." All who love real melody of rhythmic line will enjoy that portion of the poem which reads:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
  Thou madest life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death, and lo, my feet
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
  Thou madest man, he knows not why,
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Our little systems have their day,
  They have their day and cease to be;
  They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

The Beloved Author Recalls how he was Touched by the Deep Sentiment in "A Mother's Dream"

"Anyone who has lost a dear child must feel the simple beauty of the lines 'Mater Dolorosa' by William Barnes. This 'Mother's Dream' impressed me deeply thirty years ago and touches a deep spring of feeling:"

I'd a dream tonight
As I fell asleep.
O, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep.
Of my little lad
Gone, to leave me sad.
Ay, the child I had
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high
I my child did seek,
There in train came by
Children fair and meek.
Each in lily white
With a lamp alight,
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O, it did not burn.
He, to clear my doubt
Said,—half turned about,
"Your tears put it out,
Mother, never mourn."

The beloved Henry Van Dyke was speaking, replying to my query, to tell me of some lines that had an especial meaning for him. Coming from one who has given so many poetic thoughts to the world, the answer was to me most significant.

From "Avalon" in Princeton Dr. Van Dyke has penned many messages that have comforted and inspired thousands. Over the business man's desk, in the machine shop, framed in the library, gracing the guest room, and above all carried in the handbag or vest pocket, you find his sentiments cherished and re-read as something to live by. His bits of philosophy are so clean-cut they naturally take the permanent form of "mottos."

This charming personage—forever young—was born in Germantown in 1852. The son of a clergyman, he was brought up in an atmosphere that prepared him for his life work. Princeton, the Polytech of Brooklyn, the Theological School, Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania have all done something toward influencing his work or have awarded him degrees.

After a pastorate at Newport, R. I., he came to the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York and a professorship at Princeton. He was American Minister to Holland and Luxenburg during the World War.

MARION TALLEY

The Youthful Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company gives Her Favorite Prose Selection

Youth! And youth never more enviable and beautiful than when endowed with the gift of song! That was in the minds of hundreds who were privileged to witness the debut of Marion Talley, appearing as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926. Not since Patti, at sixteen, took her world by storm, had there been an audience so tense—in fact, so unbelieving—as those who waited for a mere slip of a girl to take her place among the trained and experienced members of the company. Most singers think of the Metropolitan as a Mecca of future years, but Miss Talley began at her Mecca. The story of her triumph is well known to the world. Twenty curtain calls after the final curtain tells the story of her reception.

This debut was made at the age of nineteen—at an age when most singers are working hard on the fundamentals of voice culture. Quite easily and naturally the young singer took her place, as composed as when in childhood she sang to her dolls. Critics who hold that music runs in the blood stream of Europeans and that Americans cannot hope to achieve the same standards, were glad to retract, for Miss Talley studied one year abroad—in sunny Italy.

The young singer was born in Nevada, Missouri, in 1906. She received her education in the public schools of Kansas City, Missouri, whence her parents had removed in 1907. She made two operatic appearances in leading roles with the Kansas City Civic Opera Company at the age of fifteen.

Miss Talley entered into musical public life with the love and interest of her town folks behind her, and she well repays their thought when she speaks with the conviction that one may receive just as fine training in America as in Europe. Also she is generous enough to say that many other girls might do all that she has accomplished if given the right opportunity.

Like many others, Miss Talley feels that prose often carries the mind to heights as well as poetry, and we get a glimpse of her nobleness of mind when we give her favorite lines from Robert Ingersoll:

> I do not care so much where, as with whom, I live. If the right folks are with me, I can manage to get a good deal of happiness in the city or the country. After all, a palace without affection is a poor hovel, and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace for the soul.

Miss Talley has said that "no one expected a girl from the Corn Belt to do big things." This, her favorite selection, refutes, in a way, this attitude of mind; it does not matter from whence we come—it is how we come into our own.

PRESIDENT W. J. HARAHAN

The President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Routes His Throb via. "Thanatopsis"

"Somewhat sombre is 'Thanatopsis,' " said W. J. Harahan, prominent railroad official, "but on deeper thought it has a more cheerful spirit. Anyway—it is my favorite."

Thoughts of "the last bitter hour" must come to every man, but no man has been engaged in more constructive work—work that makes for permanence in the upbuilding of the country, than President Harahan. Born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1867, he began his life career in railroads and transportation at an early age, which has brought him to the positions of General Manager and Vice-President, now acting as President of the Chesapeake & Ohio. With foresight he realized that cheap, rapid and efficient transportation in modern life makes for the development of the masses. Successful farming depends upon it.

Very important was his appointment as member of the United States Railroad Board of Adjustment. Through a critical period he worked earnestly to help adjust matters that concerned the great labor question and involved every railroad in the country—directly or indirectly.

When I asked for his favorite poem and he gave me "Thanatopis," I realized that railroad

presidents hold closely to sentiment and often possess a fine literary discrimination, endorsed in Mr. Harahan's selection.

As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who, in turn, shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

REX BEACH

The Popular Author Finds His Heart Inclined Toward a Poem by Hudson Maxim

Whether in Florida, where he spent his school days, or in Alaska on the far northern border of the U. S. A., I found Rex Beach the same big-hearted man.

"Here is a poem that never fails to stir me," he said. "I think it is a great piece of work."

A whirr of dust is sweeping the hill
Between the grey dawn and the huge black mill,
There is a drift of rags and of skinny bones
With skeleton feet on the ruthless stones.
What specters are these in the witching light,
This ghostly rear-guard of the night,
Wearily treading the trail of the dark,
Arousing the morn before the lark?
What wights are these so gaunt and lean,
With lagging pace and drowsy mein,
Who under the dim lamp's flickering glow
Wind into the cavernous mill below?
A sortie of ghouls aloose from the tomb,
Or a rabble of writhes begot of the gloom?
No,—goblins and ghouls such tasks would shirk—
It is only the children going to work.

Everyone who is familiar with the writings of this prominent author will discover an underlying sense of justice in his work, a genuine respect for the "god of things as they are." Sentiment and a compassion for the under dog is something that breathes through his stories. That is undoubtedly the reason why "Shadows

of Dawn," by the late Hudson Maxim—himself an indefatigable suporter of the oppressed—should appeal to a man who wrote such a stirring book as "The Spoilers."

Atwood, Michigan, is his native place, but as a boy he traveled in the South, and later attended the Chicago College of Law as well as Kent College. Just why such training should develop a writer is difficult to analyze. The creative power defies analysis, if present in any considerable degree it seems bound to shape the occupation.

Among the most widely read of this author's books are: "The Barrier," "Silver Horde," "The Net," "Auction Block" and "Rainbow's End." Mr. Beach makes his home in New York City, and as president of the Authors' League has done much to help and encourage the younger authors who are to follow him.

PAUL HARRIS

The "Father of Rotary" chooses Whittier's "Snowbound" as His Favorite

"I have a feeling that the poem which warms the cockles of my heart is Whittier's 'Snowbound,' said Paul Percy Harris, known by thousands as "The Father of Rotary." He was the founder of that organization, and to him we must look for the inception of the idea—the beginning of that form of good fellowship and challenge to loneliness that has been so far-reaching.

Every great and small city has its Rotary Club and in nearly every such club there is a charitable or humanitarian objective—such as the care of crippled children or other unfortunates.

That was not the original idea, nor were the clubs formed for cultural purposes. Mr. Harris has said that he felt a loneliness that he knew others must feel and he arranged to have a few busy men meet together at stated periods to discuss topics of the day, exchange stories and give experiences. The simile of the diminutive acorn and the giant tree—though well worn—best describes the tremendous growth of Rotary Clubs.

Paul Harris was a Chicago lawyer and a widely traveled man. He was raised in Wal-

lingford, Vermont, educated at Princeton and studied law at the University of Iowa. His first work was on the staff of newspapers in San Francisco, Denver and Washington. He made several trips to Europe and visited the West Indies before he settled down the practice of law. Among all the members of the great Rotary movement, it is a rule to address each other by the first name or a nickname. That is the secret of the fellowship feeling—one of the links of friendship.

The national organization was founded in 1910 and in 1912 the International Rotary organization came into being, with the object of establishing clubs in Canada, England and other countries.

"When I think of New England, I like to think of her best as clad in snow," said the President Emeritus, and it is pleasant to be reminded of that perfect picture so ably interpreted by our gentle New England poet:

The sun that brief November day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.

* * * *

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray sky darkened into night,

A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piles the window frame,
And thro' the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

This gentle picture is truly rural New England in the grip of its winter, but the lines which are reflective are perhaps oftenest quoted:

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love we still live on!

* * * *

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.

BENJAMIN W. SANGOR

One of America's Largest Real Estate Operators chooses "Evangeline"

In two sharply-contrasted environments, both of which he calls home, Benjamin W. Sangor, one of the largest realty operators in the country, eminent in community building, gave me his heart throb. In the brilliant and almost blinding glare of Broadway, shining in on his apartment at the Astor Hotel, New York, he began repeating the enchanting verses from Longfellow's "Evangeline":

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre.

That was the story of a tragic Arcady, but it brought to mind another and a happier one—at Pinewald, New Jersey, "where the pine forests meet the sea," and where a new day play city is in the making, as Mr. Sangor said: "This is my city home, but I want you to come with me to my real home in the pine woods on the Jersey Shore a few hours away, and you will understand why I am so intense in my love of Longfellow's lines. When I first began to read English, Longfellow seemed to be the poet who took me by the hand and welcomed me to the rich storehouse of American literature."

Three hours after I found myself with him at his home, called "Cedar Crest," among the whispering pines and sands of the Jersey shore. Pointing to the west, calling attention to a beautiful sunset, he continued, "There is a picture that hangs on the wall of heaven painted by the great Creator that to me surpasses all the thrills that I can ever hope to have in any art gallery. The quiet of these woods and the close contact to nature will perhaps explain to you why my favorite poem is "Evangeline.' "

Benjamin Sangor was an emigrant boy who in twenty-five years after landing at Ellis Island has become one of the largest real estate operators in the country. He attended night school at Milwaukee, and after graduating at the North Division School, attended the University of Wisconsin, working nights as a waiter or anything he could do to support himself, and finally graduated from the Marquette Law School. He became a successful lawyer and as he had an intense liking for real estate, specialized on realty law. In order to test his ability as an operator he gave up a large practice. What he did in and about Chicago is a matter of real estate history—sixty-three separate developments—every one a success! Eastward he turned and then to Florida. After studying the situation there, he was convinced that the real homes of the future should be far afield, with plenty of open space for outdoor recreation in close proximity. Searching everywhere about New York, he settled upon a tract located on Barnegat Bay in New Jersey, equidistant from New York and Philadelphia, adjacent to the Lakewood district, within fifty miles of Atlantic City, and here he founded Pinewald, his dream recreation city in the pines by the seashore.

ROBERT HOBART DAVIS

The Celebrated Editor and Columnist of the "New York Sun" heralds Joaquin Miller's "Goodbye to Bret Harte" as Heart Throb Universal

There is a tradition that when the keen, gray eyes of Robert Hobart Davis are focused upon a manuscript its fate is decided. When he lays the paper aside and begins commenting it is always incisive, quizzical and to the point—establishing his own definite decision.

As the editor of periodicals, this erstwhile newspaper man who came from the Pacific coast to New York, has been the godfather of many successful fiction writers. Ever ready with constructive suggestions that have helped many aspiring young American novelists over the thorny pathway, from the writing of the story to the happy day of its acceptance, he has won a place in the hearts of writers. His column in the *New York Sun* reveals a lively "Bob" Davis, counted one of the premier reconteurs of his time. He can always tell a story that has a snap in it. Naturally I expected from him a heart throb story with a brilliant glow of humor in it. While dining on wild turkey which he had barbecued, and which he had enhaloed with a sauce christened by the diners as a "Kohinoor"—a gem in the epicurean art—he told me:

"My favorite heart throb is one that I believe no one can read without a real tug at the emotions. It is Joaquin Miller's 'Goodbye to Bret Harte.' If you could only picture with these lines the scene at the Golden Gate in San Francisco, which the master poet so vividly described, you would understand why, when I first read the lines, it pulled at every heart string. You know I have lived three score years and these years cover the most eventful achievements in human history as far as material advacement is concerned. I suppose I have read ten thousand manuscripts of fiction—good, bad, and indifferent. Some thrillers and intensely interesting in plot development, but when you want to reach down to the foundation of enduring emotions, you'll find it in verse.

"When word came to Joaquin Miller, in May, 1902, that his friend, Bret Harte, was dead, he embalmed his grief in the wonderful poem of farewell here printed. He pictured the somber ship of death, traveling silently at sunset out through the Golden Gate."

He handed me a scrap of paper that he took from his pocket-book and upon which was recorded a heart favorite of Robert Hobart Davis:

Yon yellow sun melts in the sea;
A somber ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz tow'rd Orient skies—
A mist is rising to the eyes—
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Yon sea bank booms far funeral guns!
What secrets of His central suns,
Companion of the peak and pine,
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

You loved the lowly, laughed at pride,
We mocked, we mocked and pierced your side;
And yet for all harsh scoffing heard
You answered not one unkind word,
But went your way, as now: Good night!

How stately tall your ship, how vast,
With night nailed to your leaning mast
With mighty stars of hammered gold
And moon-wrought cordage manifold!
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Born in Brownsville, Nebraska, Robert H. Davis spent his early childhood amid the wind-swept breezes beyond the Missouri. Learning the printer's trade at an early age, he developed the faculty of writing "good stuff." Making his way to the Pacific coast, across the Rockies, he began his active newspaper career in the days when Bret Harte and Mark Twain, of that early school of Golden West authors, were at the height of their fame. He even worked in the same newspaper office where young Harte set type, and Bret Harte was to him a reality and Joaquin Miller a poet with whom he communed in the flesh. "Bob" Davis in the *New York Sun* shines forth as a luminous genius.

The spirit of Joaquin Miller's lines will apply to Bob Davis as well as Bret Harte when his time comes to say goodbye.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

The Editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" Discovers a Heart Touch in Walt Whitman's Lines "To Those Who've Failed"

As editor of one of the first American periodicals reaching a circulation of millions, George Horace Lorimer has kept in close touch with the thought and emotions of people. The *Saturday Evening Post* has been a power because it accurately gauges the minds of millions. While there has been little verse printed in its pages, there has been ever apparent the imagery of poesy in its fiction and articles catching the sentiment of business, industry and the social and political life of the country. The epics of the age have been written in achievements, amazing and bewildering, which he has chronicled in varied forms of the literary art in the pages of his magazine. His own books indicate that he was an editor qualified not only to edit but to direct contributors in providing the best work possible to express current ideas. I have seen him at work in his office in Philadelphia overlooking Independence Square, where the old Liberty Bell proclaimed what the newspapers and periodicals flash to the people today. The quaint colonial furniture, pictures, mirrors, and furnishings of his office somehow suggest what the founder of his periodical, Benjamin

Franklin, might have had in his office if he had moved and had his physical being in these piping days of "Step lively!" Not far from this office, in Camden, lived and died Walt Whitman, the philosopher and poet.

"If you want to include something I like, quote these lines, 'To Those Who've Fail'd,' by Walt Whitman," said Mr. Lorimer:

To those who've fail'd in aspiration vast,
To unnamed soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers—to over-ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition—I'd rear a laurel-cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest—to all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

The eloquent expression of the poet who wrote the great poem on Lincoln, "My Captain, Oh, My Captain," makes us think of the torches held aloft by Genius unknown, cut off before it flamed into the full-orbed splendor of achievement.

It was in Louisville, Ky., that George Horace Lorimer first saw the light of day. The son of a famous Baptist clergyman, he lived in many cities, including Chicago and Boston, before taking up his life work. He began his business career as a clerk with Armour & Co., Chicago, and his experiences here led to his writing the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son." George Lorimer is one editor who works.

ARTHUR BRISBANE

The Distinguished and Popular Editor has not forgotten Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" as a Heart Throb

When Arthur Brisbane, probably the most famous editor of his time, turns his head and talks to you directly in staccato tones, he is saying something worth while in the same way that he talks with millions of readers every day. Removing his glasses, giving them a shine in a meditative way, he spoke up briskly when I mentioned the new book, "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People."

"I am not famous, and at my age my heart throbs, if any, are few. Villon's 'Prayer to the Virgin,' that he wrote for his mother, gives me most intense pleasure as I read it, in the old French. But I am afraid it would lose much of its beauty translated into modern French, and I am quite certain that it could not be well translated into English.

"When I was a boy and had many heart throbs, 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and 'Horatius at the Bridge,' both in a way rather poor poetry, delighted me as much as anything.

"Apart from heart throbs, I think I might now choose Macbeth's Soliloquy, when told 'the Queen is dead':

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

"Shakespeare's comparison of life to a shadow, a 'brief candle,' an actor 'strutting his little hour upon the stage,' etc., should be recommended to those who do not realize that fifty per cent of power in writing is in *comparisons*.

"Also, in 'Macbeth,' I believe every man must feel deeply the words of Macduff when he hears that his wife and all his children have been killed, the lines ending, 'Did heaven look down and would not take their part?' There is more feeling in those few lines than in many more conventional heart throbs."

On the nineteenth anniversary of his birth in Buffalo, 1864, Arthur Brisbane ascended the winding iron steps of the old *New York Sun* office, applied to Chester Lord for a job, and got one at $15 a week. After a vigorous apprenticeship in Europe and America, Arthur Brisbane made an instantaneous success of the *New York Evening Journal*, as a leader in world affairs.

L. F. LOREE

The President of the New York Chamber of Commerce turns to Lines from a Persian Poet

"My favorite poem? I should say that, perhaps, of any poem of which I am fond," said Leoner Fresnel Loree, who has won the title of "special physician to sick railroads." A title like that is not easily acquired, as is a nickname, for it carries with it the reputation for tremendous executive ability. The title was awarded because Mr. Loree has built up, reorganized, and put on a paying basis—even a great money-earning basis—numberless roads that were slipping into insolvency or oblivion. He was only forty-three years old when he resuscitated the Baltimore & Ohio road, and that gigantic undertaking is one of the most brilliant in railroad history. The Rock Island Line, St. Louis and the San Francisco came under his genius for organization. He has also been president of the Delaware & Hudson route and executive head of half a dozen transcontinental systems.

L. F. Loree says that "accuracy and thoroughness are the basis of business achievement," and he has modestly said that his own successes came from three things: judgment, memory and the power of concentration—with more credit to the last named than the others.

Mr. Loree was born in Fulton City in 1858.

His father was a millwright and moved to Rahway, N. J., and as Rutgers College was near, the son naturally entered and was graduated from there. He specialized in science and mathematics. After graduation he shouldered a tripod and began work as assistant to an engineer. He was for two years in the United States army engineering corps located in Mexico as head of the construction service of the Mexico National Railroad.

That this busy man has had time for wide reading is shown by his citing, as one of his favorites, lines from the Persian poet:

> Amurath to Amurath descendeth,
> But the stars in their courses rise
> And the strong towers that we have built
> They endure.

Those are more hopeful in spirit than the verses of Omar,—

> The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon
> Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.
>
> * * * *
>
> Think in this battered caravanserai
> Whose Ports are alternate Night and Day,
> How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
> Abode his destined hour and went his way.

LORD ROTHERMERE

Distinguished Newspaper Magnate of Great Britain discovers a Real Heart Thrill in Kipling's "If"

Over the rail of the *Laconia*, gazing pensively into the waters of the Caribbean Sea, Lord Rothermere gave me his heart throb. There was a smile in his gray eyes under the turned-down brim of his Panama hat as he replied:

"There is one little word that titles my favorite poem, but how much those two letters mean in the whirl of the life span. Kipling's 'If' rings out like a clarion call, and explains the ideal philosophy of life which I think is dear to Britons."

His nephew, Mr. Harmsworth, was near at hand and repeated the verses that have been the inspiration of people in all lands. A translation in thirty languages does not seem to affect the noble sentiment of the poem written by the Sage of Sussex, who is living at Burwash in the ripe hours of his great work.

As the great ship glided along, we could almost hear the echo of Kipling's words in the throbbing of the engines and the swish of the waves.

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving hands can hurt you,
If all men count with you but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And which is more—you'll be a MAN, my son.

The World War record of Lord Rothermere is an outstanding exemplification of the sentiment of his favorite poem. All over the Empire and the world at large extends the influence of Lord Rothermere and his newspapers. As one of the seven Harmsworth boys and an associate of his distinguished brother, the late Lord Northcliffe, one of the supreme figures in the stirring years of the world's last cataclysm of bloodshed, Lord Rothermere is now equally intent on the problems that have to do with world peace.

IRVING T. BUSH

Founder of Bush Terminal selects Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "So many gods, so many Creeds"

Seated behind his desk, in the tower of the building that bears his name—thirty stories above the sidewalks, at 130 West 42d Street, New York City, in the heart of Manhattan, at the crossroads of the world—Irving T. Bush talked with me about the verse that had helped him and encouraged him most. Certainly there must be a real heart throb in this verse which has influenced a man who has attained such success.

Irving T. Bush was born at Ridgeway, Michigan, and received his early education there. He came of "business stock." His father was a wealthy manufacturer and the son completed his education by traveling around the world on his father's yacht, *Coronet*. While he was in Europe he studied the systems in vogue at various ports. This study made such a profound impression on him that he came back to this country with one idea in mind—the waterways in and around New York were not appreciated. That was twenty-five years ago. Since that day he has dedicated his life and energy to prosecuting a vigorous program on terminals, warehouses and trackage, both in this country and Europe, with phenomenal success.

He early came into a large inheritance; this he placed enthusiastically into his project. Many folks criticised him, called his enterprise "folly," but all of this did not deter him one whit in his determined prosecution of the work to which he had dedicated his life.

Singularly enough I noticed on his desk, in a beautiful frame, this little motto: "Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there." After all, even though he had wealth, his success is undoubtedly due to his persistence and steadfastly sticking to the work he had set out to do.

He has evolved a philosophy of religion and life which can be stated in four simple lines, he told me. Glancing out of the windows from the tower of his building and in a reminiscent mood—probably going back over his twenty-five business years—he finally remarked: "On the wall of the bedroom of my aunt, who has seen eighty-three years come and go, hangs this little verse:"

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

"It is the wisdom of the ages," he concluded.

GEOFFREY O'HARA

The Popular Composer of "K-K-K-Katy" and "There Is No Death" finds a Heart Melody in "The Bivouac"

A tall and fascinating young man was speaking on the platform and holding his audience riveted with his descriptions of music; then seating himself at the piano he would play and sing for them his own compositions to illustrate the point he had made in his entertaining address. It was none other than Geoffrey O'Hara, the composer and writer, whose songs have been heard around the world. He is the author of "K-K-K-Katy," which was sung during the World War in a rollicking chorus by the doughboys on the Western front, to say nothing of the millions in the United States and Canada.

Geoffrey O'Hara was born in Chatham, Ontario, Canada, in 1882 and studied music at the Chatham Collegiate Institute. He came to the United States in 1904 and is now a citizen—and a good one, too. In 1913, Caruso at the height of his fame selected one of his songs for concert work, as did other Grand Opera artists. He was the pioneer Army song leader and was appointed by the Department of the Interior at Washington as "instructor in Indian Music."

In his charming home at Tuckahoe, N. Y., Geoffrey O'Hara continues his musical compo-

sitions. Probably no song that has ever been sung has more of a heart throb in it than his own "There is No Death." He has also written an operetta, "Peggy and the Pirate."

This cheerful Geoffrey O'Hara is always attuned to the keynote of optimism, and I was somewhat surprised when he announced:

"My favorite poem is the 'Bivouac of the Dead.' There is something that stirs the very depths of my heart as I read it over and over again. Then, too, I will confess that Theodore O'Hara, the author was a relative."

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

SENATOR LAWRENCE COWLE PHIPPS

The Senator from Colorado discovers Enduring Beauties in Robert Munger's "On the Threshold"

In the midst of his busy days at Washington I found in Senator Phipps one who has risen steadily and successfully from modest beginnings. It was natural to ask what influences moulded his life and character.

"The book which impressed me strongly," replied the Senator, "and the precepts that influenced my life, I found in Robert Munger's 'On the Threshold.' The line on the frontispage is the keynote of the book,

'Many are they who stumble on the threshold.'

The author in that book sets forth the reason for such stumbling. While the modern youth might consider the work rather 'preachy,' he would do well to follow some of the admonitions,—old but forever new, and always of value to mankind, especially at the threshold of life. The opening chapter deals with this declaration of 'Purpose':

Man may be divided in many ways, but there is no clearer cut division than between those who have a purpose and those who are without one. It is the character of the purpose that determines the man.

While not in the exact wording of the text, most men who have attained greatness have had a distinct purpose. The author of the book cites the life of Disraeli who, as a young Jew, scoffed into silence in the House of Commons, related quietly, with a smile, "The time will come when you will listen to me." It was the purpose of his life that made him England's Prime Minister.

Lawrence Cowle Phipps, born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1862, a re-elected Colorado Senator in 1928, began life in the Carnegie iron mills. He made a thorough study of his work and having the essentials for promotion, he became in time vice-president and treasurer, which offices he resigned when U. S. Steel bought out the concern. Senator Phipps settled in Denver, Colo., where he founded and endowed the Agnes Memorial Sanitorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, and has there centered his activities in addition to his strenuous duties as Senator from the Centennial State.

MERLE THORPE

The Editor of "Nation's Business" sends in a Trio of Gems

In the realm of business and as a director of the *Nation's Business*, issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Merle Thorpe is regarded as the supreme authority on the philosophy of modern commerce. As promptly as Dr. Cadman on the radio, he responded to my inquiry, naming a trilogy of poems that are tried and tested favorites of thousands of others. He chose them in quick succession and quoted lines from each, indicating that these classics were lying very close to his heart. The first verse of "Invictus" rolled trippingly from his tongue with the same eloquence of his public addresses.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Then came the closing lines of Kipling's classic "If," reaching a second act climax:

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And which is more,—you'll be a *Man*, my son.

The curtain fell on his three selections with the soothing lines of Gray's immortal "Elegy," without a suggestion of churchyard gloom.

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Merle Thorpe was born in Brimfield, Ill., in November, 1879. A student at Stanford University seven years after Herbert Hoover had graduated, he launched into newspaper work. After an editorial experience in Kansas, where genius blooms with the profusion of sunflowers, he became Professor of Journalism in the the University of Washington and president of American Association of Journalism. Having made a special study of business from every angle, he has concluded that business is the genius of the age and has already become as glorified in ethical purpose and impulse as the arts.

SENATOR A. H. VANDENBERG

The Michigan Senator does not forget the popular Journalist Poet Frank Stanton

"All my life I have been a lover of poetry," said Senator A. H. Vandenberg, "and my head is so full of accumulated lines that no one poem stands out paramount, but Frank Stanton's homely, moving verses particularly appeal to me and I can repeat them over and over again.

This life that we're a livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet.

There is much sentiment in verses by Stanton that is endearing,—one especially, beginning:

There's a lot of fun in livin'
And a lot of joy in life.

These two lines express a volume of honest philosophy."

Michigan has produced its many eminent men. Grand Rapids was the birthplace of Senator Vandenberg who is a product of the law schools of that State. Editorial work led to his connection with *Collier's Magazine* and later to the presidency of the Grand Rapids Herald Publishing Company. He is the fifth member of the United States Senate who is an active newspaper man. His wide acquaintance ex-

tends over many states and he has held many important positions, but is best known as a political orator with a particularly stirring and sympathetic forceful appeal. Dedicatory addresses have been one form of public speaking for which he is much sought when he can be detoured from his newspaper work and assiduous attention to the rather interesting routine that comes to those serving as members of the greatest deliberative legislative body in the world known as the United States Senate.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

The Popular Actor finds in his own experience in the "Pilgrimage" the "Heart Throb" of the centuries.

"When I was playing Jesus of Nazareth, in the 'Pilgrimage,' said William Faversham, "the greatest thrill that I have ever felt in the theatrical atmosphere, came from the last line our Saviour spoke. Standing on the side of the mountain, glorified with light, he hears the voices of Angels in Heaven, singing most beautifully. As their voices die away, he spreads his arms to all on earth and says:

'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the earth.' That picture and those words transcend all poetic construction. It has often been said that the poet sees what is deeper than human experience—what is 'out and beyond' that which is visible to the ordinary mind. Nothing can be deeper in meaning or embrace more adequately the message of the Master than those words."

It would be one dull of sensibility who would not feel a "heart throb" on hearing them spoken in a voice like that of William Faversham, who has always maintained the dignity of his profession,—indeed and has exemplified it in his work and life. Of English birth he seemed to inherit the national talent for acting that be-

longs to his countrymen who founded the art. Born in 1868 he attended the public schools in Essex and Hillmartin College in London and had some experience as an English yeoman and one year on the stage before he came to this country at the age of twenty.

He will first be remembered as supporting Mrs. Fiske for two years and that would serve as a wonderful preparation for his later work for the best was demanded of him. He married the popular actress Julie Opp. Under the Frohman management he was leading man at the Empire Theatre for six years and for nine years was a member of a company playing that wonderful dramatization, "The Squaw Man." In this work he stood out prominently, as it revealed a new note in the theatre. His rendering of the lines augmented the striking conceptions of the author.

With his successes as treasure of sweet memory, it is an uplifting thought that, out of it all, his greatest moments were delivering the lines that are held as a sacred promise which is repeated again and again down through the ages,

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

HERMAN A. METZ

The Former Comptroller of New York City and Congressman gives "Gray's Elegy" as a Heart Favorite

While rushing for a train in the Grand Central Station after a banquet, Herman A. Metz responded in his usual prompt, decisive way, to my shouted query.

"Whenever I hear the word 'poem' I always think of 'Gray's Elegy.' "

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Think of it, a poem of a churchyard, quoted in the whirling maelstrom with people rushing hither. It all seemed like an anachronism, but

the decision of Herman Metz was reflective of the high ideals of the man who has been accounted the best Comptroller that the metropolis of the country ever had. His record in Congress and career as a business man is one characteristic of the clean and wholesome achievements of Herman Metz, who was educated in the public schools of New York City, his birthplace, and studied evenings at Cooper Union. Later he received the degree of D. Sc. at Union College, Schenectady, and LL. D. at Manhattan College, New York.

While Herman A. Metz is primarily a business man and manufacturer of dyestuffs and chemicals and president of the Metz Laboratories at Ettrick Mills, he has devoted much of his lifetime to public service as a member of the Board of Education and Commissioner of the Board of Charities of New York. His native wit and sense of humor even pervade the serious sessions of Societies for the Exploitation of Biology, Naturalism and Zoology, for Herman Metz is always very human, even in his discussion of scientific research.

SENATOR WESLEY JONES

The Senator from the State named for Washington decides with Lincoln in the Poem, "Oh Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

When it comes to a thorough discussion of the Merchant Marine or any of the problems of the great Pacific Northwest in Washington, one naturally thinks of Senator Wesley L. Jones, chairman of the Committee on Commerce. He hails from the State named for the Father of our Country, and has pioneered in territorial days. Wesley Livesey Jones is a native of the state from whence came Lincoln, for he was born at Bethany, Ill., in 1863. Admitted to the Bar in 1886, he removed to the then Territory of Washington immediately afterwards, locating in North Yakima. A political career began in the Blaine campaign in 1884 has continued without cessation, for he has taken an active part in every campaign since that time. Serving three terms, he has become one of the leaders of the United States Senate. There was no hesitancy when I propounded to him the proposition of a favorite poem.

"Could I do better than to recite to you some of the verses of Lincoln's favorite poem, 'O, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?'

"I have recited these lines on the school room rostrum and on the floor of the U. S. Senate."

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud;
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

* * * *

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, and the songs and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

"These lines have come to me at various times in my life when I thought I was really doing something and becoming a personage of some consequence. Then I would sometimes think of John Wesley, the man for whom I was named, and his modesty amid all his achievements. In reading biography of really great men I have been more and more impressed with the simplicity of their natures and their supreme humility and sincerity that reflect the spirit of the lowly Nazarene."

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON

The Floor Leader of the U. S. Senate is Partial to Byron as a Heart Throb Poet

After swinging his arms aloft in a spirited debate on the floor of the United States Senate, Senator James Enos Watson settled down in his seat, wet his lips and sat for some time in a reverie. Observing this from the gallery, I said to myself, "This is the time to secure his heart throb." Shortly after he left his seat and started for his office to sign up the evening mail.

"In my young days I was very partial to 'Childe Harold' and many of Byron's poems, and I think perhaps his lines stir me more than any others, for who can even repeat a canto of 'Childe Harold' and not feel a heartful exhilaration:"

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music rose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?—No! 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

James Enos Watson was born in Winchester, Ind., in 1864, and his school teacher early decided that James Watson had a future, because he had made up his mind to attend DePauw University and become a preacher. After graduating, he decided to practice law with his father, Enos L. Watson. Moving to Rushville, he continued to rush matters in a political career, almost before he was old enough to vote, and he had scarcely passed his twenty-first year when he was selected to lead a congressional fight against the veteran William S. Holman, known favorably to the Democrats as the "Watchdog of the Treasury." The wiseacres declared that young Jim would not feel the licking much at his time of life. He made the campaign and won congressional honors in 1895. He has known victory and defeat, but has always had a loyal following. In 1912 he presided at the National Republican Convention.

In 1929 he was elected Republican floor leader of the United States Senate.

"It is difficult for me to tell just what poem I like next best, for there is 'Thanatopsis,' Gray's 'Elegy,' and 'Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' the favorite of Lincoln. For many years I was a great reader of poetry, but lately I have not had time to indulge myself in it, although genuinely fond of any poem that rings true, for I devoured Homer's 'Iliad' in younger days."

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

The Senior Cardinal of America finds a Heart Touch in Newman's Classic Lines

"There is something which seems to stamp all great men," wrote Cardinal O'Connell, when as a student he came into contact with Archbishop Gibbons. "It is a certain security of themselves and a kindliness to others."

This Lowell, Massachusetts lad early formed high ideals of thought and character. Even as a schoolboy he had a definite determination to make the best of his God-given ability. He was of a serious mind and has said that he enjoyed the benign influence of poetry, especially of such matchless compositions as "Thanatopsis." His early knowledge of Greek and Latin opened a storehouse of good literature, and during the years spent at the American College in Rome he became a great linguist. Travel was a further stimulant to his mental powers, and when, as Bishop of Portland, he was sent to the Mikado on a diplomatic mission in which he served the Catholic Church effectively by establishing many religious stations. At forty he was Archbishop of Boston and at fifty-two he became a cardinal.

Not only is His Eminence the director of a great church and a million souls, but he is an educator, orator, writer and musician. When,

on a great occasion in Rome, he delivered an address, he chose the language of the country and gave a masterpiece of composition in the purest diction.

While a devout student of religious history, the Cardinal has a masterful knowledge of world affairs and current events, but with his broad humanitarianism he does not lose the common touch of universal brotherhood and a kindliness for all.

As a student of music he has introduced the Gregorian chants into the Catholic service, and one of his own hymns has become nationally famous,—"Fierce is the fight for God and the right" being its stirring refrain. A verse is quoted:

O'er all the earth the hearts of men are dying,
Chilled by the storms of greed and strife;
O'er all the land rebellion's flag is flying,
Threatening our altars and the nation's life.
Sweet name of Jesus, in Thee is our might.

As one of his favorite poems the Cardinal gives "Lead, Kindly Light," which was also the favorite of President McKinley and President Harding.

W. P. G. HARDING

The Governor of a Federal Reserve Bank Calls Christmas Verse a Real Heart Throb

Over the desk of the banker pass papers and checks representing millions of dollars, but the real treasures of the heart of many a banker are the little clippings and mementos that are recorded in memory books. Turn back to the scenes of childhood and we incline to reverence that which has been "loved and lost awhile." This seems true in regard to cherished poems. Many favorites from people prominent in the public eye are the poems committed to memory in youth — and unforgotten through the years.

When I asked William P. G. Harding to give me the name of a verse which had remained tucked away in his mind, he gave:

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.

The very rhythm calls to mind the awe with which we listened to this poetic tale and every one of us would give much to feel again that thrilling delight that comes to us in Christmas time, with the mystery of Santa Claus.

A prominent figure in banking circles as well as in the social life of Boston, W. P. G. Harding began as a bookkeeper in a private bank in

Alabama, and soon followed the progressive steps that have led on to cashier and president of banks in Birmingham, Alabama, to the Governorship of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, D. C., and later at Boston. He was also the managing director of the War Finance Corporation in 1918 and 1919.

In his time Mr. Harding has seen the phenomenal development of banking systems. He long ago recognized that the banking system is largely responsible for the growth of a city and the history of banks is interwoven with the advancement of civilized life.

Mr. Harding was born in Greene County, Alabama, in 1864, and has the distinction of being the youngest full graduate in the history of the University of Alabama.

GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

The Commander of the "Yankee Division" in France Seeks Inspiration in Emerson

In his own genially gruff way, which his soldiers recall so affectionately, General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the 26th Division A.E.F., responded heartily.

"I think the self-sacrifice and the inspiration of the youth of America is expressed in Emerson's poem, especially in his lines:

> So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, "thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."

The General's appreciation of youth and the tremendous part young men played in the tragic struggle of our great war is nothing short of inspiring. For had I not seen him pin a medal on a dying boy in the hospital overseas and heard the admiration and the fine spirit breathe from lips soon to be cold when the reply came, "My General!" Then I knew what it meant to see a great man moved to the depths. Those of us who were with General Edwards at the front and on other occasions overseas, came to understand why he was a great commander and why he felt a heart throb at the lines, "The youth replies, 'I can'." It was that undying hope of youth that kept the stream of

American youth following on and on where duty led.

The retired Major General of the U. S. Army was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1860. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1883, and later received an A.M. from St. John's College, an LLD. from Fordham University of New York, while Boston College and the University of Michigan conferred honors upon him in 1923. His was a notable army record in Panama, and the Phillipines and when in charge of the Insular Bureau before he was called to command a Division overseas.

Where a man is born, what his parentage or his after training, counts but little against the real life of the man and the performance of his work. Training fits one to do his life work, but it does not perform it. It is hard to fix upon any one trait that has lifted a man to a position of honor and power, but when a man is thus raised, it is tremendously pleasant to find him unspoiled by success, loving life in its simplicity and still warm-hearted toward the world. Such is the beloved General Edwards.

There is an expression of peace and contentment in the very name which the General has given his estate at Westwood, Massachusetts—"Doneroving"—a name that implies a happy return to familiar and beloved association.

GOVERNOR ALBERT RITCHIE

The Popular Executive of "Maryland, My Maryland" Holds Dear a Verse by Carlotta Perry

At the National Democratic Convention in 1928, one of his Maryland admirers declared, "Governor Ritchie looks like a Governor, acts like a Governor and is ideal of the Chief Executive of a State." "To the manner born" has been said of the man who carries the cognomen of "Cabell" for a middle name. One might hardly expect to find less. Distinguished ancestry does not always provide a man with the charm and attentive bearing of Governor Ritchie. He always finds time for interested attention where he might be excused for being casual.

Albert Cabell Ritchie was born in Richmond, Virginia in 1876. His father was a judge and his home influences were toward those planes of culture that distinguish so many statesman of the South. Honors came to Governor Ritchie from John Hopkins and the University of Maryland. Admitted to the bar, he became assistant city solicitor and afterward Attorney-General, and has served as Delegate-at-large at the National Democratic Conventions for many years.

The Governor of Maryland is devoted to

his mother, who is an invalid. However, the title of invalid seems misplaced for Mrs. Ritchie wears her incapacities in such a charming way that there is no atmosphere of the sick room apparent. Radiant and cheerful, she is always daintily gowned and she holds court in a luxurious, sun-flooded room. Her own spirit of southern hospitality pervades the home and seems to serve as a background for the Governor's cordiality.

When I asked Governor Ritchie to give me a verse that he had remembered and held dear, he made the usual reply that hardly one shone out alone, but offhand he quoted a verse by Carlotta Perry,

> It was only a glad "good morning"
> As she passed along her way;
> But it spread the morning's glory
> Over the livelong day.

This is one more way of expressing Governor Ritchie's creed,—gracious good nature.

CARL LAEMMLE

The Founder and President of Universal Pictures Has a Love for Schiller's Lines

Before me was my old friend whom I had known in Oshkosh, and he still has a tender spot for the old home. Carl Laemmle, the little giant, does not forget the old friends and old home. "Youth is the period when the heart is permanently touched with a sentiment contained in some poem, and the indelible impression made in youth by Schiller's 'Die Glocke' makes it my heart throb. Like all German school children I committed the poem to memory and we were made to understand that the lines expressed a philosophy of life.

The modern English student would find it quite a task to learn the stately descriptive lines of "Die Glocke," but having done so, a supreme classic is his possession. The poem loses by translation, and the late Dr. Angell after witnessing Sir Henry Irving's performance of a German play, said: "All the stage effects of lighting and scenery, all the power of Irving's golden voice were forgotten when, on reaching home I read the work in the original and found drama." And so "Die Glocke" must lose something of its classic beauty when translated.

Firmly bound the mould of clay
In its dungeon walls doth stand

Born shall be the bell today!
Comrades up, now be at hand!
Ere in his work the master live
The blessing God alone can give
To what we earnestly prepare.
Now may an earnest word be said.
When good discourse our labors share
Then merrily the work is sped
Let us contemplate with zeal
What springs from feeble strength and thought.
Contempt for him we e'er must feel
Who planned not what his hands have wrought.
And as the sound dies on the ear
That makes the welkin ring on high
So may she teach the truth severe
All earthly grandeur soon must die.

* * * *

O'er our town let gladness reign
Peace—be this her first refrain!

When Carl Laemmle came to America he became a real American. He was early identified with the Motion Picture industry. As head of the Universal Photo Corporation, he was one of the pioneers in establishing the industry in Southern California.

Carl Laemmle was born in Laupheim, Germany in 1867, attended the public schools and high school and came to America in 1884. As manager of the Continental Clothing Company of Oshkosh, Wis., he had contacts with people that were reflected later in the amazing success he had in the motion picture industry, in which he has weathered storms and tempests, and knows how to enjoy the serenity of substantial success.

HERBERT HOOVER

In His President-elect Honeymoon Days Herbert Clark Hoover chooses Edgar Guest's Poem the "Fisherman" as His Heart Favorite

While I was on a cruise touching some of the ports that Herbert Hoover visited in his after-election Good Will tour, I had the time to reflect upon the verses selected by him as his heart favorite. I first discovered the verses in a frame on the wall of his office. He had frankly declared that he did not read poetry to any extent, but he intimated with a significant glance at this poem enshrined in a frame on the wall that it indicated a prime favorite. There is a sequel to this poem entitled "The Fishing Cure," and which was given "honorable mention."

Ever since the days when he recited his "Pieces to Speak" to Molly Brown, his old school teacher, who still lives in his native town, West Branch, Iowa, he has delved deep into the sciences and understands as few people the poetry of geology and metallurgy, to say nothing of the science of government. In his busy life Mr. Hoover has been creating epics in constructive work, rather than recording them in words.

He finds his own heart solace in verses that recall the old swimming hole in Iowa. These

provide him with precious hours of solitude alone with nature, where he may commune with the Muses in the shadows of the trees and by the rushing waters where the game trout challenges his skill as a disciple of Izaak Walton.

It was natural that he should have chosen a poet of today, one attuned to the thoughts and feelings of the time, as the bard to reflect his emotions. The modest Edgar Guest may well feel honored with the distinction that has come to him in having written a poem that is acclaimed a favorite of a distinguished President of the United States.

Along a stream that raced and ran
Through tangled trees and over stones,
That long had heard the pipes o' Pan
And shared the joys that nature owns,
I met a fellow fisherman,
Who greeted me in cheerful tones.

The lines of care were on his face.
I guessed that he had buried dead;
Had run for gold full many a race,
And kept great problems in his head,
But in that gentle resting place
No word of wealth or fame he said.

He showed me trout that he had caught
And praised the larger ones of mine;
Told me how that big beauty fought
And almost broke his silken line;
Spoke of the trees and sky, and thought
Them proof of life and power divine.

There man to man we talked of trees
And birds, as people talk of men;

Discussed the busy ways of bees;
Wondered what lies beyond our ken;
Where is the land no mortal sees,
And shall we come this way again.

"Out here," he told me, with a smile,
Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am."

Foes think the bad in him they've guessed
And prate about the wrong they scan;
Friends that have seen him at his best
Believe they know his every plan;
I know him better than the rest,
I know him as a fisherman.

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GEORGE GIBBS

The Author and Illustrator finds Shakespeare filled with Favorite Heart Throbs

George Gibbs, busy in his studio on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, laid aside his work long enough to add his mite to the chorus of tributes to Shakespeare as the great source of real heart throb poems.

"Shakespeare, I would say, satisfied all my different kinds of requirements in the way of favorite poems. Perhaps my favorite lines are:

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

He had quoted from memory and I am happy to say he had not missed a punctuation mark.

He was then at work on mural decorations forty feet long, dealing with the four phases of the life of Steven Girard for the Board Room of Girard College. The name and memory of Girard is one to conjure with in the City of Brotherly Love.

While George Gibbs may be registered as an artist and illustrator, his work as an author has brought him nation-wide fame. His books, beginning with "Pike and Cutlass" in 1900,

which doubtless was inspired by his experience at the Naval Academy at Annapolis from 1886 to 1888, have given him literary distinction. His novels, "The Yellow Dove" and "The Secret Witness," written during the war, served the purpose of relieving many anxious minds by diverting and detouring them into other realms of thought through these stirring stories. His colorful portfolio of American sea fights and imposing array of novels which he has written and illustrated—to say nothing of the portraits he has painted—suggest the busy life of Benjamin West and Benjamin Franklin, who set the Philadelphia pace of production in art, science and literature.

Mr. Gibbs was born in New Orleans and studied art in the Corcoran School of Art and Art Student's League in Washington. His home at Rosemont, Penn., is just such a retreat as one would expect from a lover of Shakespeare, an artist and author, and an all-round busy man and fine type of American citizenship.

BARRON COLLIER

The Street Car Advertising Magnate harks back to Gray's "Elegy" as a Real Heart Throb

When the world-famed Tamiami Trail was completed, tributes to Barron Collier as a constructive genius were printed far and wide. Collier County, Florida, named for him, contains an empire of Everglades opened for settlement by the Trail.

To busy men there is no time nor space in friendships. Out of a day crowded to the brim and running over with detail, perplexities and tedious listening to the machinery and complexities of business, there comes the letter of a warm-hearted friend—one who remembers. Years are bridged instantly. It may be only a brief epistolary "wig-wagging" as the "ships pass in the night," but it is exhilarating for days to come. Such has been my contact with old friends like Barron Collier since I began to collect favorite poems from the great army of prominent people. A more occupied, though unflurried, man than Barron Collier could not be found all along the coast from New York to Florida.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1873, is another fact, and compelling in interest also is the fact that he began his business career in the advertising field, entered the brokerage business in his

native city of Memphis and came to New York in 1900 to become president of the firm bearing his name and conducting street railway advertising. With all these multifarious activities, he found time to become the vice-president of the Boy Scouts Foundation of Greater New York.

The genial personality and the personification of vital energy are hardly reflected in Barron Collier's choice of poetic beauty. Like a great many others of ceaseless activities, he cherishes Gray's "Elegy." There is much brotherhood in the lines.

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

CHARLES L. EDGAR

The President of the Edison Company of Boston appreciates Joyce Kilmer's Tribute to God and Trees

Associated closely with Thomas Alva Edison in early youth, Charles L. Edgar, born in Griggstown, N. J., educated at Rutgers College, graduating in 1882, was one of Mr. Edison's "boys" who have become pre-eminent leaders in the electrical world. The first college degree bestowed on the Wizard of Menlo Park came from the Alma Mater of Charles Edgar. At the age of twenty-three he entered the employ of the Edison Electric Light Company of New York, which was at that time something of an experimental proposition. He became chief engineer of that company a few years later, but in 1878 was transferred to Boston to take charge of The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, with which he has been connected.

In his work at Boston, this devoted admirer of Edison has built up one of the largest electrical illuminating plants in the world. The Edgar Station, built at Weymouth in 1923, still remains one of the finest in the world and an outstanding achievement in electrical equipment. The picturesque location, in an environment associated with the earliest settlement of America, the scene of a notable historical picture.

While in college, Mr. Edgar knew the parents of Joyce Kilmer, then a small lad, who later attended Rutgers. A great lover of nature, it was logical that he should choose Kilmer's classic tribute to Trees as his heart favorite:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

How impressive it is that one who has devoted himself to electrical development should choose a poem on Nature for a heart throb. In all his activities with the National Electric Light Association and American Academy of Politics and Social Science, Mr. Edgar has kept very close to the human equation as indicated in the wonderful development of the radio station WEEI of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, which was christened "The Friendly Voice" early in the development of radio, and provides an unusual program covering sixteen hours of the waking day.

JOHN Q. TILSON

The Majority Leader of the House of Representatives chooses Two Passages from the Bible

I met Congressman John Q. Tilson in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and appreciating his rare intellect, I asked him to give me some favorite verse that he had liked to recall through the years. He said, "I am fond of poetry, but oftentimes simple, forceful prose moves me quite as much. I think of no greater passages in literature than two taken from the Bible. The first is Paul's defense before Agrippa. It is well known that this speech has been used as a model of oratory all down through the ages.

"The other selection is the plain, simple narrative contained in the speech of Judah before his brother Joseph, Governor of Egypt. I think this is one of the most heart-moving orations in literature."

How many scholars and devout men everywhere have voiced this admiration for the passages mentioned.

Then Paul stretched forth his hand and answered for himself. "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews. Especially as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews, wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently."

In that noble plea he asked:

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?

And after his plea comes that oft-repeated reply of the King,—

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

What more lofty plea than these lines from Holy Writ.

Oh, my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears and let not thine anger burn against thy servant for thou art even as Pharaoh. * * * Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad as a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me? Lest peradventure, I see the evil which shall come to my father.

Congressman Tilson was born at Clear Branch, Tenn., (1866) and after his graduation from Yale he took up law practice in New Haven. The path of law often leads to politics and along that path the eminent lawyer Tilson went to the House of Representatives, where he became the Speaker. He was a member of the sixty-first, sixty-second, sixty-fourth, sixty-fifth and sixty-eighth Congresses and for four years has been and is expected to be four years longer Majority Leader of the House.

His important law work did not hold him back from serving his country in the U. S. Volunteer Infantry of the Spanish War; he won the title of Colonel and served on the Mexican border.

JOHN J. LENTZ

The President of the American Insurance Union and Former Congressman quotes "Locksley Hall" by Tennyson

Life insurance—which has been an assurance of protection to hundreds of thousands—has been the life study of John J. Lentz, who is president for life of the American Insurance Union. Law claimed his attention in early life and after graduation at Columbus, Ohio, he was admitted to the bar and practiced in Columbus, where he remained in law partnership with Governor Nash until the latter's death.

From ocean to ocean the Democratic National Conventions have seen John J. Lentz as a prominent figure. He has also served as a member of the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth Congress.

At the "Citadel," the home of the American Insurance Union in Columbus, two lines formulated by Congressman Lentz are used in their literature and are engraved on a plaque in the lobby of the building. They might be said to express the deep sentiment in the mind of the man. One is, "He loves God most who serves Him best," and the other, "An honest man is the noblest work of God and an honest Government is the noblest work of man."

Another very important institution has bene-

fitted by the interest and support of the Congressman from Ohio, and that is the school and home at Mooseheart, where he was one of the founders, as he is continuously one of the governing board. Mooseheart, for which Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, has worked so untiringly as a founder and promoter, is one of the most worthy in the country, and its trades school is yearly sending forth young people who make their mark in the world.

"One of my favorite bits of verse," said Mr. Lentz, "is that part of 'Locksley Hall,' by Tennyson, that is so often quoted:"

* * * All things here are out of joint,
Science moves but slowly, slowly creeping on from point to point.

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

* * * *

Mother-Age (for mine I know not) help me as when life begun;
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

PAUL BLOCK

The Distinguished Publisher chooses "Contentment" as His Favorite

"If you want something done, ask a busy man." I thought of this when I asked Paul Block to give me his favorite poem. Unhesitatingly he gave "Contentment."

Particularly significant is this choice in a flurried age when men who accomplish as much as this editor seem to have little time to dwell on contentment or to read poems of reflection.

Mr. Block was born in Elmira, N. Y., in 1877 and chose Cornell for his college. Turning to newspaper work, for which he has proven an unusual aptitude, he became the president and publisher of the *Pittsburgh Post Gazette.* In turn he included the control of the *Toledo Blade*, the *Newark Star*, the *Duluth Herald* and *Memphis News.* He is also director of the *Pictorial Review.* By Mayor Walker Mr. Block was appointed to the Commission on City Planning and Survey in New York City.

Many are the books and poems written on the subject of Contentment and many have felt, with Bryant,—

Ah, why should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries and adore
Only among the crowds, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?

There is a contentment that bears the touch of resignation and another that offers a plea before contentment is possible. Something of that is expressed in the verse which Mr. Block has recalled to mind.

First of all, I beg thee, Sire,
Give me health, my main desire;
Next, just make my conscience clear
So that not even Thee I'll fear.
Lend me strength so I can give
To the humbler if they live.
If a fortune be in sight
On the road of wrong, not right—
Give me courage then, I pray,
From the right path not to stray;
If success or fame be mine,
Let me feel the hand was Thine.

* * * *

With these thoughts 'tis hard to see
How one can unhappy be.

Such a verse holds a creed, a prayer and a faith, and if the plea is granted surely contentment of the best would be possible to any man.

DR. WILLIAM EDGAR DEEKS

The Eminent Medical Authority in the Tropics finds His Heart Touch in Shakespeare's "Tempest"

While sailing the Caribbean area with Dr. William E. Deeks, the medical director of the United Fruit Company in the Tropics, I learned much about health in general. Few men have salvaged more human beings than Dr. Deeks through the company's hospitals, laboratories, and large staff of physicians. The company has expended more than ten million dollars in medical and sanitary work in their various divisions touching the shores of the Caribbean Seas.

Born on St. George's Day, April 23, 1866, at Morrisburg, Ontario, William Edgar Deeks has traveled widely. He spent four years in the Arts at college after an intensive high school training and subsequently in 1893 graduated from the medical school at McGill University, Montreal. During these student days he lectured on Zoology, and has the distinction of teaching many of his own class in this branch. After studying in London, Vienna and Heidelberg, Germany, he began the practice of medicine in Montreal. In 1906, during the earliest construction days, he became chief medical clinician at Ancon Hospital, where, with Dr. William C. Gorgas, he made an international

reputation in his work with tropical diseases and conditions. He continued his work in the Canal Zone until 1914, marking the completion of the Canal, and then became the Medical director of the United Fruit Company. The International Medical Congress held in Jamaica in 1924, under his direction, is counted one of the important events in the history of the medical profession dealing with tropical diseases, and marked an epoch.

"At twenty-three I had little intention of taking up a medical career, but the work so appealed to me as a practical business proposition of saving human life that I could not resist the call of the profession," said Dr. Deeks.

When I asked concerning his favorite poem he responded with a quotation from Shakespeare's "Tempest."

"Where can you find anything more heart-expressive than these lines?"

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

"There is a foreshadowing of Gray's 'Elegy' and Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' in these lines of the Bard of Avon. It always seemed to me that Shakespeare bit deep at the very source of human emotions."

JOHN L. LEWIS

President of the United Mine Workers of America, Furnishes us the Heart Touch in Ingalls' Poem on "Opportunity"

"Labor Leader" is a title with a very considerable background. Any title of leadership must imply the possession of unusual qualities, and a leader among the great army of the world's laborers must be endowed with the ability for understanding the needs and emotions of men and the power of interpreting them to the public.

Such a leader is John L. Lewis, who is the president of the United Mine Workers, and who has done a great work in creating an appreciation of the artisans of the world and our dependence upon them. The Mine Workers constitute a basic union of the nation and is of common interest and importance. Its leader has worked unremittingly to straighten out the many complex situations that have arisen out of discontent, ambition, injustice and all the shades of differences between capital and labor, between miner and operator. Everyone is familiar with his sturdy figure and candid, far-seeing eyes, for like other men who are leaders, he has been much photographed, much quoted and misquoted.

John Llewellyn Lewis was born in Lucus,

Iowa, in 1880 and became the legislative agent of the Mine Workers in 1900. He has represented the American Federation of Labor, and served as president of the United Labor Bank and Trust Company.

"The Miner's Fight for American Standards" is a book in which Mr. Lewis has expressed his views most clearly and which recalls some of his keen, comprehensive speeches at important labor conferences.

With such a background, it was almost natural to expect the labor leader's choice of a poem would be one directly dealing with life on its practical plane. He chose "Opportunity," by John Ingalls.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

The Famous Prima Donna settles upon the Words of "Swanee River" as the most touching Heart Throb in the English Language

After singing the famous Shadow Song in the opera "Dinorah" at the Auditorium in Chicago, which brought fifteen curtain calls, Amelita Galli-Curci, oblivious of all else, greeted me.

"The words of 'Swanee River' are my real heart throb. Where can you find anything that touches the heart deeper than 'The Old Folks at Home'?" She had scarcely finished the sentence when she was recalled in an ovation that had not occurred since the days of Adeline Patti, and she sang the song "The Swanee River" to a breathless audience.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay;
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and weary,
Eb'rywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

Blushing like a schoolgirl she returned, taking the flowers from her flowing hair.

"I think of 'Swanee River' when I sing 'Dinorah' because it brings suggestion of the woods, the scent of flowers, the song of the winds and the witchery of moonlight. Yes, I was thinking of the 'old folks at home' in my own beautiful native Milano, and the time when Mascagni called me from the piano where I was playing and explained, 'You should sing, above all things you should sing, and I have been singing almost ever since."

The after-the-opera banquet consisted of cereal and milk on this very night of triumph. She took up her embroidering and seemed to revel in enjoying a real domestic scene as a reaction. In this moment she repeated bits of Dante and Swedenborg, for she is a devout admirer of the sage and philosopher.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.—*Swedenborg.*

This from Dante:

The wretched souls of those who lived without praise or blame.—*Dante.*

What a wide range of the poetic realm this tiny little songbird from Italia had read and admired, even during the busy hours of preparation to become later one of the world's famous prima donnas.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Literary Editor of the "New York Sun" sends Lines from Hilaire Belloc

Henry Hazlitt—with his hand on the financial pulse of human affairs—declares that no poem or prose passage stands out vividly in his memory, but with a flash of his whimsical humor he adds the lines of Hilaire Belloc:

When I am dead
I hope to have it said:
His sins were scarlet,
But his books were read.

"This may not exactly give me a throb," writes this busy man from the office of the *New York Sun*, "but it has its points."

Henry Hazlitt's name is usually connected with financial writing, but he has been literary editor of the *New York Sun* since 1925. He was born in Philadelphia in 1894 and attended the College of the City of New York. He began work on the *Wall Street Journal* and later joined the financial staff of the *New York Evening Post*. For two years he wrote a monthly financial letter for the Mechanics and Metals National Bank. The *Evening Mail* and the *Herald* have also carried his name on the staff.

During the World War Mr. Hazlitt turned his attention and gave his efforts to the Air Service. However, during his crowded hours he has found

time to write two most convincing books, "Thinking as a Science" and "The Way to Will Power," real guide books in applied psychology.

The writer of such books could hardly deny a love for poetry and we must believe that—like hosts of others—poetry is so much an expression of beauty that it is hard to fix upon any definite fragment. As Emerson says, referring to poets as interpreters of beauty, "The poet is the only true teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes." And again: "Homer's words are as costly and admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon."

It seems indicative, when a man is not inclined to fix upon any one verse as most admired; it presupposes that he is attuned to all fine cadences of life. It has been said,—

"Poetry was written before Time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings."

SIR FREDERICK COWEN

The Distinguished English Composer finds Inspiration in Magic Lines

In the ripe years of a long successful career as one of England's eminent composers and musical conductors, Sir Frederick Cowen made a visit to Jamaica, the island colony where he was born, to conduct the Kingston Symphony Orchestra in his orchestral suite "The Language of Flowers." Most fitting was the selection, for few musical compositions more eloquently express the soul of flowers, written by one born in the island of tropical floral beauty.

Sir Frederick is a jolly individual with a sense of humor, and was given an ovation by the Jamaicans as he revisited the scenes of his early childhood.

When asked as to a poem that has touched his musical heart, he replied:

"There are so many poems that appeal to the varied moods of a musician that it is difficult to focus on any one bit of verse. There are some poems that are so appealing that one can never seem to find a musical setting entirely worthy of the ideal it inspires. The stirring poems of Sir Walter Scott always have a thrill for me. When it comes to the sense of immortality inspired by flowers and Nature, one must seek something like Wordsworth's 'Intimations of

Immortality' or Gray's 'Elegy.' Perhaps when it comes to the enduring heart impressions, Wordsworth's "Ode" comes nearer bringing a song to the heart, for where are words in our spoken tongue surpassing these?"

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

There was a musical rhythm in the intonation as the words were repeated to the swish of Caribbean waves washing the shores of Jamaica at the Myrtle Bank seaside gardens.

JAMES C. PENNEY

The Celebrated Chain Store Merchant holds fast to Shakespearean Moorings for His Heart Throb

"During all the years," said Mr. James C. Penney, founder and head of the J. C. Penney stores, "a thought that has impressed me forcibly is that this world is, after all, a stage and the part assigned to a man must be played by him and him alone." The answer was given with a smile that reflects the kindly dynamic qualities of the man. He is always serving someone in some way—a habit formed as a salesman behind the counter—and keeping everything neat and orderly organized

Imbued with this philosophy, it was natural that Mr. Penney should give as his favorite verse the lines from "The Merchant of Venice," where Antonio comments:

> I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
> A stage, where every man must play a part."

The part played in life by Mr. Penney has been that of a successful merchant—the founder of a chain of stores established in over a thousand cities located in forty-seven states. In the development of the famous Penney Farms of Florida, he has further emphasized as well as demonstrated the philosophy found in his heart throb quotation. Penney memorial community

is a home for over one hundred retired ministers and their wives located in the very center of the Penney-Gwinn farm development of 120,000 acres in sunny Florida, which under the galvanic direction of Burdette Lewis has become one of the largest and most efficient rural developments in the world.

"The place in which a man finds himself is the place for him to make 'holy ground,' on which to stand," continued Mr. Penney. "My love of Shakespeare dates back to the days when I was struggling for a start in the work I love. The sentiment that 'all the world's a stage' was first inscribed over the doorway of the Globe Theatre in London in 1599. The idea was prevalent in Elizabethan literature, and it seems to me that the beauty of the lines increases with the years."

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages.

CHANNING POLLOCK

The Author of the Successful Play, "The Fool," keeps His Favorite Quotations hanging over His Desk

"My favorite quotations hang over my desk," said Channing Pollock, the author of "The Fool" and "The Enemy," pushing aside his busy pen for the moment. "These quotations have remained there since I was a very young man—reminders which have had their influence on me." He gazed upon them as one would view a beautiful picture.

"My favorite poem of Robert Browning's paints the man I should like to be," he continued, as he began in a soft voice reciting the lines:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep, to wake.

Biographic annals of this author give but little idea of his many activities. Born in Washington, D. C., educated in Bethel Military Academy, he specialized in literature continuing his studies in Austria. Some of his later occupations included serving as press representative for the Shuberts, contributing editor to

The Smart Set, Green Book, and other periodicals. He was also the publisher of the magazine *The Show*, and collaborated on plays with the late Avery Hopwood and Rennold Wolf. Besides being a lecturer, he is the author of two or three books, a dozen musical comedies, including two editions of The Ziegfeld's Follies; nearly twenty plays, including "The Little Gray Lady," "Such a Little Queen," "The Sign of the Door," "The Fool," "The Enemy," and "Mr. Moneypenny." Many of these have been acted throughout Europe.

"As Barrie said,', he once told me, "the gun of my wit is fired by a slow match. I work over my plays through long periods before beginning to write dialogue. 'The Fool' was planned while I was still a dramatic critic in Washington—before 1900—and 'Mr. Moneypenny,' which wasn't finally completed until 1928, in another form and under another title, was sold for production in 1903."

Another quotation that the playwright keeps before him for an inspiration is from an essay by Emerson, the beloved philosopher of Concord:

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions;
It is easy in solitude to live after our own;
But the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd
keeps
With perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

DANIEL ALFRED POLING

The President of the United Societies of Christian Endeavorers and Distinguished Divine and Author declares "Marching Down" by Matthew Arnold His Heart Throb

To the radio world, in fact to all young people interested in Christian Endeavor, the name of Daniel Alfred Poling suggests the outstanding leader of the youth of the world. From the magic land where rolls the Oregon came a young man who had decided to follow the footsteps of his forebears in taking up the ministry as his life work. He is the son of a minister and is one of seven children born in a parsonage. After securing his A.B. and A.M. at Dallas, Oregon College, he took up graduate work at the Ohio State University and later at Syracuse University. He was Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio and was early interested in the cause of Prohibition. Called to the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, in 1923, his advancement has been rapid. In connection with his other duties, he has written several novels and served as editor-in-chief of *The Christian Herald* and contributing editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*, besides acting as director of the J. C. Penney Foundation. During the war he was engaged in special work in the British Isles, France, Germany, and was chairman of

the U. S. Commission of war temperance activities of the Army and Navy, and member of the war time commission of the churches, and was commissioned Major in the Chaplain's Officers' Reserve. Reviewing his achievements, even his closest friends marvel how this comparatively young man has been able to accomplish so much.

With many others, it has been my joy and delight to drop in at his church at Fifth Avenue on Sunday morning and listen to a sermon that satisfies and inspires. He has a direct and simple way of saying things that is greatly appreciated by the radio audience, replying to their questions, which reveals his sympathetic understanding of the hopes and aspirations of young people. He repeated his favorite poem impressively.

Marching down to Armageddon—
Brothers stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or pæan, death or triumph—
Let the song ring out!

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they who pay the kings
Their cruel price for peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword
Is what Christ did teach,
"Each man for his brother first—
And heaven, then, for each."

FREDERICK MacMONNIES

The Famous Sculptor Finds Inspiration in the Tapping of Poe's "Raven"

With the wide-open and wondering eyes of youth I looked upon the Court of Honor and triumphant MacMonnies Fountain at the World Fair in Chicago. "MacMonnies Fountain" was said in hushed tones by the millions who entered the many gates of the Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893. The dream boat, stately in conception, manned by nymphs attended by sea horses and dolphins, was one of the outstanding works of art and made Frederick MacMonnies a celebrity in one short year.

Much hard work had been done before. From the age of four the artist had never relinquished his desire to mould beautiful objects with his hands. He had begged for dough from his mother, asked his school mates a little later for their chewing gum of soft wax, and he made little animals from the pliable material. Later he entered the studio of St. Gaudens as a helper and patiently mixed the soft clay in buckets and did whatever was required. Later during the absence of his employer, he moulded figures that were unbelievably beautiful. Then life changed and he began to mount the ladder of fame by bounds—first a prize at Beaux Arts,

then the Academy, then—the first honor to a foreigner—the Prix d'Atelier. He studied under Falguiere until that famous man dismissed him saying, "Get out, I can teach you nothing more."

Now I was looking into the very eyes of the man who created an enduring memory as he said:

"Scott's 'Marmion' is a great favorite with me, but Poe's 'Raven' makes my heart beat a little faster and rouses my admiration for its beauty and its art." Those who read the gloomy, reflective lines find it a keynote to consider the "tapping on my chamber door" as some old memory that arose and would not be dispelled. Taking that meaning, one pictures the somber poet himself—sadly dreaming.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary,
Over many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore,
While I nearly nodded napping
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
Rapping on my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping on my chamber door.
Only this and nothing more."

At the entrance of Prospect Park in Brooklyn there stand two groups of horses, but few recall the difficulty in modelling the figures. Mr. MacMonnies bought two Andulusian steeds and brought them to his Paris studio where, by

means of ropes and tackles they were made to leap upward just long enough for him to obtain the play of the muscles and limbs. Those who have seen the artist (who was never a very robust man) work for long hours—months even, in the heat of summer to complete some great work, realize that something more than a vision or inspiration brings a work of art to completion.

The sculptor's father was of the Clan Menzies of Scotland and his mother was a great grand niece of the artist Benjamin West, whose suggestion to found the Royal Academy was taken by King George IV, who offered him its presidency and a knighthood, both of which he refused. He being a Quaker said he needed no title other than that of a Christian gentleman. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was made first president, Benjamin West was elected president of the Royal Academy. His genius has flowered in his talented descendant, who gives expression with his chisel of the glory of America as did West with his magic brush.

WILL DURANT

The Philosopher who writes about Philosophers was won by Walt Whitman, the Poet Philosopher, as an Ardent Admirer early in Life

One author who has stimulated more popular interest in philosophy than almost any other since the days of Aristotle is William James Durant. His work has been an intellectual tonic.

"Never in a rut" is the popular verdict concerning Will Durant who, despite his collegiate life, his hours given to instruction of others, and his important work at Columbia University, has found time to make an exhaustive study of philosophical matters and to write books along that line.

William James Durant—whose name in the literary field has suffered a friendly abridgment, was born at North Adams, Mass., in 1885. Some years were devoted to the winning of college degrees, for he received his B. A. at St. Peter's College in New Jersey, and his Ph.D. at Columbia. Then as "Prof." he devoted his time to Latin and French at Seton Hall College in New York. Later he was director of Labor Temple School.

At the present time Professor Durant is instructor of philosophy at Columbia and is widely known by his books, such as "The

Story of Philosophy," "Transition," and others.

Knowing the author's bent of mind, it seemed most natural that the writings of that quaint old philosopher and poet, Walt Whitman, should hold his favorite verse. Walt Whitman wins his friends for all time when he wins them, and his rugged verse holds depths that attract the thinking man. Will Durant gave as his favorite:—

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED

My spirit to yours, dear Brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you.
I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you
And to salute those who are with you before and since and those to come also,
That we all labor together, transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of times.
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputers and assertions, but regret not the disputers, nor anything that is asserted;
We hear the brawling and din; we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole wide earth over,
Journeying up and down till we make our ineffable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we salute time and eras that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethern and lovers as we are.

G. E. MARCHAND

The Discoverer and Founder of the New Eye-drinking Method of Coaching Men and Women to win in Business and in Life, finds a Heart Throb in Six Lines

"There is a vagrant verse that comes to my mind when you mention 'Heart Throbs,' " said Mr. G. E. Marchand after one of his famous programs in Boston. "It goes to the spot and strikes a universal chord of human contact."

> Life's a bully good game with its kicks and cuffs,
> Some laugh, some cry, some frown,
> Some carry a load too heavy to bear,
> While others stroll along with never a care;
> But your load will seldom heavy be
> When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

Here was a man who had successfully coached over a quarter of a million men and women to turn their ability into cash, and he had never written a book about it! His method is so direct and unique that he bears the same relation to those who are struggling to win advancement, as a college coach who is training his team to win a football match.

Now about the man, Guy Edwin Marchand, who was born near Alliance, Ohio, in 1886. Attending high school and Mount Union College, he began collecting diplomas at Ohio Northern University, where he came in contact

with the late Senator Frank B. Willis, who became one of his warm personal friends. He studied law at the University of Michigan and later was admitted to practice before the Ohio Supreme Court. Appointed secretary to the late Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, who was selected because, as the governor grimly remarked, "He has not been in public life long enough to have enemies—and he knows how to make friends." Mr. Marchand's next step was to that of an official in the United States Senate.

He made a trip around the world with his friend, Dr. Horace Fletcher, the apostle of "Fletcherising," who became known world wide. The doctor advocated that one could win with good health, while his friend Marchand insisted that people must be trained to win, no matter how good their health might be. Programs in Carnegie Hall, New York, and Orchestra Hall, Chicago, introduced a unique new method of education, known as Eye-Drinking—knowledge by sight. The scientific fact that the broad road from the eye to the brain is twenty-two times as large as the path from the ear is taken advantage of by presenting the coaching through the medium of charts, pictures, living models, and vivid demonstrations on the stage Mr. Marchand has given a quarter million people having ambition a new way to win the success they desire, earning the appreciation of hosts of men and women whom he has helped to succeed.

HOMER CROY

The Popular Novelist was One on the List to send in a Bit of Humor as His Heart Throb

How refreshing to find that Homer Croy, the popular novelist, sends in a bit of humor as his heart throb. He lives at Forest Hills, Long Island, the English village which the Russell Sage Foundation created years ago; he sent in an English cockney story with this preamble:

"My favorite heart throb is not a heart throb at all, but a bit of humor that I stumbled across a good many years ago, and have cherished it ever since. Now and then it pops up in the papers. It doesn't wring the heart nor trickle tears in the eyes; instead it amuses, and that is the reason why I like it. "Here it is:"

An English Cockney was taking the day off, and he was taking it off by going to the Zoo and seeing the sights. With him was his friend, who also was born in the sound of Bow Bells, which, according to tradition, makes one a Cockney.

Up and down and in and out among the cages they walked, and at last they paused before the kangaroo cage. On the edge was a sign to give information about the animal within, and the two little Cockneys, with their hats pulled down over their eyes, stood reading it.

"Kangaroo," the sign said. "He is a native of Australia."

With that one of the Cockneys seized the other by the arm in great alarm.

"What's the matter?"

"Look at what it says. My sister married one of them!"

It so happens that I met Homer Croy when he was launching his literary career. He walked into the *National Magazine* editorial sanctum with the air of a Knight of the Quill who was going to win in an authorial joust. He did win—for I printed one of his first stories. Also met him on a special Santa Fe train carrying movie stars westward to California—and he survived; but the time when his voice seemed most welcome was during the World War when a boat train crowd at La Havre containing a tall lank cuss who shouted above the din of the poilu chatter, "Hello, we're here till they give away gasolene in Scotland." So you see the Scotch story will have its innings whenever you think of humor.

Now for the "biog" of Homer Croy—born in Maryville, Mo., in 1883. He hovered around the country print shop and started by writing "locals" concerning the people of Marysville; a Y. M. C. A. war record, seven novels, and many magazine stories are the trophies of his expeditions into Literature—with a capital "L."

When I last saw him he had just turned over the motion picture rights of "They Had to See Paris" to Will Rogers, for his first talking picture. His "West of the Water Tower" is never to be forgotten by anyone who reads it. His new book will be titled "Coney Island," and his autobiography has the brevity of the one Abraham Lincoln wrote about himself.

E. R. GRABOW

The Well-Known Hotel Man and Former Steamship Passenger Manager settles upon "The Village Blacksmith" as His Bit of Poetic Inspiration

It was on a summer's day by the famous North Shore of Massachusetts that E. R. Grabow told me in the shade of an old tree that his favorite poem was "The Village Blacksmith."

"As a lad in school I recited this poem and it took right hold of me, and one of the first things I did when I came to this section was to find the location of that chestnut tree.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

* * * *

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

In the city of Cleveland on the shores of Lake Erie where Admiral Perry won his famous victory was born Edward R. Grabow in the year 1874. He was an energetic lad and his hunger for adventure was gratified when he emigrated in a box car when his parents moved to North Dakota, on the border of the Bad Lands. Here he knew what it was to live in a sod shanty, gather buffalo bones and follow the breaking plough. Contrast this with the scene a year later when he was a boy in the billiard room in the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, Florida, counted one of the most palatial hotels in the world at that time. He was not allowed in the dining room. Thirty years later he walked into that dining room as the guest of Warren Harding, President of the United States.

From Florida he went to New York and was cashier at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago during the World's Fair in 1893. Later he was at Magnolia, Mass., and at the Touraine and Buckminster in Boston. As passenger traffic manager of the United Fruit Company he built two world-famous hotels in Jamaica, the Myrtle Bank at Kingston and the Titchfield at Port Antonio, the latter reopened after the fire by President Warren Harding on his visit to the island. The New Ocean House at Swampscott is the climax of summer hotels on the New England coast. Close by Presidents Taft and Coolidge have enjoyed summer holidays.

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS

The Distinguished Columnist, "F. P. A.," of New York declares His Favorite Heart Throb Poem is "Just tell Them that You Saw Me"

Few authors are known by their initials. When we see "R. L. S.," we think of Robert Louis Stevenson, and when we see "F. P. A." we think of the distinguished columnist of the *New York World* that has kept metropolitan nerves on edge. Initials are also used as an identification in business circles—when an order comes from the "old man," his initials are sufficient. The banker initials the note that you are anxious to discount, the railroad men abbreviate names to the modest initials, which Franklin P. Adams has established as "F. A. P."

Despite the fact that he was named for a President, Franklin Pierce, it does not mean that he was born in the time when the New Hampshire man occupied the White House. Franklin Pierce Adams first saw the light of day in Chicago in 1881, before the invasion of the gunmen. He was graduated at the Armour Scientific Academy, Chicago, and there is a record he was a student in the University of Michigan in or about 1900. His fame as a columnist began with his work on the *Chicago Journal* in 1903, and he has "columned" on many prominent newspapers since, and now

occupies "The Conning Tower" on the *World*. In writing he connects his words with a line, and seldom lifts the pen, but writes a most legible and distinctive hand. In his characteristic, decisive way, he stated: "My favorite heart throb poem is 'Just Tell Them that You Saw Me,' by Paul Dresser, the author of 'On the Banks of the Wabash.' This does not appear in many anthologies of poetry."

While strolling down the street one eve upon mere pleasure bent,
'Twas after business worries of the day,
I saw a girl who shrank from me in whom I recognized
My schoolmate in a village far away.
"Is that you, Madge?" I said to her; she quickly turned away.
"Don't turn away, Madge, I am still your friend.
Next week I'm going back to see the old folks and I thought
Perhaps some message you would like to send."

"Just tell them that you saw me,"
She said; "they'll know the rest,
Just tell them I was looking well, you know,
Just whisper if you get a chance to mother, dear, and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago."

"Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come, tell me were you ill?
When last we met your eye shone clear and bright,
Come home with me when I go, Madge, the change will do you good,
Your mother wonders where you are tonight!
"I long to see them all again, but not just yet," she said,
" 'Tis pride alone that 's keeping me away.
Just tell them not to worry, for I'm all right, don't you know,
Tell mother I am coming home some day."

GENERAL PETER E. TRAUB

Bible Verse and Soldier's Poem stir the Heart of Old Warrior

After forty-six years of loyal and distinguished service in the United States Army, General Peter E. Traub retired at the age limit. Serving as a Major-General during the war, he commanded a brigade of the Twenty-sixth Division and the Thirty-fifth Division in action in many hard-fought battles. The tribute paid to him by the Thirty-fifth Division at their recent reunion in Missouri was one worthily bestowed.

General Peter Traub was born in New York City in 1864 and graduated from West Point in 1886. His first command was with the First Cavalry in the western plains fighting Indians. From that time to the day of his retirement he saw much active service on every American frontier. For a time he was instructor at the Military Academy, but he longed for camp life. Awarded the Croix de Guerre with Palm by General Pétain, made Commander of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his valiant and heroic services in France and wearing many high honors, General Traub has honored the flag he served.

His keen dark eyes sparkled when he replied to my inquiry:

"All during my army life there has been one little favorite heart throb ringing in my mind, one adapted for the days of youth and later years:

When you were born a helpless child,
You only cried while others smiled;
So live that when you come to die,
You then may smile while others cry.

"Let me also give you my favorite in prose. They call it prose, but to me it is poetry. It is none other than words taken from the forty-fifth Psalm in the Book of Books:

"Good luck have thou with thine honor; ride on in the word of truth, meekness, righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee wonderful things!

"As a concomitant of the war, the following is my favorite:

In earth or heaven,
  Bold sailor on the sea,
What have I given
  That you should die for me?

What can I give
  Oh, soldier leal and brave,
Long as I live
  To pay the life you gave?

What tithe or part
  Can I return to thee?
Oh, stricken heart
  That thou shouldst break for me?

The wind of death
  For you has slain life's flowers;
It withereth (God grant)
  All weeds in ours!

BISHOP J. W. HAMILTON

The Methodist Prelate inclines toward a Heart Throb Poem that has a Significant Everyday Application

"This is not poetry of the highest order," wrote Bishop John W. Hamilton when he sent me "A Prejudice," "but it was written by a pupil at the time I was Secretary of the Southern Education Society and in charge of our Methodist Episcopal schools from Maryland to Mexico. Its humor amused me at the time."

Again I became convinced that in most cases a poem is remembered because it is connected with some personal experience or because it calls to mind people and places.

"In this case the 'Prejudice,' "continued the Bishop, "is likened to a mule, but the subtle meaning proves that many times what seems an obstacle turns to a blessing."

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do,
Important business of my own
And other people's, too,
When I ran across a Prejudice
That quite cut off my view.

I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled, but as for moving
He didn't even try.

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe,
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking low.
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat; I took my stick,
My load I settled fair;
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air,
And I walked directly through him
As if he were not there.

Bishop Hamilton has overcome many obstacles in his life for his activities have been widespread. He was born in Weston, Virginia, in 1845, and became a graduate from Mt. Vernon, Boston University, Wesleyan, Ohio, the University of Southern California, and taken degrees from several other institutions. He has occupied the Methodist Episcopal pulpit in Newport and Somerville, Mass., has been the editor of the *Christian Endeavor*, organized missions to Alaska, a fraternal delegate to England and Ireland, and acted as trustee for many Academies. As a prominent member of Peace Societies, his labors have had a wide scope.

"A good story or poem in our day has to be an old story," said the Bishop, whose great energy refutes time and change. "I should like to contribute to 'Heart Throbs,' for it 'stirs my mind by way of remembrance.' "

OSCAR TSCHIRKY

The Omnipresent "Oscar" at the Waldorf finds His Heart Throb in Burns' Poems

Known the world over as "Oscar," the man himself is an institution within an institution. As *maitre d'hotel* and *generalissimo* of the Waldorf-Astoria, a hotel that has held its prestige as a leading hostelry longer than any other in history, he is simply "Oscar of the Waldorf" to thousands. At this meeting place of celebrities, kings, queens, aces, princes, presidents, potentates and magnates have been served by the ubiquitous and omniscient Oscar, after their names were officially on the hotel register.

His full name is Oscar Tschirky. Born in Switzerland, the homeland where hotel keeping is a fine art, he came to American unknown and unheralded. While he was serving as steward on a private yacht, Mr. Bolt engaged the young, black-eyed, smiling-faced Oscar for the Waldorf and gave him full swing. Oscar has attended more banquets than any other one man living. In a single night he has fed three thousand people. The waiters are managed by him as a field marshal would direct battalions. He is constantly inaugurating new ideas, from creating a new table sauce to a dreamland breakfast waffle. Here, there and everywhere, when the guests arrive and depart, and when they eat or sleep, Oscar doesn't overlook seeing that

everything is comfortable. That's Oscar. His life story is a romance, but he insists it's simply "all in the day's work."

After he had sent the line of the soup squad forth to the grand ball room and the entrees to the Waldorf apartments and the dessert to the presidential suite, he turned smilingly, and like an impresario remarked while the Epicurean courses were going on, "There's only one poem that sticks in my mind as I see this passing panorama of the great, the near-great, and the want to be great:"

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
And ev'n devotion!

The one delight of Oscar is to hie away to his farm up the Hudson, where he entertains his flowers and vegetables with the same infinite care and hospitality that he bestows upon guests at the Waldorf. I have visited him in this retreat and find it suggestive of scenes in Ayrshire, where Robert Burns was born and lived and wrote those masterful heart poems that are living on through the ages. Oscar is so devout a worshipper of Burns that if there is not a Robert Burns banquet scheduled at the Waldorf on the poet's birthday, January 29, he has one all to himself and invites in friends.

S. W. DEMPSEY

The Congressman from New York State turns to a Scottish Poet for His Favorite

That the modern writers of verse lack some of the old, stirring, heart-moving spirit is the opinion of S. W. Dempsey, Congressman and lawyer. He gave as his favorite that old dialogue in verse, "Lochiel's Warning," written by the old Glasgow poet, Thomas Campbell. In school days we thrilled when some fellow-student tramped the platform and gave forth:

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bridle shall await
Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning, no rider is there
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin, to death and captivity led!
O weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

This is a truly dramatic verse, glowing, bold and powerful.

Perhaps the law and political life with its

many opportunities for oratorical force in expression, lead one to appreciate the more vigorous productions in literature.

Congressman Dempsey was born in Hartland, N. Y., and was admitted to the New York bar in 1886. He was made United States Attorney in 1917 and was special assistant to the Attorney General in a prosecution suit of the Standard Oil Company and the New York Central Railroad on the matter of concessions. He was a member of the sixty-fourth to seventieth Congress and served as chairman of Rivers and Harbors,—a question engaging the national mind at this time.

The valiant lines which close "Lochiel's Warning" might be spoken wherever courage presses on to the goal:

> Shall victor exult or in death be laid low
> With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
> And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
> Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame!

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The Popular Screen Star finds Her Favorite Verse in a poem written by Baudelaire, the French Poet

Whether on the location or in her drawing room, Corinne Griffith has a charm that is refreshing. She was quite ready to talk of her favorite verses and was especially eloquent concerning the lines of the poem, "The Sadness of the Moon."

Among those who cherish Baudelaire verse is Corinne Griffith, the "beautiful lady" of the cinema, the girl with the blue-gray eyes and chestnut brown hair, who crept into the hearts of the public when she made her first appearance with the Vitagraph Company. Since that time she has been under contract with the United Artists and is now with the First National Film Company. In 1924 she became Mrs. Walter Morosco by her marriage with the son of New York's well-known producer.

The most interesting plays in which Miss Griffith has starred are "Infatuation," "Black Oxen," "Madame Modiste," and quite recently she has helped to make a pictorially beautiful picture, depicting the love of Lady Hamilton for Lord Nelson.

The popular actress was born in Texakana, Texas, and was a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent of New Orleans. Later she was a

student at the University of Texas, and was known as a "Star girl" in those days-

"Baudelaire has always been my favorite poet," said Corinne Griffith, "and one of my most prized possessions is an early edition of his work. If I must choose one of the number, it is 'The Sadness of the Moon.' "

THE SADNESS OF THE MOON

The moon more indolently dreams tonight
Than a fair woman on her couch at rest
Caressing, with a hand distraught and light
Before she sleeps, the contour of her breasts.

Upon her silken avalanche of down
Dying, she breathes a long and swooning sigh
And watches the white visions past her thrown
Which rise like blossoms to the azure sky.

And when at times wrapt in her languor deep
Earthward she lets a furtive teardrop flow,
Some pious poet, enemy of sleep
Takes in his hollow hand the tear of snow
Whence gleams of iris and of opal start
And hides it from the sun deep in his heart.

Those who are privileged to visit Corinne Griffith in her beautiful home at Beverly Hills are charmed by the way in which it reflects her personality in furnishings and decoration. While she possesses many valuable antiques, there is a modernistic touch and a perfect harmony in color tone. Fine taste has been a gift as well as a cultivation which breathes throughout her work and life.

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This is the first volume of a series titled "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People." There are already many hundreds of biographies and sketches including the individual favorite poem ready for the second volume which it is planned to bring out within a year following the date of this first edition of this collection.

These books will include the responses from the list of over one thousand folks famous in their own way and times.

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Mere words cannot express the heartfelt appreciation and gratitude to the publishers who have so generously given permission to use many of the copyrighted poems listed in the Index. Also to the *American Magazine* for the courtesy of reproducing portions of my article, "I Have Looked into the Hearts of 50,000 People," which was published in December 1927, and brought so many appreciative letters.

Faithfully,

Ira Mitchell Chapple

"The Attic" Boston
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